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World's #1 Television Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1970 MIDWEST EDITION VOL. 70, NO. 12

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TV Radio Mirror is published monthly by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. Editorial branch office, 434 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Albert S. Traina, President and Publisher; Frank Cerminaro, Circulation Director; Jack J. Podell, Vice President-Editorial; Lloyd C. Jamieson, Vice President-Advertising and Marketing. Advertising offices also in Chicago and Los Angeles.

Subscription Rates: In the U. S. and possessions, one year, $6.00; two years, $11.00; three years, $16.00. Canada, one year, $7.00; two years, $13.00; three years, $19.00. All other countries, $7.00 per year. **Change of Address:** 6 weeks notice essential. Send your old as well as your new address to TV Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.
Manuscripts and Photographs: Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage.
Foreign editions handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Albert S. Traina, President.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other additional post offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.

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COUNTRY 'N' WESTERN

• **Doug McClure** took time out of his *Virginian* saddle to trek Nashville way recently for a go at recording. Doug says he started singing during rodeo junket appearances and "digs the media and wants to try it." It was his third visit to the city, but the first time for the handsome blond mustache he was sporting . . . as well as a first visit for his pretty new (and fourth!) wife **Diane**. Wed July 11, Doug told me he used to give riding lessons to Diane "back a few years ago when she was nine and I was 14." She's now doing her "homework" at their home in Ventura—a property Doug says he loves for its tennis court, swimming pool, house and trees, but one he cusses out each time he has to mow the hilltop site. Sitting in the lounge of **Roger Miller**'s luxurious King Of The Road Motor Inn in Nashville—where he and Diane spent considerable time chatting with celebs like **Charley Pride** and **Lynn Anderson**—Doug quipped, "You know, I was Rog's (Miller) best man at his wedding and, come to think of it, I don't think he's spoken to me since!"

Doug and Lynn Anderson, who's expecting her and Columbia Records' producer **Glen Sutton**'s first baby the end of November, also got to "horsing" around with one of Lynn's favorite subjects—namely horses. The pretty former regular on *The Lawrence Welk Show* sports a room full of trophies she's won through the years for her expert horsemanship. She was telling about another lucky break to come her way recently. It seems her booking agent, **Bob Neal**, has developed a tendency toward ESP abilities relating to Lynn. Neal had a dream one Friday night in which he saw Lynn overlooking some factors pertaining to a booking she was skedded to play the following evening in Wisconsin. On Saturday morn, Neal was still getting strong vibrations and he called Lynn to check with her. It so happened the singer's alarm clock had failed to go off and she'd never have made the date if Neal hadn't called and awakened her. A chartered plane landed her in Wisconsin—just in time to hit the stage.

Wonder how **Dave Dudley** and **Bobby Bare** managed to be named honorary Kentucky Colonels during **Tom T. Hall**'s second annual "Homecoming Day" in his hometown of Olive Hill, Kentucky? Guess it was alright though, since Tom T. still has them outranked; he was presented an honorary Admirableship of **Gov. Louie B. Nunn**'s staff that day. . . . Reckon the record industry is really in a spin. The latest label founding sports the name Cartwheel.

PERSONAL PACTS: Ray Price took on two new managers—namely one **Janie Mayes** of Dallas as his wife and inked **Bill Starnes** as his manager-booker. . . . Singer-songwriter **Marijohn Wilkin** and **Clarence Selman** (manager of **Jim Reeves** Enterprises) were wed and feted at a reception given by **Tom T. Hall** and his wife, **Dixie**. . . . **Bill Anderson** grabbed one **Becky Davis** out of circulation and Wayside artist **Darrell McCall** (a featured regular with **Charlie Louvin**'s show) tied the knot with a dark and pretty French-Canadian imported discovery of Louvin named **Mona Vary**. . . . On the wee side of the scene, **Harlan P. Howard Jr.** is adding a harmonious wail to the **Harlan** and **Gail Howard** household. . . . **Dick Flood** and his pretty singer-wife, **Pat McKinney**, welcomed a new son. . . . **Faron Young** had to undergo surgery on his tongue (badly cut in a previous auto accident) for removal of scar tissue. . . . The **Billy Grammers** are mourning the death of their daughter **Donna**'s one-year-old son. The infant was born with multiple complications and was unable to survive all the rounds of surgery needed to correct conditions. . . . **Merle Haggard** and wife **Bonnie Owens** are anxiously awaiting completion of their new house on their ranch in Bakersfield, California. . . Everyone seems to be getting into the business these days. The liner notes on pianist **Floyd Cramer**'s *Music City Pops* LP for RCA are void of political angles—even though they were penned by Nashville **Mayor Beverly Briley**.

OVERHEARD DEPT: Following **Tex Ritter**'s defeat in his race for Tennessee State Senator, a supporter-fan was heard to mutter, "Now I can just sit back and enjoy hearing him sing again, since he's gone back to singing songs instead of slinging campaign slogans." . . . Excited about his latest single for Dot Records, **Tommy Overstreet** quipped, "If this one becomes that #1 hit for me, I'll be an 18-year overnight success!" . . . Hit songwriter **Hank Cochran** turned artist with his initial and new disking for the Paramount label. . . . **Jean Shepherd** impresses these days with her donning of non-Country dresses and fluffed, shoulder-length tresses. . . . **Shelby Singleton**, corporate exec and producer of such monster hits as **Jeannie C. Riley**'s "Harper Valley PTA," is noted throughout the industry for his almost obsessional signing-up of "unusual" talent. An employee of the diskery reportedly wiped his brow in exhaustion as he gazed down at his desk piled high with promotional work and commented, "Do you know, an albino midget tapped on the front window the other day to ask directions to a certain address and they immediately signed him up. Mind you, he doesn't sing, dance or even juggle, but he *is* different." (Well, it won't be the first time a "nothing" record has been cut). . . . *Hee Haw*'s rotund **Junior Samples** has just moved into his newly constructed house in Cumming, Georgia. The move brought to mind the comment Junior made while the house was just getting underway. "I wast lookin' at them plans the arceetect man had drawed up. When I come to a small space that weren't marked what it was, I askt about it. He told me it was my bathroom and I flat out told him if'n it smelled like the one I had out yonder, I didn't want the thing inside my house!" . . . Incidentally, I heard Junior went on a recent *Hee Haw* promo tour and arrived in Chicago dressed in disguise so "no one will bug me or hound me fer them autergraphs." His disguise? He wore a suit! The trick worked—no one knew him and Junior is reportedly back in his famous bibbed overalls. . . . **Betty Travis**, wife of singer-guitarist-writer **Merle Travis**, recently recovered following surgery on her arms and back—necessitated when she fell from a boat on Nashville's Old Hickory Lake and was struck by the runabout's propellor. . . . **Bill Anderson** believes in literally taking things by storm. In the two-week period preceding the tornado which hit his lakeside property near Nashville and caused extensive damage, Bill received a phone call threatening his life if he played a certain engagement. A few days after that, someone tried to break into his office as he was working late one night. . . . Contrary to many reports, **Johnny Cash** does *not* sport a prison record. However, several years ago when he was popping the pills, he was picked up and spent the night in the Walker County (Georgia) jail. The next morning, **Sheriff Ralph Jones** took John aside, gave him some fatherly advice and sent him on his way. John heeded the advice and recently repaid the understanding law officer by responding to Jones's request to do a benefit show in Lafayette, Georgia to raise money for an athletic field. John readily agreed. . . . Grand Ole Opry regular **Stu Phillips** and his wife

ROUNDUP!

Aldona stopped at a service station recently, filled the car with gas and received a small jar of spices as a premium. Heading for Ontario, the Phillips were detained at the Canadian border for half-an-hour while officials examined the jar's contents. It seems they thought it contained a newly-discovered exotic narcotic. "Next time," quipped Stu, "I'll make sure I ask for garlic salt so there won't be any mistaking it for pot." (Oh well, just remember every life needs a little spice in it, Stu.). . . . Shortly after recording **Joe South**'s "All My Hard Times," **Roy Drusky** began having them. Roy's wife and family decided to turn one of his scheduled dates into a family affair and set out with Roy in their freshly-purchased car. No sooner did they get under way and the wiring under the dashboard caught fire. One telephone call and new car delivered later, they again set out. Three miles down the road, the fan belt broke. The car dealers' delivered them a new stationwagon this time. They reloaded, started out and shortly after the luggage rack blew off, they ran out of gas. On that note, the Druskys decided they'd had "hard times" enough and returned home—this time to stay. . . . Speaking of symbolic records, **Conway Twitty**'s #1 hit on "Hello Darlin' " has that same soul-scrubbing appeal that keeps millions of women glued to their TV soap operas every day. However, it was the reverse reaction in a sense when Conway recently "Hello Darlin'd" a crowd of 7,000 in Greenville, South Carolina. Only this time, it was he who shed the tears when the fans instantly mobbed him in salute following his rendition of the hit. . . . **Billy Edd Wheeler** may be the first folk singer to literally go underground. The low down situation came about when he was tapped for NET's *Dark As A Dungeon* presentation and *American Odyssey* series seg depicting the fascinating and sometimes hellish aspects of the Appalachian coal mining region. . . . You know, this TV commercial game is getting to the point you need score cards to keep track of who's singing the praises of whose what. In the country field alone, such stars as **Eddy Arnold** are livening up life insurance policy buying; **Faron Young** battles headaches; **Tammy Wynette** spouts for soda pop and **Roy Drusky** joins his own three dogs in "barking" for a leading dog food!

Now with a brief salute to you readers, we'll sign off on that short item. . . See you next month. —Bonnie Bucy

BUCK OWENS & THE BUCKAROOS

MAYF NUTTER & LULU ROMAN

GRANDPA JONES

ED AMES & JOHNNY CASH

EARL WILSON'S HOLLYWOOD STORY

When **Glenn Ford** piloted me through his beautifully luxurious Beverly Hills home, he showed me rare books and letters, from everybody, from **Samuel Pepys** to **Oscar Wilde** to **Charles Chaplin**—I was surprised there was one from **Joan Baez**, a close friend. Then, with more pride than before, he gestured happily toward the golden spurs he'd won repeatedly as best western actor.

"And this"—he pointed at the rolling landscape, the spacious pool—"explains what nobody else has tried to make clear: Why I'm going into television. The picture business is bad but fortunately it hasn't affected me," he said. "I've been offered several movies abroad that I've turned down. I can do a CBS-TV series here just seven minutes from my house and live at home. Why the hell should I go to Yugoslavia and spend seven months there when I can be at home? I've made films everywhere but Russia and China . . . and do you know something? I've had it for a while abroad. I'm staying right here. And I think that's why **Gregory Peck** and **Jimmy Stewart** and some others are doing TV. They want to be home for a while! It's as mysterious as that."

Doris Day's greeting to this old friend from Ohio on a recent visit was: "Would you like a drink? No. Well, how about a piece of pecan pie?" Doris wasn't happy at the beginning of her current TV series, but now she's sold on herself and certain that she'll be tops in the ratings. But I do wish she wouldn't ramble around Beverly Hills like she does with those dogs: I'm afraid those crackpots who go around hurting people will get to her despite the precautions she takes with the Beverly Hills police, with whom she has some special arrangement. "They get here in a minute," she says, indicating she's had some experience with them. She succeeded in getting permission to put up gates that would protect her from the curious, who get her address.

Doris has one sensitive point about that famous crack of **Oscar Levant**'s

Neighbors at his swank United Nations Plaza apartment house haven't seen much of Johnny Carson's missus lately—and in both New York and Hollywood, Johnny's been hitting all the premieres and parties without Joanne. Hanging onto him tenaciously when he took in Coco *in N.Y.C. was Playmate-of-the-Year Claudia Jennings (above, left). On a night out on the West Coast during his recent visit, an outgoing Johnny (at right) laughed it up with Mrs. George Englund, Asa Maynor and George Englund.*

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EARL WILSON

(*Continued from page* 6)

who says he knew her away back when he made pictures with her "before she became a virgin." It probably wasn't very nice. And Doris points out, ignoring the fun of the remark, that she's frequently played mother roles in pictures—and so there!

Was **Herschel Bernardi** trying to kid us when he claimed he only went into the new *Arnie* series because he discovered—by his lawyer—that he was broke? Some of my readers think he must have made enough from *Fiddler On The Roof*; *Zorba* and his commercials, to leave him rich. Bernardi, who had an operation on his throat which turned out *not* to be cancer, claims his savings were gobbled up by his non-activity and a marital split. Seeing him on TV may be about the only performing he'll do for a long, long time. Singing a Broadway role, for example, is to him in the present condition of his throat "man-killing," he says.

Barry Sullivan popped into town just long enough to say "Why should I leave the Los Angeles smog to come into the New York smog? Only to be with a bunch of great actors!" He claimed to be overwhelmed that he was performing **Arthur Miller**'s *The Price* on TV with **George C. Scott** and other stars. And Barry added: "We're going to do it in London—don't ask me why."

Broderick Crawford is playing a Jewish doctor in *The Interns* "me with my Scotch-Irish kisser," he says. Believe it or not, when last seen, Crawford was planning a birthday party for his 19-year-old son **Kelly** and was ordering a lot of soft drinks and potato chips. Daddy wasn't necessarily going to have soft drinks, however. His old pal **Humphrey Bogart** wouldn't have wanted him to sink to that.

Can you think of **Diahann Carroll** as a soft sweet little girl with **Shirley Temple** curls? Negro actress **Diana Sands**, who has been doing movies and TV, says they used to go to school together when Diahann was still Diane. Diana Sands was a roughneck, a tomgirl—or tomboy. She was always going around slugging other girls. When they met recently, Diana Sands observed how soft and pretty Diahann Carroll still was and said, "Gee, I'm so glad I never beat you up!"

Have the talk shows had it? **Merv Griffin** on CBS is trying to get away from that image because he feels that the audiences may be tired of looking at the same old faces on not much different-looking sofas. He's striving to find some kind of nighttime action that would vary from the constant chatter about new movies and new books and new plays—all plugs for the big name star who will probably be seen on another talk show the following night!

Besides, **Johnny Carson** evidently has a strangle-hold on that audience and can't be routed so why keep battling when you're not getting anywhere?

Incidentally, Carson was recently at a party (for *Coco* when **Danielle Darrieux** opened on Broadway in it) where Playmate of the Year **Claudia Jennings** held onto him as though she might be afraid he was going to get away.

Debbie Reynolds says her husband **Harry Karl** had plenty to say to her about investing a lot of her own money and risking other people's in her attempt to launch a Hollywood Hall of Fame at a time when money's tight.

We asked her, "Did Harry say you were out of your mind?"

"He said that—and *more*!" said Debbie.

Debbie's readying her 13-year-old daughter **Carrie Fisher**, **Eddie**'s daughter, for TV. She toured with her mother's show this summer in the theaters-in-the-round. Carrie sings—or would you have guessed?

Fearless Forecast: You'll be seeing more of **Eloise Laws** on the screen. This young singer, who pops up on **Merv Griffin**, is a nightclub favorite. . . . Watch for **Red Skelton** on Broadway. . . . As a result of *He And She* reruns, I predict **Paula Prentiss** will have another series next year. . . . The knowledgeable ones expect **Elliott Gould** to be a a bigger attraction than his ex-wife **Barbra Streisand** in 1971.

Robert Klein, who hosted the *Comedy Tonight Show*, as the **Glen Campbell** summer replacement, hopes CBS will put it back on the air in January. It was the only summer show (aside from the talk shows) that originated from New York. "I love New York and I want to keep working here," he said. "New York's filthy, ugly, dangerous—and fantastic. The secret of working here is that you have to get away for a couple of weeks every so often."

He'll be seen in two films which will be out any day: *Pursuit Of Happiness* and **Barbra Streisand**'s *Owl And The Pussycat*.

Most of his fan mail consists of

ANGEL CLEAN

A lemony, deep-cleanser with built-in astringent to wash away excess oil.

ANGEL BASE

A sheer liquid foundation that covers and helps control acne blemishes. Lets your skin glow through.

ANGEL CREME

A light, complete cream base make-up in a tube. Covers and helps control acne blemishes.

ANGEL CASE

Blot up oil with the pressed powder and-foundation combination in this prettily shaped compact.

ANGEL BLUSHER-HIGHLIGHTER

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She decided to comb her hair a new way and get a new dress. And she began to worry about her skin. She was ready for Angel Face Medicated Make-up. You know the feeling. Because your skin has never been like this before and may never be again, we make a special group of gently medicated cosmetics and a cleanser. Angel Face Cleanser and make-up aren't like anything else. You can use them separately or together. (The more you use them all, the better you look!) And the nicest thing is, he'll never know you're wearing make-up. Angel Face smells good. It makes you feel good and gives you the kind of face the woman in you wants—clean and pretty.

everything you need for your now and future face

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Number One brand for relief of periodic cramps

EARL WILSON

(*Continued from page* 8)

marriage offers. That's because **Johnny Carson** asked him if he was married, and Bob said no. "I'm not looking for an actress," he said. "It seems to be difficult to maintain a relationship with an actress when you're an actor. A career can consume a person. "I'd hate to come home at night and continue a discussion about show business, after doing that all day long."

Beverly Penberthy of *Another World* is in her third year of a five-year plan. The first year was devoted to discovering New York. In the second year she bought a house. This is the third year, which calls for producing a play on Broadway. "During the fourth year," she said, "I'll twist **Neil Simon**'s arm and get him to write a play for me. I want to be a big star on Broadway. I have the same desire he has—making people laugh." After that, in the final year, she'd go to Europe.

Her first two ambitions have been realized. Last year, she and her husband and three children moved into a 50-year-old house in Rye, N. Y. "It's very durable," she said. "It was built to withstand the wind and the British."

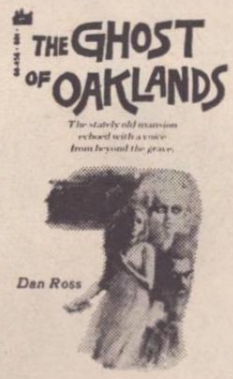
Beverly works on her TV show a couple of times a week. The rest of the time she spends making commercials, such as the current Virginia Slims "where I get a pie in my face." She likes to go skiing, skating and swimming with her children. "I'm also a pretty good cook," she insisted. "I'm great in meats and sauces, but not so great in cakes."

At 27, **Allen Shaw** is probably the youngest vice president of a network, ABC-FM. Yet he was turned down not too long ago when he wanted to be a disc jockey in Chicago.

Upon graduation at Northwestern, he was rejected by a local station, so he ended up as a record spinner in Albany, N. Y. No sooner was he settled there when another Chicago station, WCFL, wanted to change its image and brought him back to become its assistant program director.

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail the ballot below. This month the prize—for the first 400 ballots we receive—is *The Ghost Of Oaklands* by Dan Ross. Paula Courtland had gone home to Oaklands, and strange, terrifying things were happening in the stately old mansion. A mysterious voice spoke and its message rang that Paula's life was to be destroyed. The voice? It seemed to belong to a creature from the world beyond the grave. . . .



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Be an angel. . . Fill this out!

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2. _____

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MY FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: _____

_____

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Address .....

11-70

Even the slats on our bed gave way, before I lost 186 pounds

By Marie Van Billiard — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

Poor Harold! Little did he dream when he married me that his Tootsie would turn into a 300-pound mountain that would bend the bedboards to the floor on one side, and send him to the ceiling on the other. For, at our wedding, I weighed only 121 pounds.

It all started in my nonna's Italian kitchen. Pizza, pasta fagiolo, spaghetti, homemade bread. She taught me well. And when I had my own home, I added cakes, cookies, candies—and all the peanut butter cups I could afford.

Unfortunately, money never came easily to us. Only problems. And I never seemed to be able to overcome them without eating. As a result, our food bill went up and clothes became a financial burden. The only thing I didn't have to buy was a heavy coat. I had my own natural fat wrap to keep me warm in the cold winter here in Bethlehem, Penna.

My family thought I had a thyroid condition. But there was nothing there but my appetite. And heartbreak. Happy, laughing Tootsie. What a joke! I could barely walk and hardly breathe. And my head throbbed from morning to night. If anyone should have developed a heart condition, it should have been me. But it happened to my slim husband, Harold. Just the trouble I needed to send me on my way to 300 pounds!

I went to my doctor often, but all he could prescribe was willpower. No diet pills. My blood pressure was too high. Oh, I tried reducing. More than once I went down 40 to 50 pounds. But never to stay. I'd always go back to eating one meal, a meal that lasted all day, until my doctor said: "I can no longer weigh you. Try a meat scale." I wanted to die.

Instead, I went home to a box of candy. Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy. My uncle knew I had a terrible sweet tooth, so he picked up a box at the drugstore.

All I can say now is that without them I wouldn't be what I am today.

Don't misunderstand. There's no magic in Ayds. Only help, but the kind I really needed.

I took one or two of the fudgy chocolate Ayds, like the directions say, and it actually helped cut back my craving. For once in my life, I ate regular meals, only on the Ayds Plan I ate less. This time, you see, I really wanted to help myself and Ayds made it easier. Especially in the afternoons and from suppertime on. Sometimes, for a change, I'd try the chocolate mint or the vanilla caramel Ayds and life would be sweet again.

I was so big, it was awhile before any loss showed. Fact is, it took me over a year to drop 186 pounds. But, after all, it took 36 years to put them on.

Now that the hardest is over, I watch myself very carefully. Because I never want the weight to creep back. You see, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to be free of headaches. To sleep in a bed without bolting the slats in. And to fit behind the wheel of a car, knowing the tires on your side won't wear thin.

Oh, and one other thing. My greatest reward came as gossip. When I finally got way down, and Harold was home from the hospital, someone accused him of running around with another woman. It was the nicest thing anyone ever said about me. Do you wonder now why I can't say enough about Ayds?

Before and After Measurements

	Before	After
Height	5'1¼"	5'1¼"
Weight	307 lbs.	121 lbs.
Bust	54"	35"
Waist	48"	28"
Hips	56"	36"
Dress	52	10

When I got down to what I am now, 121 pounds, I said to my husband: "Step aside, Harold. Hollywood next."

Look at me here, 300-pound smiling Tootsie. At this point, I thought the only place to go was the circus.

Now Pursettes, the comfort tampon, has a big sister

Pursettes now has a super-absorbent sister tampon, Pursettes Plus. It can actually absorb more than 10 times its own weight in fluid. For times when extra protection is needed. Easy to use. Convenient to carry, too. It's the only tampon with a prelubricated tip, no bulky applicator. For a free trial supply* of Pursettes Plus in a fashionable carrying compact, send 25¢ for postage-handling to Campana, Dept. MWG-1170 Batavia, Illinois 60510. It's enough protection to take you through the day—smiling.

Pursettes® Plus

The only super-absorbent tampon with a prelubricated tip

*Offer Expires Dec. 31, 1970.

EARL WILSON

(*Continued from page* 10)

For two years, Allen made the station into a highly popular rock favorite.

"I got the job at ABC-FM just by asking for it," he said. "I always wanted to come to the number one prime market. Everybody thinks he'll never make it, and so doesn't even bother trying. That's self-defeating. There are jobs available in television and radio, but nobody realizes it."

Allen built up the ABC-FM network into an exciting modern network. New York's WABC-FM is changing its call letters in order to become an entity on its own Allen said, under his own direction. "At 27 I feel old," he said. "There are younger kids coming up who know more than I do . . . and they know it intuitively. There are great opportunities for them."

"Don't Print That!" An actress is flying all over the world but is still finding it difficult to get any film work. . . . One TV show is now using free bus service as audience bait. . . . A famed TV star's cafe tour is a big bust. . . . A Broadway producer offered a fading male star now on TV, a part in a new show—if he promises to stay away from liquor. . . . **Bob Hope** happily reported that he's on TV again this season: "Chrysler and I negotiated, and I have bunions on my knees!" . . . **Gail Fisher**, who won an Emmy for her portrayal of the secretary on *Mannix*, wants to do a Broadway play. "Anything worthwhile, as long as I don't have to take shorthand," she said. . . . **Larry Mathews** is stirring up some exotic hair styles for **Corbett Monica**'s proposed situation comedy series. . . . **Dick Cavett** said some people claim all this talk about pollution is just propaganda: "this week you couldn't see the Empire State Building for all the propaganda!" . . . **Ken Berry** of *Mayberry R.F.D.* titled his first Columbia record album *Ken Berry, R.F.D.*

Mary Tyler Moore, in her new series, is modeling herself after her old television husband, **Dick Van Dyke**. "I've never admired Dick as much, or missed him so much, as I do right now," she said. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* is using the same three-camera technique as the Van Dyke show, and Mary's in almost every scene. "I only hope I'm as successful at keeping my cool as Dick was." THAT'S EARL

Singer Jack Jones seems to have "landed" into a third marriage with ex-airline stewardess Gretchen Roberts. The couple wed Sept. 5th in Houston.

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Not just another pretty name.

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Shown; Vulcain Malcolm-about $55.50.
Vulcain Verne-about $45.50. Vulcain Ron-about $55.50.

JO ANN WEEPS AS MARRIAGE ENDS

"You only loved me because I was a Welk star!"

JO ANN Castle's normally big blue eyes were swollen and pathetically bloodshot. For three whole weeks she had been crying, during painfully long days and lonely nights. Inside, her heart beat forlornly and her stomach had twisted itself into a dozen knots. She had neither an appetite, nor much stamina remaining. The foundation of Jo Ann's happiness had crumbled.

"I wanted you to know first," she told me, her voice emotionally torn, "that Bill and I are getting a divorce."

Suddenly, she began crying again, there in the livingroom of her big ranch-style home in the Hidden Hills Estates of California's freeway-tracked San Fernando Valley.

"I've kept this whole thing inside of me ever since it happened. Now I must bring it into the open and face up to it. Before you start hearing it from others, I wanted to tell you about it."

Throughout the past years I had reported both Jo Ann's happy moments and the tragedies, such as that of her hopelessly retarded first child, Deana, who remains bedridden at an institution. Deana is Jo Ann's baby by her first marriage, to Dean Hall.

Truly, the happiest I had ever seen the jovial blonde, who won so many friends when she was a regular with Lawrence Welk, was after she married Bill Roeschlein on Dec. 24, 1967. They had eloped to Las Vegas on Christmas Eve and a few days later she introduced me to her Bill:

"Look what Santa Claus brought me," she beamed as we all sat in a booth at Jo Ann's Castle, the club she used to own in the valley.

Jo Ann virtually bubbled with love for the handsome (she said he looked like Paul Newman) sheet metal worker. Yes indeed, Bill made Jo Ann the happiest girl on earth and Lady Luck seemed to smile on them both. We toasted the occasion with champagne.

Later, when son Billie was born both healthful and normal, Jo Ann wept with happiness. She got down on her knees and thanked God, too. Only this past spring Jo Ann's greatest prayer was answered when she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. The infant, Joanie, is even more wonderfully rewarding than she ever dreamed a daughter could be. Of course, because of the tragedy of Deana, Joanie holds a very special place in Jo Ann's heart.

But that same heart appeared crying its life out as Jo Ann confided that Bill had packed a single bag and left the house after a violent scene on the night of July 24. Actually, though, Jo Ann had ordered him out "to prevent our children from being destroyed by our fights."

As Jo Ann spoke between sobs, little Joanie was peacefully asleep in her crib in the pink nursery Bill had redecorated himself. Billie, an endless bundle of energy, as most one year olds are, was playing beside the pool in the backyard of the spacious tree-shaded grounds, in the care of Jo Ann's housekeeper.

Jo Ann, because of the pool being a danger to toddlers, has already started Billie at swimming lessons. She'll do the same when Joanie turns one-year-old next April 24—on the same day Billie will be two.

Less than a month had passed but to Jo Ann it proved an agonizing eternity since the night she and Bill had exploded in that final argument which led to their parting. However, she confessed that for the past year the marriage had been on difficult ground.

"We have been having big problems ever since I came home from the hospital with Joanie," Jo Ann said tearfully. "Well, to be honest, even before that, but not as bad.

"The day Joanie came home we started fighting every day. We tried not to argue in front of the children. But Billie knew. He started clinging to me all the time.

"Bill is a little confused right now, and has been. Suddenly, there was no use living together anymore. One of the things that bugged him, I believe, was my career. He's still coming over to the house to finish the fence he started around the swimming pool, and the other day he told me that perhaps the only reason he married me was because I was a star on the Welk show then.

"This really hurt me. All the time I had believed he loved me for myself. But I can understand how he started to feel, finally. I earned the money and he really had no career. I'll never marry again because as long as I'm an entertainer it wouldn't work out. There would always be jealousy.

"If I did change my mind about not marrying again, it would be because I fell in love with a man who was making more money than I. Bill, though, never could make up his mind about what he wanted to do.

"After he left, he moved in with his old roommate and is looking for a sheet metal job again."

Obviously upset, Jo Ann did say, though, that there is a remote possibility that they could work out the problems. "Frankly," she added, "I don't think so. I have already gone to an attorney.

"Bill also has an attorney. What we are trying to work out now is a property settlement. I had no pre-marital agreement—my attorney balled me out for this. Bill thinks he's entitled to half the property, but I worked for it."

Because of the pending legality of her case, Jo Ann was reluctant to discuss in detail what happened on that night last July 24.

Did Bill strike her?

"I'm not going to say. He did do some unspeakable things. Maybe later I will be able to talk about it. I will eventually keep no secrets."

Since Bill departed with only a few extra shirts and trousers, most of his personal belongings remained in the house three weeks later.

"I'm trying to get him to move everything out," Jo Ann told me. "He's stalling, though."

Another question: Does he want to reconcile?

"I really don't know what he wants," Jo Ann replied, her face etched in bewilderment. "I don't think that he knows either. Perhaps, I still love him but I'm really too upset to be even sure of that.

"What has happened, though, and what happened when we had our final argument, makes me think though I want him completely out of my life. Of course, he'll always be able to visit the children. I do want to emphasize there is no third party—man or woman—involved in my problems with Bill."

Above all, Jo Ann expresses her main concern is for her children.

"I won't let Bill or anyone else hurt them," she said strongly. "You know it's no good for an unhappy couple to stay together because of the children. Both Bill and I come from families in which that happened. My parents were miserable for 28 years together and finally divorced after their kids were on their own."

Jo Ann maintained that most of her arguments with Bill were over her career. As you know, Jo Ann went on her own in September 1969 when she left the Welk organization. Taking time out only to have Joanie, the star has been working steadily since.

Jo Ann sighed as she wiped her tear-filled eyes, "If I ever want a chance at a happy marriage I'll have to give up playing the piano. No man, except a rich one, could live with me. So I'll probably never marry again."

Perhaps, Jo Ann will never have to face a manless home—if she and Bill can work out their problems. Again, I recall that happy night three years ago at Jo Ann's Castle when she told me, her eyes sparkling with happiness:

"Bill is my entire world, and now I know true love. I thank God for him."

—Dean Gautschy

Do you know what your douche is doing to you?

Your douche may make you smell nice. But, do you know what it's doing to you, inside?

A homemade vinegar solution can eliminate odor-causing bacteria. But because its sole quality is acidity, it's not always as sensitive as you'd like it to be.

Then, of course, there are the douches you buy in a store. Some are too gentle. Others are too strong. And, if you aren't careful about dissolving powders, they don't do as good a job as they might be able to do.

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Which means, when you feel very very clean and very very pretty, after douching with Jenéen, you really are. Oh, there are other things you'll like about Jenéen too. Jenéen comes pre-measured and is made to mix immediately with water. So you don't have to measure or stir. It doesn't have a funny smell like vinegar or some of the other douches.

So, after douching with Jenéen, all you're left with is a soft, whispering, unmedicinal scent. Now that you know what Jenéen does and doesn't do inside of you, try Jenéen. And be nice, not only on the outside.

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TVR

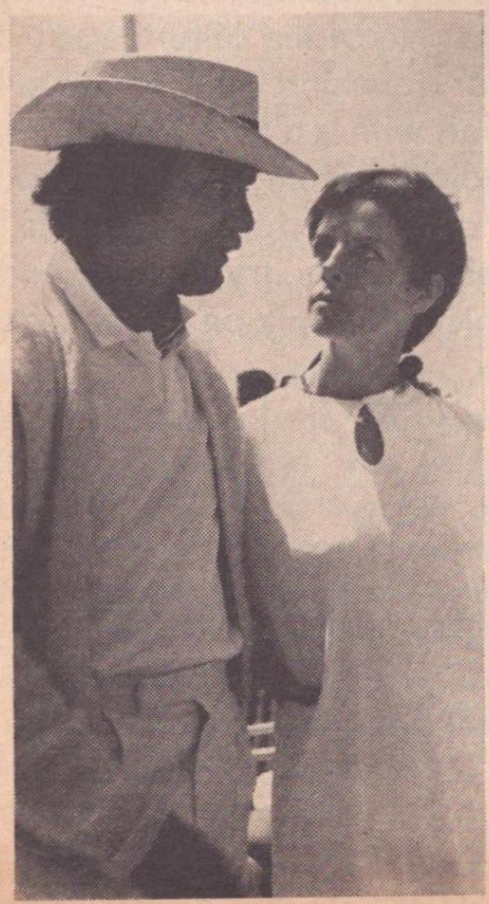
Letters FROM YOU TO US

Sorry About That

While reading the September issue of TVRM, we noticed the remarkable resemblance between actor Peter Brown and "handsome Hollywood actor, Steve Peyton," who is pictured with Claudine Longet on page 62. We were wondering if there are indeed two *different* actors, if it is merely the same man with another name, or if, perhaps, the wrong picture was printed. We would appreciate your answering our letter and ending our confusion even though we realize that you are asked to answer many, many letters.

Susan Croft
Jonesboro, Georgia

Your third guess is correct, Susan, and we are red-faced. The man in the photograph in our Sept. issue was indeed Peter Brown. The real Steve Peyton is pictured below with Claudine. Our apologies to both Peter and Steve.



Keep Us Posted

I wanted to express my deepest appreciation for the beautiful photos and story about Tom Jones in your September issue. If she is his choice of a next bride, she is very beautiful. All I can say is: If it makes Tom happy, it makes us *true* Tom Jones fans happy! They look beautiful together. Please keep us posted about him.

Hazel Lee Masters
Bristol, Tenn.

Loved the groovy photo of Tom Jones (*Sept. issue*) and enjoyed the story. I'm sorry about his marital problems and sincerely hope he and his wife can work out their difficulties. Orchids to Jon Sampson for writing with compassion and candor about a very touchy subject.

Adrienne Carroll
Houston, Texas

Pleased

Thanks for the great article about Gloria De Haven in your September issue. I am a big *Prize Movie* fan and am always interested in learning more about its beautiful hostess. I am glad that TVRM covers local stars, as well as network ones. After reading that story, I have definitely decided that your magazine is the best in its field.

Pam Curchin
Red Bank, N.J.

I was really excited to see your story on Alice Lon in the August issue of TVRM. I recall, with delight, her sparkling TV personality and lovely voice. Coming across the story was a real surprise and unexpected pleasure.

Lois Irving
Los Angeles, Calif.

TV RADIO MIRROR is undoubtedly one of the best magazines published about the stars we all love and would like to know better. I have finally subscribed to TVRM and am now sure that I won't miss a single issue. I am especially interested in Glen Campbell and would love to see heaps and heaps about him and his loving family; especially pictures!

B.A. Fink
Lehighton, Pa.

I would like to thank TV RADIO MIRROR and author Ruth Waterbury for answering my letter and writing an article on Leif Erickson (*Aug. issue*). It was a very fine article on a very, very fine actor. Thank you again!

Pam Goodling
York, Pa.

I am writing to say that I enjoyed your article on Jonathan Frid and Nancy Barrett (*August issue*). Jon Frid is a favorite actor of mine. It takes great skill and talent to make a character such as Barnabas come alive. It is a shame that it took so long for the American audience to "find" Mr. Frid. Lara Parker (Angelique) is also a great actress. She, too, has the ability to make a bizarre character come to life.

Pat Keith
Dante, Va.

Love You, Bronson

I read Mrs. Dotson's letter in the August issue of TVRM, and I agree with her completely! I think NBC is being very unfair to its viewers by canceling *Bronson*. No matter what your troubles, this show could put a smile on your face and a peaceful feeling in your heart. He's doing his own thing, living his life, but he's concerned with the lives of others. You really get involved in this show. . . . I've got news for you, NBC, we aren't *giving up* without a fight!

P.C.F.
Willard, Ohio

For The Birds!

It used to be such a pleasure to watch TV. Now, it's for the birds. Girls then looked beautiful in their dresses and the men were well-groomed. But now? A few weeks ago, I was watching *The Mike Douglas Show*. Troy Donahue was his special guest. What a mess he was—long hair, moustache not trimmed, and to top it all—bare feet. Well, sir, I can just look out my living room window and see much better dressed people walking by. I am disgusted.

M. Ward
Joliet, Ill.

Loyal Fans

I look forward to getting TV RADIO MIRROR every month. Being 79 years old, I do not get out *too* much. I especially enjoy Lawrence Welk, and now, Engelbert Humperdinck. He has a wonderful voice and a nice personality. He seems to put his whole heart into his singing.

Mrs. H. Connors
Boston, Mass.

I wish there was some way I could thank Engelbert Humperdinck for the many pleasant hours he has given me and all my friends. He has a fantastic voice and a wonderful manner. We loved his performances very much. We *wonder* why his show was cancelled. Evidently, the programming department is partial.

Lisa Jones
Santa Maria, Calif.

Address your comments to:
"Letters Editor"
TV RADIO MIRROR
205 East 42nd St.
New York, N. Y. 10017

NOVEMBER 1970

SHOW BiZ

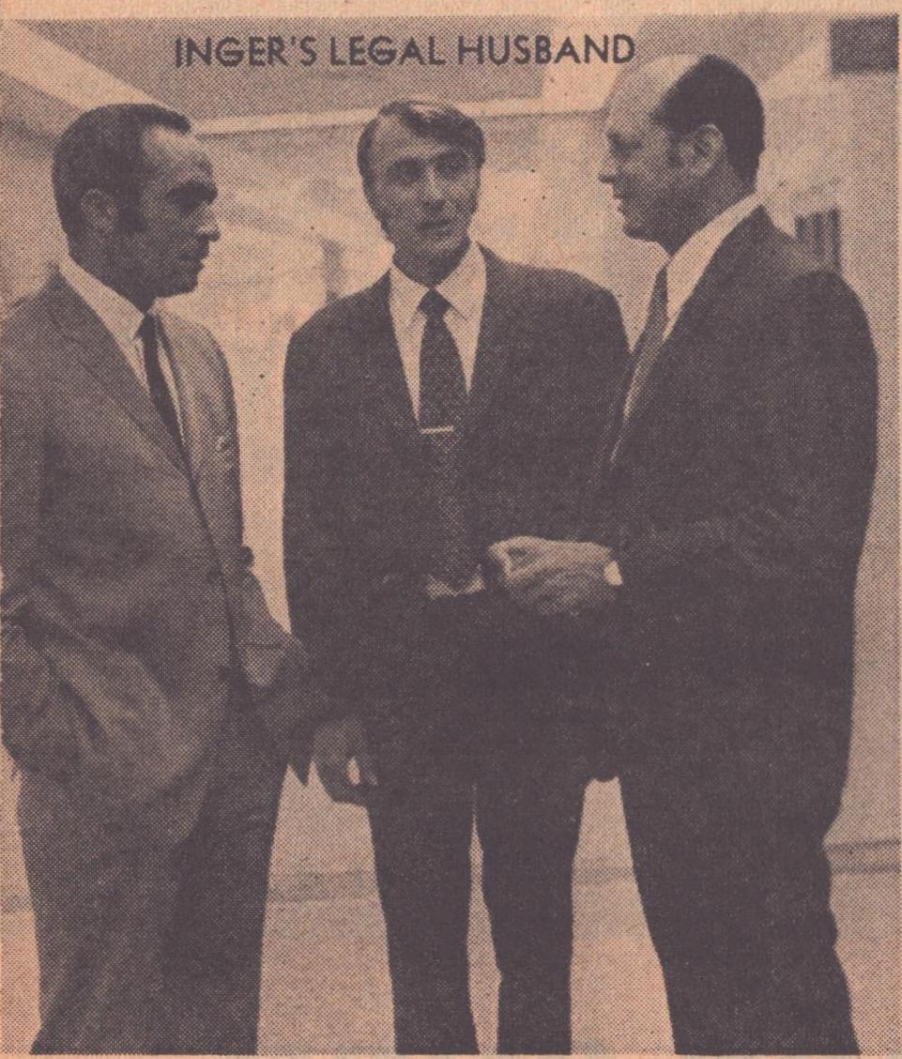
A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE

HEADLINES ★ BOOKS ★ MOVIES ★ TV ★ RECORDS ★ SINGERS 'N' SWINGERS

NEEDED: BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

Eddie Fisher's all smiles with his Norwegian fiancee, Yda Bjorn-Hansen—but his financial tide has just turned. A guy could *drown* in a sea of troubles when he files a bankruptcy petition listing debts of $916,300 and assets of $40,000! Just before the news broke, Earl Wilson was asking Debbie Reynolds if she knew where Eddie might be while their 13-year-old daughter, Carrie Fisher, wowed New York audiences singing with Mom. "Who knows?" shrugged the former Mrs. F. "I'm not baby-sitting him. I have too many other children." But now we know! Eddie was down in Puerto Rico—filing his petition. . . . Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, Zsa Zsa Gabor stemmed a flood of tears as she was robbed of $625,000 in diamonds she was wearing in a Waldorf-Astoria elevator. At gun-point, no less! In the hotel chain headed by Conrad Hilton—second of her five husbands. In fact, Mr. H. gave her the richest item in the bandits' haul: a $500,000 gem almost as big as the title of her B'way play, *Forty Carats.* None of the loot was insured. Somehow, doesn't it seem even sadder that the sparkling star couldn't have had it all out on loan to Eddie, to help bail him out of his troubled waters?

Headlines

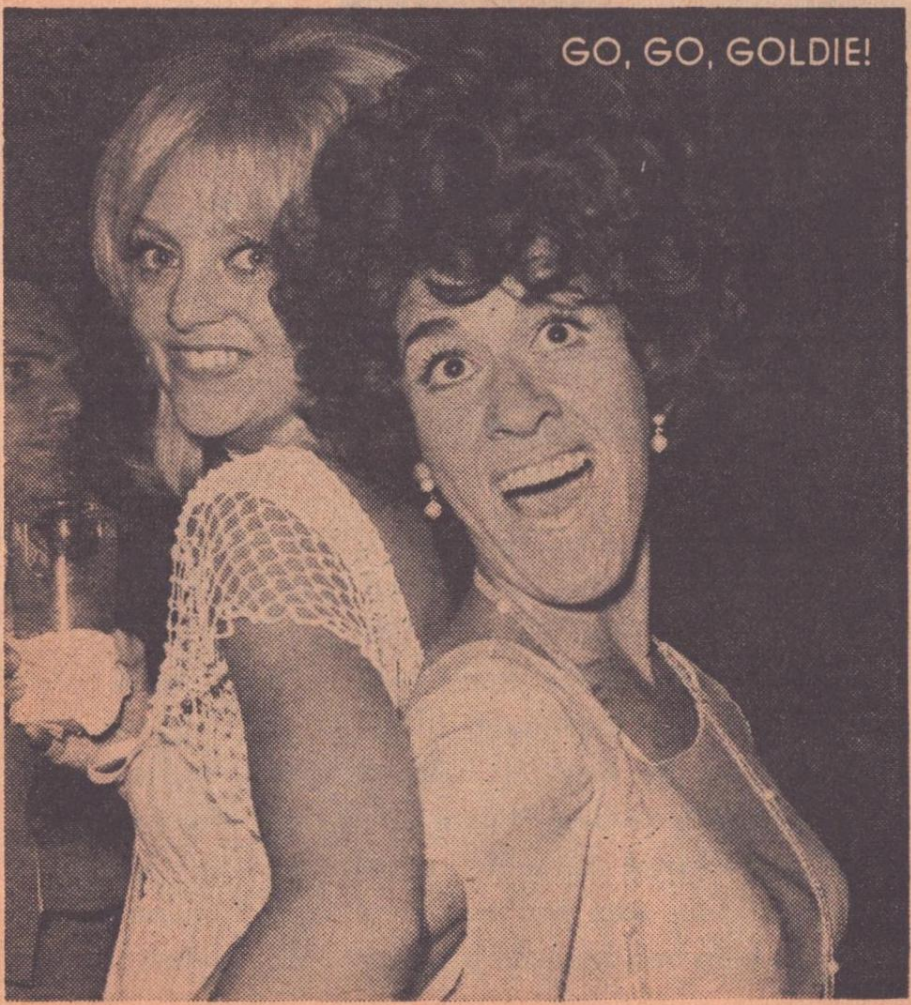

INGER'S LEGAL HUSBAND

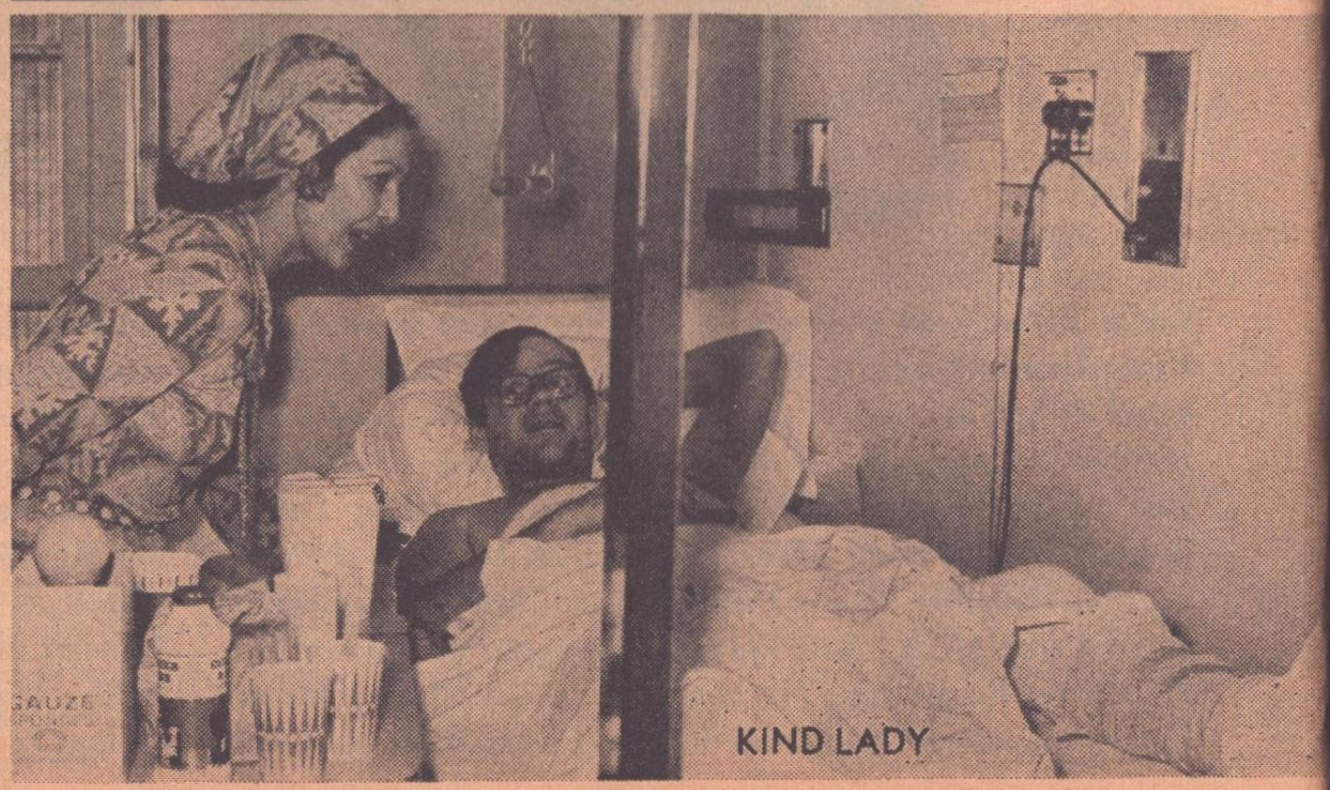
BETTY'S A "BARGAIN"

"TOM JONES" WEDS

WEDDING PREVIEW

NO LAUGHING MATTER


GO, GO, GOLDIE!

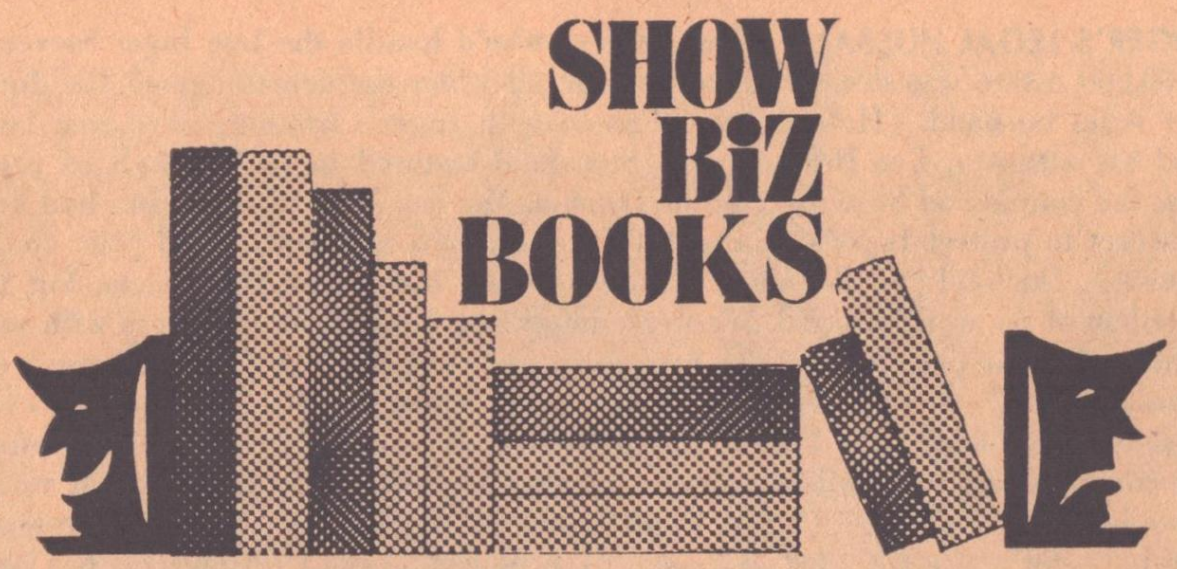

KIND LADY

BATTLES CRIPPLING ILLNESS

NEW "HONEYCOMB"

FAREWELL, FRANCES

INGER'S LEGAL HUSBAND: The issue of who'd handle the late Inger Stevens's $200,000 estate was decided once and for all when the courts named Ike Jones her legal husband. (He's at left in photo with Inger's brother, Carl Stensland, and his attorney, Lee Branton Jr.) Stensland testified in Ike's behalf to prove that the couple had been married in Tijuana, Mexico, Nov. 18, 1961, but had kept it secret to protect Inger's film and TV career. In a statment issued prior to the decision, Ike said: "Differences of race was not our personal problem, but the problem of the world around. We were simply two human beings in love with each other, which is private. . . . We had taken our vows and we knew that we were man and wife." Miss Stevens's death last April 30th was ruled suicide by an overdose of barbiturates. Ike further insisted that "all monies derived from the estate be contributed in my wife's name to mental health organizations, which would have been her wish." **BETTY'S A "BARGAIN":** Betty Furness, former actress and TV huckster (here with 3rd husband, TV producer Leslie G. Midgely), has been appointed by N.Y. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to head the State Consumer Protection Board. "We need a loud-talking, protesting, questioning consumer constituency," she said with the same authority she showed as former President Johnson's consumer expert from '67-'69. (Bess Myerson, former Miss America and TV personality, holds a similar post in N.Y.C.) **"TOM JONES" WEDS:** Actor Albert Finney (of *Tom Jones* movie fame) and French film star Anouk Aimee were wed in a strictly no-frills ceremony Aug. 7 in Britain's Kensington register office: there was no wedding ring, no reception, no honeymoon. Both have been married before. Finney, 34, has a son, Simon, 10; Anouk, 38, has a daughter, Manuella, 18. **WEDDING PREVIEW:** It'll be full wedding regalia for Renne Jarret (as the daughter of the President of the U.S.A.) and John Fink (the stars of NBC's *Nancy*) when they "marry" in the Nov. 4 episode. For "soap" fans, it'll be like watching old friends exchange vows. Renne debuted on TV at 7 in *Portia Faces Life*, later had continuing roles in *Edge Of Night* and *Love Of Life*. John formerly had roles in *Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*. Both have appeared in nighttime dramatic shows, and off and on Broadway—John in the smash hit *1776*. **NO LAUGHING MATTER:** Frank Sinatra wore an arm sling the night daughter Nancy opened in Las Vegas, but he was there, and even posed for rare photo with the family—Nancy Jr., Nancy Sr., Tina and Frank Jr. The paralysis in Frank's right hand hasn't responded as expected to surgery. An additional operation is planned to correct the painful condition which allows Frank to close his hand, but not reopen it. And that could delay his rumored upcoming wedding to Hope Lange! **GO, GO, GOLDIE!:** Goldie Hawn has certainly parlayed her dumb-blonde role on *Laugh-In* into big things. Already she's not only upstaged old pros in her first two films, but walked off with an Oscar. And now she'll star in her own TV spec—next February on NBC under the title *Clairol Command Performance*. *Laugh-In* cohort Ruth Buzzi (with her here) has some good guest spots coming up with Dean Martin and Glen Campbell, plus *her* own spec, not scheduled as yet. **KIND LADY:** Loretta Young, one of the great ladies of the film colony, can always find time to help others, like visiting at Wadsworth Veterans Hospital in West Los Angeles. She spends hours with the men—talking, listening, and, most important, caring. There aren't many visitors at Wadsworth, a center for treatment of amputees. Those who know Loretta best aren't surprised at her devotion—nor were they surprised when she threatened a $10-million lawsuit to force 20th Century-Fox to delete old film clips of her from the shockingly vulgar *Myra Breckinridge*! **BATTLES CRIPPLING ILLNESS:** Rosalind Russell pooh-poohs well-meaning friends' advice that she not mention her year-long fight against crippling arthritis of the hand because it would be bad for her image. "That's ridiculous," says Roz. "There are 14 million people afflicted with arthritis, and so many ashamed to admit they have it. I'm not, and I'd like to do everything I can to help fight it." Which is why she's planning an arthritis benefit in London for the world premiere of her latest film, *The Unexpected Mrs. Pollifax*. **NEW "HONEYCOMB":** Singer Jimmie Rodgers sang an appropriate medley of his hits—"Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," "Honeycomb" and "Uh, Oh, I'm Fallin' In Love Again"—when he guested with Johnny Cash a few weeks after his Aug. 1 wedding to airline stewardess Trudy Buck at First Lutheran Church in Venice, Calif. (Those are Jimmie's children by his first marriage—Michael, 7, and Michele, 10—with the newlyweds.) **FAREWELL, FRANCES:** Frances Farmer, a great beauty and a top stage and screen actress of the '30's, died of cancer of the esophagus Aug. 1 in Indianapolis, where she hosted a popular movie program on the NBC outlet, WFBM-TV, from '58 through '64; acted at Purdue U., and, for the past year, was working on her memoirs. She was 56. Frances's first major role was opposite Bing Crosby in *Rhythm On The Range* ('36), followed by a starring role in *Come And Get It* (with Joel McCrea and Walter Brennan). In '37 she starred in Bwy.'s original *Golden Boy*; made several other films before alcoholic problems and headlined clashes with the law led to her confinement in mental hospitals from '44 to '50. She attempted a comeback—doing *The Chalk Garden*, in stock; appearing on *The Ed Sullivan Show* as a folk-singer. She was three times married (first to actor Leif Erickson) and divorced.



The Other Side Of The Rainbow With Judy Garland On The Dawn Patrol, by Mel Torme. *William Morrow & Co., 105 Madison Ave., New York City. 241 pp. $6.95.* Judy was a beauty (certainly in her singing and screen personality) and a beast. That's the picture we have here via singer-author Mel Torme. He was a friend of Judy's (though in the end a vilely abused one) for two decades. Also, he was music writer-arranger on *The Judy Garland Show*, on TV in the 1963-64 season, her last chance in the Big Time—a chance she flunked miserably. All this is by way of saying Torme knows his subject. And, though he remains a gentleman to the end, he tells *all* about Judy Garland in this book. *All* about her drinking, her fondness for vulgar language and anecdotes, "the tantrums, the deviousness, the unprofessionalism, even the lies." But there was an enchanting, endearing side to her, too, and ample evidence of that is supplied. So this is a balanced portrait. But when you have finished it you are appalled. Because what you have witnessed (mercifully only secondhand) is the horror of a great personality in its last terrible agony of disintegration. Judy loved and trusted no one except (passionately) her three children. Her hatreds were fierce. She despised MGM mogul Louis B. Mayer, her dead mother, first husband David Rose, and others, and she flaunted her hates. She gloried in power and the fact that on this ill-fated TV series (to which she sometimes devoted just one rehearsal) she was at last the boss. "These days grown men are afraid of *me*," she is quoted. "Even my lawyers, my managers, I really shake 'em up. They get out of line, I chew 'em up and spit 'em out!" She did, too, quite a few of them before that disastrous TV venture collapsed. Finally, she even fired her friend Mel, despite his iron-clad contract. But her insecurity was monumental. An insomniac, she often phoned male execs on the show at 4 A.M., demanding they come over to her house. Hence the "Dawn Patrol" part of this book's title. Producer George Schlatter, just one of many forced to perform this duty, explained to Torme: "She's edgy about the show. Oh, she's not about to show it around here. But in the wee small hours, it starts to get to her. Anyway, I get up and get over there and we have a few drinks and I hold her hand and reassure her. And believe me, this is a little lady who needs a gang of reassuring!" Included is a scene in which Torme, a married man, accepts a solo dinner invitation to her house and is romantically propositioned by a "slightly drunk" Judy. She orders him to "go home" when he gracefully declines, then beseeches him to stay with her and "watch television or talk or whatever" through the dread dawn hours. On the set of the TV show many other scenes were enacted—some great (as when, over CBS' objections, she sang a powerhouse version of "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic" in memory of JFK), some traumatic to all parties. These, too, are memorably set down. The summary of the star at this late stage in her life seems to be contained in this quote, attributed to her longtime hairdresser Orval Payne: "The bitch. No one ever really knows where they stand with her. . . She changes, like the wind. One minute she loves you, the next she'll cut your **** off." Torme later, sadly concurred: "I don't believe anyone knows her. She doesn't even know herself." Long, long ago, I first saw and fell in love with a teenaged Judy Garland in a racing movie, *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*, with Mickey Rooney. How I envied him. Now, I have just finished this story, and, no, Mel Torme, I did not envy you for one moment. But as a rawly vivid depiction of a great star going downhill faster than anyone knew, this is a vital, saddening, unforgettable book.

The Gary Cooper Story, by George Carpozi Jr. *Arlington House, 81 Center St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 263 pp. $6.95.* **The Films Of Gary Cooper,** by Homer Dickens. *Citadel Press, 222 Park Ave. So., New York City. 281 pp. $10.* The one-and-only "Coop" has been gone almost a decade now, and just when we feared he'd joined such "forgotten" stars of yesteryear as Tyrone Power and Warner Baxter, along come two splendid books to remind us once more of how truly great he was. The first, by a famous newspaperman (also regular contributor to TVRM), is an engrossing story of Cooper's life both in front of and away from the camera. It is an admiring, but no-holds-barred, recounting of his 60 years on earth, including perhaps the most completely authentic version of his doomed love for actress Patricia Neal. Almost a decade went into the research and writing of *The Gary Cooper Story*, and they were years well spent. We heartily recommend it. Included is a photographic wrapup of his career and private life (the rare, early-life snaps are particularly interesting). There is also a list of most of his films, giving title, credits and release dates, but no plot synopses. We also enthusiastically direct your attention to *The Films Of Gary Cooper*, a handsome coffee-table volume, which gives the reader a brief, fascinating chapter on Cooper's private life, then gets down to business. That is, Cooper's *entire* screen career, covering all his bit roles and short films, then swinging into his career as a star. It is complete and it is grand. All the movies are here, from 1926's *The Winning Of Barbara Worth* to 1961's *The Naked Edge*. They're represented by hundreds of sensitively chosen scene stills (and on the set shots), by complete cast and credit lists, by synopses, by notes on each film's production, by critics' evaluations of each movie. Now it seems to us that, in the way of books, nothing more need ever be done on Gary Cooper. It has now all been done—and done superbly.

The Emmy Awards: A Pictorial History, by Paul Michael. *Crown Publishers, 419 Park Ave. So., New York City. 384 pp. $9.95.* Wow! If we had any sort of medal at hand we'd lose no time pinning it on this author. He took on a backbreaking assignment and pulled it off magnificently. *The Emmy Awards* is a *complete* record, in text and photos, of *every* award presented from 1948 to 1969 (*plus* an insert, since it came too late to include in the book proper, of this year's winners). So here it is—a grand for-the-record book and a volume which, especially in its photos, evokes a million memories. It is a joy to leaf through, even though it does induce a nostalgia for television as it was *then*. (Yes, Virginia, TV did indeed have a "Golden Age" and it isn't now.) It is an informative delight to read. And, finally, a book to settle *all* arguments forever about who did and who didn't win Emmys—and for what. (Aiding in this is a list of all Emmy nominees who lost!) The only words to describe it are these: This is the single best book on TV ever published.

—David Ragan

THE PUBLIC EYE

THE VIEWER BE DAMNED! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? / by Joyce Alban

"It's going to be a short season . . . *wasn't* it?" That's what a lot of us will be saying about some of our best-liked new shows, come New Year's Eve, if TV's wheeler-dealers don't stop giving viewers such a fast shuffle! Thelma Carpenter wasn't putting down her own fine series when she quipped—before *Barefoot In The Park* premiered this fall: "The worst that can happen is I'll get a good 13 weeks' work out of it." She was simply pinpointing a dismal situation which is causing deep concern to performers and all creative people.

Time was when even a modest little series could count on one full season, lasting three-quarters of a year, to build an audience big enough to bring it back next fall. And some of the most popular of all TV shows needed every one of those 39 weeks! Bob Young, for instance, recalls all too vividly that *Father Knows Best* was canceled in its first season—a decision rescinded only because the volume of protest mail proved the show had far more support than its mid-season ratings indicated.

This year, the time-span has shrunk to 24 weeks—a slash that would have killed *Father* and many another well-remembered favorite (such as *The Dick Van Dyke Show*) which survived a slow start to become a long-run hit. And there's the added menace of that recent invention, "the second season." Only ABC's *NFL Monday Night Football* has been honestly listed to last just 13 weeks (the number of games scheduled), but every newcomer faces the possibility of being dropped dead in January! (To be replaced, naturally, by something just as untried, which will have an equally brief on-air audition.)

How does the industry come to such abrupt decisions when we viewers, ourselves, haven't had time to make up our minds about what we're seeing? How can we get to know such *Young Rebels* as Rick Ely, Lou Gossett, Alex Henteloff, before we even feel quite at home back in colonial days? Is 13 weeks enough to prove we love Mary Tyler Moore without Dick beside her? Or that Flip Wilson can corral at least as many followers as *Daniel Boone* had on Thursday eve? To find out how many legal and medical dramas we can absorb? Or how warmly we welcome back Vince Edwards, George Maharis, Roy Thinnes, Chris George, Lee Majors, Herschel Bernardi?

The industry says the problem is purely financial. It's true TV is about to lose one major source of income completely (cigarette advertising) and fears sponsorship cutbacks from another biggie (automobiles). Also, production costs have skyrocketed alarmingly—and 22-to-26 new episodes obviously cost less than 39.

But what kind of money can TV expect in return for *half a year* of reruns? And how can it be that much cheaper to parlay *two* new shows in the same time-slot during the regular season—if both shows have been properly prepared to be worth our viewing time in the evening hours?

Tracy Reed & Scoey Mitchlll enjoying winter snow in Barefoot In The Park. *A quip from a co-star points up some problems ahead for all TV this spring!*

Strike that last phrase as *too* naive! To TV's masterminds, viewers don't seem to exist except as wee fractions in the ratings —"share of audience," "percentage of families"—hypothetical figures then "projected" to imaginary heights. The game they play isn't *Let's Give Our Viewers The Best.* It's called *Let's Show Our Sponsors We Can Knock Off The Other Networks.*

How else can you explain the kind of scheduling that gives us *Dan August, Hawaii Five-O* and *Four-In-One* at the same hour on Wednesday? All three full of action and suspense, aimed at similar audience tastes—and heaven help the newcomer which can't outdraw both the others in just a few weeks!

They couldn't care less if we'd like to have a *choice*—drama, comedy, variety—at any given time. The sponsors, not the audience, are their customers. Why should they give us "a chance to shop around"? Oh, I know what CBS said when it juggled six of its shows after the other nets had set their fall schedules. Moving *Beverly Hillbillies* and *Green Acres* opposite the new Don Knotts show on NBC, they said piously, would give us viewers a choice of "something totally dissimilar."

Insiders snickered, realizing that Don is one of the folksiest comedians CBS ever developed and it wasn't about to let another network cut in on the rural-type following it has built up over the years! CBS is the same web that dropped Red Skelton for "appealing to older audiences"—while retaining intact a Monday-night lineup featuring such youngsters as Lucille Ball, Doris Day and those veteran troupers in ol' Dodge City. Meanwhile, NBC snapped up the beloved clown, figuring Red wasn't a whit too old-fashioned to lead into its very modern *Laugh-In.*

Every move they make is a gamble, of course. And no one seems to care that it's *our* money, *our* time—the very air owned by the public itself—at stake. But how long will they have *any* audience to sell an advertiser, if they don't start thinking of us viewers as people, instead of statistics? If they don't offer us a sensible choice in programing—and don't even give their own promising newcomers enough time to attract and hold an audience!

Something tells me that if they just played the game honestly and well, they could bring so many viewers to TV that sponsors would be happy with their fair share of customers, no matter how other shows were doing. But the way things are for us viewers now, the only course open is to take whatever action we can to *keep* those stars and shows we really like on our little screens.

Protest the network and sponsor policies wherever it might do the most good. Support your favorites all the way, if you still want to see them this spring (let alone next fall). And *do it now*, before it is too late to count! ●

BY LARRY THOMAS

ON RECORDS

POPULAR

★★★★ **The Naked Carmen, An Electric Rock Opera,** by John Corigliano and David Hess (Mercury)—Any record that pits the Moog Synthesizer, Pig Iron, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, kazooist Anita Darian, pianist John Atkins, *Hair's* Melba Moore, and Mary Bruce and her Starbuds against each other can't be all bad—and this one's almost all good! It's a "camp" spectacular, a 1970s' rock version of *Carmen*, which meets itself coming and going. Melba Moore plays both the free-loving Carmen and the love-losing Micaela, with "today" lyrics set to the "Habanera," "The Card Song" and "Micaela's Air." Broadway and Met Opera star William Walker plays Escamillo. Robert White, son of radio's famed Silver Masked Tenor, plays the cardboard soldier, Don Jose, as much a loser today as ever. David Hess wanders through periodically as a troubadour commenting on the action. But it's moments like Mary Bruce's Starbuds tap-dancing out "The Gypsy Song" that really boggle the mind, or hilarious bits such as John Atkins playing the "Carmen Fantasette." He'd be the pianist-hero who might save Carmen from her fate. But he can't quite remember her song, being unable to get much past the first measure over and over again. The album is a veritable catalogue of pop art.

★★★★ **Magnetic South,** Michael Nesmith & The First National Band (RCA Victor)—Ex-*Monkee* Nesmith has a sure-fire winner with this delightful album. It's quite a change of pace for the former rock star as he switches to an easy country sound that is as fresh as clear spring water. His voice is beautifully matched to the material, most of which he wrote, and most of which is wonderfully simple country music without an ounce of condescension. Aside from his own excellent songs, there is a charming throwaway version of "Beyond the Blue Horizon." Try this one for the surprise of the month.

★★★★ **Bobby Goldsboro's Greatest Hits** (United Artists)—Goldsboro is one of the most consistently listenable of the country performers because he captures the simplicity of the genre with a musicality few of his peers can equal. This collection of 11 of his top sellers (eight of them written by Bobby) is certain to please his many fans. There's the poignant "Honey," with its overtones of "Little Green Apples," and "The Straight Life," with a lively Latin beat, along with "I'm a Drifter," "Muddy Mississippi Line," and seven others. If you don't know Bobby, treat yourself.

★★★★ **Penitentiary Blues,** David Allan Coe (SSS International)—Coe, the 29-year-old singer-composer, is an ex-con whose songs detail life on the streets, dope, booze, broads, crime, and the way a man dies a little chunk at a time along the reeking corridor of Death Row. In the traditional blues pattern, the songs are outstanding, and Coe wrote 10 of the 11 performed here. His voice is surprisingly good, and I guarantee you'll be hearing more of his works.

★★★★ **Befour,** Brian Auger and The Trinity (RCA Victor)—Auger and The Trinity are one of England's top jazz-rock groups, and Brian's splendid organ and piano work clearly demonstrates why. The material on this album is out of sight—everything from Sly Stewart's "I Wanna Take You Higher" to jazzy versions (but not too much so) of Gabriel Faure's "Pavane" and Albinoni's "Adagio per Archi e Organo." "No Time to Live" offers guitarist Gary Winston Boyle a chance to swing and sing, while "Listen Here" gives an augmented group of four drummers a chance to beat it up. The group's currently on tour in the U.S. You should hear them if possible.

★★★★ **The Jack Wild Album** (Capitol)—The pint-sized English star of *Oliver* (he played The Artful Dodger) and of TV's *H.R. Pufnstuf* proves himself to be a heavyweight in the talent department with this record. Two of his previous hits, "Some Beautiful" and "Wait For Summer," are included, along with two Lennon-McCartney songs, "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" and "When I'm Sixty-Four"—plus six others. Youngsters will love this one, and their parents may be surprised to find themselves listening with more than casual interest. It's a refreshing change from rock as this teen does most of his songs in an English music-hall manner.

★★★ **Osmosis** (RCA Victor)—This seven-man rock group out of Boston may be too smart—or too good—for its own good. To a man, they're talented musicians in the *Blood, Sweat And Tears* tradition, yet their material is variable and all over the lot. They lay on a heavy sound that is frequently exciting, sometimes just murky. There's a good blues-type song by lead singer Bobby Knox on "Please Let Me Go," plus an excellent "Shadows," on which Charlie Mariano takes a sax flight of fancy, weaving in, out and over the vocal like gilt-edged filigree. Also splendid is the buzz-saw raga treatment on "Of War and Peace." It may cause your neighbors to think your equipment is short-circuiting till the soothing "Sleep, My Love" comes as blessed relief.

★★★ **That Same Old Feeling,** The Fortunes (World Pacific)—It's the second time around for this talented foursome. Five years ago, they rode high and mighty in popularity with their hit "You've Got Your Troubles," then, as happens with so many groups, slid into relative obscurity. They're back with an updated contemporary sound that could send them right back to the top. Best bets on this one are "Books and Films," plus three distinctive Jimmy Webb numbers, "Someone Is Standing Outside," "Red Clay County Line," and "Clowns Exit Laughing."

★★★ **To Be Free,** Jackie DeShannon (Imperial)—The talented young composer-singer does eight of her own songs on this record, but it's the three by other composers in which she seems to be most emotionally involved as a performer. She's at her best on a splendid medley of "You Keep Me Hanging On" and "Hurt So Bad," with Leonard Cohen's fragile "Bird on the Wire," and on "It's So Nice." Of her own songs, I liked the charming simplicity of "Brighton Hill," and the upbeat "Mediterranean Sky."

★★★ **As Long As I Love,** Dolly Parton (Monument)—If country music has a glamour girl, it's bound to be Dolly Parton. She sings a country dozen of her own songs of heartache, love gone wrong, and love that never was, on this

record. Fans will love it, particularly "Daddy Won't Be Home Anymore," "Too Lonely Too Long," and "I Don't Want You Around Me Anymore."

★★ **The Happy And Mello Sax Of Ace Cannon** (Hi/London)—Happy? Well, maybe, depending on your level of musical sophistication. Mello (whatever that means)? Not very, what with Cannon tonguing out volleys of notes that bounce around as nervously as popcorn in a hot skillet. It's "yakety" sax (as popularized by Boots Randolph) to an old two-step beat. A quote from the liner notes: "From country and Western to heavy rock, the quality of his arrangements never varies." Get the picture?

JAZZ

★★★★ **Duke Ellington's 70th Birthday Concert** (Solid State)—The Gentleman of Jazz surely must rank as one of our national treasures, having kept this wonderful band together for over 30 years. This "must have" two-record set, recorded last year in live concerts in England, presents all the Ellington standards, plus some new material as well. Sadly, it also contains some of the last recorded solos with this band by Johnny Hodges, the alto-sax great who died shortly afterward. Any jazz buff will want his smooth-as-velvet takes on "Azure," "Black Butterfly" and "Things Aren't What They Used to Be." Then, there's the medley of nine of Duke's all-time hits—as fresh today as when they were first performed. Best of all, there's a devastating "Black Swan," with suavely insinuating solos by Wild Bill Davis on organ, Norris Turney on flute, Victor Gaskin on bass, and Speedy Jones on drums. And always, there's the mind-blowing trumpet of Cootie Williams. Grab this before it's gone, and find out what jazz is all about.

★★★★ **Bill Cosby Presents Badfoot Brown And The Bunions Bradford Funeral & Marching Band** (Uni)—Fresh from its live debut at the Newport Jazz Festival comes this new group, the brainchild of comedian Bill Cosby, who put the group together, produced the record, composed the music, and performs on a variety of instruments. (You'll have to figure out which ones other than piano, 'cause Cos ain't talking. The only musician credited is drummer Big Black.) The record has two prolonged tracks, the first, "Martin's Funeral," being Cosby's subjective impressions of marching in the assassinated civil-rights leader's funeral parade. It's a hypnotic dirge that builds to an interesting climax. The second side, "Hybish Shybish," is a fascinating musical ramble with many different percussion instruments and overlays of sound creating a *gamelan* effect.

CHILDREN

★★★★ **Pufnstuf,** original soundtrack album with Jack Wild, Billie Hayes, Martha Raye, Mama Cass (Capitol)—TV's popular children's series, *H.R. Pufnstuf*, has been turned into a thoroughly charming movie. This soundtrack captures every rocking moment of it. The big-band score, with music by Charles Fox, lyrics by Norman Gimbel, is outstanding, and accomplishes the difficult feat of writing for children without insulting either them or their parents. Jack Wild (see "Popular") repeats his TV role as the youthful hero on an Oz-like voyage to Living Island. Martha Raye is Boss Witch; Billie Hayes, Witchiepoo; and Mama Cass, the good Witch Hazel. This will score high with the young in heart of any age.

★★★ **The Boatniks** (Disneyland)—Though not a soundtrack of the recent Disney film, this record does present a narrated and dramatized version of the story of the movie, with occasional incidental music produced by Camarata. It's sort of like an old-time *Lux Radio Theater* production, and should keep the kids happily quiet for an hour or so. Includes an 11-page cartooned leaflet of jokes from the story.

CLASSICAL

★★★★ **Gilbert & Sullivan: The Yeomen Of The Guard,** The D'Oyly Carte Opera Co., The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Sir Malcolm Sargent (London)—Here's another in London's pure-sterling series of operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan, the Rodgers and Hammerstein of yesteryear. Though less comic than most G & S works, *The Yeomen* is considered by many critics to be one of their best collaborations. It's a story of 16th-century England, set in the Tower of London, where the hero has been sentenced to die. His last request is to be married before his death, to thwart the cousin who framed him in the expectation of inheriting his estates. As in any operetta worth its salt, the hero's reprieve comes in time, and the newly-married maid who thought she'd be widowed in an hour finds herself with a husband for a lifetime. As ever, the D'Oyly Carte Company is sheer perfection. They are beautifully assisted by the stunning conducting of Sir Malcolm Sargent. A best bet for any lover of the genre.

★★★★ **New Music For Horns** The Horn Club of Los Angeles (Angel)—This group of virtuoso musicians offers some of the finest horn playing ever put on record. Included are Gunther Schuller's "Lines & Contrasts" and William Kraft's "Games: Collage No. 1," both conducted by the composers. Then there are transcriptions of works by Lassus, Palestrina, Victoria, and Rossini. But the outstanding works, to my mind, are Roger Johnson's somberly inventive "Suite for Six Horns" and Alec Wilder's absolutely delightful "Nonet for Brass." The latter work is tuneful and jazzy in the lilting style of the "Octets" Wilder wrote for Mitch Miller some years back, and which Frank Sinatra conducted so effectively in 1945. Don't miss it!

★★★★ **Farina; Schmelzer; Biber; Marais; Vivaldi: Programme Music Of The Baroque Era,** Concentus Musicus Vienna cond. by Nikolaus Harnoncourt (Das Alte Werk/Telefunken)—With the possible exception of Vivaldi's musical nightmare, "La Notte," most of this music is little-known. Each piece represents a baroque composer's effort to express a non-musical event in musical terms. Hence, Schmelzer's "The Fencing School," Biber's "Animal Sonata," Marais's macabre, but highly effective, "Operation for the Removal of a Stone." The *chef-d'oeuvre* of the album, however, is Carlo Farina's "Capriccio Stravagante," a charming musical joke in which he orchestrally parodies everything from a hurdy-gurdy to a tipsy organist to cats-in-a-fight. Highly recommended for the baroque enthusiast.

★★★★ **Ecco La Primavera,** The Early Music Consort, dir. by David Munrow, with various artists (Argo)—This little-known Florentine music of the 14th century admirably captures the spirit and feeling of the Renaissance. It is a charming "salute to spring" performed by two tenors and a countertenor, with a talented group of instrumentalists playing authentic instruments of the period. All lovers of baroque will have to have this musical precursor of the era they love.

★★★ **Alleluia,** The Berkshire Boy Choir, Brian Runnet, music director; Lowell Lacey, organist (RCA Victor)—Founded in 1967 for the Festival Performances at Tanglewood, this youthful choir rapidly has become one of the finest in the country. This recital album demonstrates their virtuosity in everything from Palestrina's "Exsultate Deo" to Benjamin Britten's "Missa Brevis." There are Shakespearean songs by Vaughan Williams, Debussy's "Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orleans," Messiaen's "O Sacrum Convivium," plus works by several others.

★★★ **Electronic Music, Vol. IV** (Turnabout)—Selections by six contemporary composers, winners all of Dartmouth's First International Electronic Music Competition held in 1968. The music, synthetically produced, is fascinating in its *2001* sonic splendor.

WHAT'S AT THE MOVIES

Lovers And Other Strangers

The Moonshine War

The Angel Levine

The People Next Door

by GEORGE CUTTINGHAM

Lovers And Other Strangers (CINERAMA RELEASING; COLOR)
The story isn't much, but some of the funniest dialogue and performances around are woven through this comic tapestry about marriage, or the way that people stay—or don't stay—together. Bonnie Bedelia and Michael Brandon are two kids who have been living together for almost two years and now plan to get married, but the *interesting* characters are the assorted mothers, fathers and other in-laws whose life styles are displayed. Bea Arthur, Richard Castellano, Bob Dishy, Harry Guardino, Marian Hailey, Anne Jackson, Anne Meara and Gig Young are some of the big-time talents who play them to such funny effect.

The Moonshine War (MGM; COLOR)
With its 1932 cars and clothes, rustic dialogue, machine guns and dumb blondes, this one bears more than a passing resemblance to *Bonnie And Clyde*. Patrick McGoohan stars, as a crooked revenue agent, along with Richard Widmark as a dentist-turned-bootlegger, and Alan Alda as a young hillbilly who has a big stash of moonshine whisky. The story is told as fairly straight melodrama, with good comic touches but without the artistic pretensions of *B&C*, and it scores nicely as simple entertainment.

The Angel Levine (UNITED ARTISTS; COLOR)
This is the story of an elderly Jewish tailor (Zero Mostel) who lives in a Bronx tenement with his dying wife (Ida Kaminska), and the Negro Jewish angel (Harry Belafonte) who comes to help him. The scenes are nicely written and beautifully played, full of compassion and lightened by Yiddish humor. But Belafonte's role is confusing, unconvincing, too obviously padded and stretched. In other words, there's wheat here, but Oy, what a lot of chaff.

The People Next Door (AVCO EMBASSY; COLOR)
Eli Wallach and Julie Harris are "typical" middle-class parents; they drink and smoke a little too much, but they seem basically happy with their lives, their comfortable home, and the two nice kids to whom they have always given "everything." Then comes the day they find their daughter in the throes of a bad LSD trip, and like many other "typical" parents they wonder what went wrong. The writing (J.P. Miller adapted his own successful TV play) is a little "middle-aged," but the theme is so much to the point and the performances are so good that all but the hopelessly hip should find this one interesting. Deborah Winters, Stephen McHattie, Hal Holbrook, Cloris Leachman and Don Scardino co-star.

Joe (CANNON; COLOR)
The theme is again kids, drugs and parents—but with an interesting difference. After his daughter is hospitalized for drug abuse, a wealthy ad man (Dennis Patrick) goes to the Village pad to collect her things, and in a moment of fury kills the repulsive pusher she was living with. His crime is discovered by a hard-hat type (Peter Boyle), who *admires* the murderer for doing what he and many others would like to do: kill the pervert-Commie-hippie rats. The plot *is* pretty melodramatic, but it's none the less fascinating, partly because it's so "now" and partly because of the completely convincing performance by Boyle as the bitter, comic, foul-mouthed Joe.

Adam At 6 A.M. (NATIONAL GENERAL; COLOR)
A young college professor, dissatisfied with his affluent, swinging, learned life, sets out to find some meaning. In a little town in Missouri, he finds some simple relatives, a job with a labor gang, and a girl, and before long he is looking forward to settling down in one of the development houses that his father-in-law-to-be builds. The film has the virtue of an original idea, honest performing and authentic locale. Its main fault is that anyone who is apt to get the point is apt to get it long before the hero does. This, along with the accurate depiction of Middle America, may draw unintended guffaws from the city slickers, in spite of the good work of Michael Douglas (son of Kirk), Lee Purcell, Joe Don Baker, Grayson Hall and Charles Aidman.

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On the scene with TV RADIO MIRROR'S

DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD

Frost Playing It Cool: Keeping up with **David Frost**'s romantic life is an impossibility. He's really a cool swinger with plenty of gals in every jet port. Oddly, the women in his life aren't jealous of each other. For instance, he met **Barbara Anderson** in New York last June, and a romance ignited. But when David came west for a Hollywood swing recently he not only dated the *Ironside* beauty, he dined on alternate nights with **Diahann Carroll**. The arrangement didn't bother either woman. Guess they figure a bit of "Frost" is better than the cold shoulder.

Wedding Fit For A Queen: Bobby Burgess and **Kristie Floren** have decided to marry in his boyhood church in Long Beach, Calif., new home of the ship Queen Mary. Already the guest list, headed by Bobby's boss **Lawrence Welk**, numbers 1,500 people. Bobby tells me it'll be an afternoon ceremony on Sunday, February 14th, and that, of course, is Valentine's Day!

Christmas Wedding? Perhaps so for **Peggy Lipton** and **Lou Adler**. Neither Peggy nor the music executive will confirm or deny that they'll finally tie the knot around a Christmas tree. Peggy, though, even has a wedding ring she wears occasionally. Maybe, for practice!

An Irony! Cary Grant was a celebrity ringsider at **Elvis Presley**'s opening at the International Hotel in Las Vegas this past August. Four days later, Elvis was charged in a paternity suit filed by a 21-year-old waitress, **Pat Parker**. She is represented by attorney **Paul Caruso**, who already was involved in another diaper case. He's handling **Cynthia Bouron**'s paternity action against Grant! Apparently Presley fans aren't too disturbed about the charges against their super hero. One girl even was most philosophical about the whole matter, "My only regret," she told me, "is that it wasn't me."

Shedding past for a brighter future, Connie Stevens (here w. Kenny Dennis) has traded goody-goody image for sexpot role in Grissom Gang.

"Better Days Are Coming": "That's the movie being produced by *High Chaparral* alumnus **Mark Slade**. Mark tells me he has no regrets about leaving the series. "I've had this idea for a movie for a long time," he explained. "I don't think I was getting anywhere on the TV show. I'll co-star in the film, too, but won't direct. We were supposed to shoot it this past summer in Mexico, but there were too many problems. So we'll make it in Hollywood."

The Inside: Frank Sinatra introduced **Hope Lange** to his "first family" at daughter **Nancy**'s opening at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. Besides Nancy, Hope exchanged pleasantries with **Nancy Sr.**, **Tina** and **Frank Jr.** Odds are even that the actress will be the next Mrs. Sinatra, or wife number four. . . . **Andy** and **Claudine Williams** have consulted attorneys, and now it's a matter of dividing the property. May take months. . . . **David Janssen** and **Rosemary Forsyth** celebrated his final divorce decree from **Ellie** by calling at least a temporary halt to their love affair. And it was David's love for Rosemary that led him to leave home. Well, that's show biz. . . . **Julie Sommars** and astronaut **Jack Swigert** failed to go into orbit. They had only one date, and aborted the relationship. . . . **Patty Duke** and **Desi Arnaz Jr.** have resumed. . . . **Robert Wagner** is having some problems getting estranged wife **Marion** to agree on the divorce so that he can marry **Tina Sinatra**. . . . **Philippe Forquet** (once engaged to the late **Sharon Tate**) and **Linda Moran**

DAVID FROST

BARBARA ANDERSON

It's Love!

BOBBY BURGESS & KRISTIE FLOREN

LOU ADLER & PEGGY LIPTON

are a steady twosome. Philippe portrays Lafayette in *The Young Rebels*. . . . They're enlarging **Elena Verdugo**'s role this season in *Marcus Welby*. As nurse Consuelo Lopez, she'll be doing more than taking phone messages for **Robert Young**. In real life, the attractive actress is a divorcee with a son, **Richard**, studying drama at Berkeley. . . . The NBC lot will never be the same. Eyeballs popped out the day **Dean Martin** held auditions for his new **Golddiggers**. Some 200 beauties showed up, and a couple wore bikinis. The five picked, however, were fully clothed.

Nimoy Fans: They number in the thousands. Again this year **Leonard Nimoy** brought the president of his fan club to Hollywood for a red carpet visit. She's blonde **Louise Stange**, an IBM operator in Dayton, Ohio.

Connie's New Image: Talked to **Connie Stevens** on the set of *The Grissom Gang*, and has she grown up! No longer does she have or want the goody-goody image. Connie plays a blonde sexpot in the movie. Connie looks great, and so thin now she can model for *Vogue*. It's part of her new sophisticated look. Datewise, she says she's not committed to any one man. She continues to see **Jim Webb**, and also has dated **Kenny Dennis**, the ex-husband of singer **Nancy Wilson**.

Dean on the Scene: Bell Records staged a family night for **Shirley Jones** and the rest of her *Partridge Family* on the restaurant rooftop of the Hyatt-Continental Hotel on the Sunset Strip. Bell has the group under a recording contract that may prove as lucrative as the TV series. Shirley, of course, was as charming and lovely as always, mingling with the invited guests. On hand, too, was her husband **Jack Cassidy**, and his son, **David Cassidy**, by a first marriage. David co-stars in the series, and is already the latest teenage rage of the season. He introduced me to best girl, **Judy Stranges**, who plays a student on the *Room 222* series. David's only 19. Co-star **Dave Madden** came stag, but his best girl remains **Joan Boston**. Another popular member of the cast, **Susan Dey**, came solo, too. However, possibly Cupid struck. She spent most of the evening with actor **Dennis Gunn**. Expected chicken for the main course—but got seafood Newburg. Oh well, the party wasn't for the birds anyway. . . . Big day at the benefit opening of the Ontario Raceway. Many, stars were on hand in the 110-degree heat for the pro-celebrity races. **Dino Martin Jr.** raced and mom **Jeanne** even was a part of his pit crew. But the big honors of the afternoon went to **Dick Smothers**, who teamed with pro-driver **Bobby Unser**, to win. Marked the first time in all of Dickie's racing that he had made the victory circle. I sought momentary relief from the heat in a nicely air-conditioned room in the second deck that overlooks the finish line. Suddenly, a young lady in an official blue mini-dress proceeds to inform me in a "coffee, tea or milk" tone that I was rubbing elbows with the elite owners of the smoke-coughing cars on the track. To qualify to stay in the room, she told me, I would have to come up with $30,000 to join their elite circle. Fortunately, I had forgotten my check book that afternoon, and the girl refused to take my Diner's card. Guess we all can't be winners. . . . Later I ran into **Chad Everett** who was helping **Dan Gurney**'s team in the pits, and holding the wrenches for him was pretty **Shelby Grant** (Mrs. Everett). **Paul Newman** was limping around with a sprained ankle (he fell off a motorcycle on a movie location, but he managed to drive.

That Jones Boy: Quietly **Tom Jones** slipped into Las Vegas following his summer tour, and just as quietly he caught **Elvis Presley**'s show. Tom openly admits that Elvis is his idol. Tom's doctor has ordered him to take a couple of months off —but Jones refused. He has been bothered with laryngitis, but can't find the time to rest. He's too busy making the loot. Slow down, Tom!

Prediction: Listen to the lyrics of **Dory Previn**'s new album carefully. They predict that **Mia Farrow** someday will break **Andre Previn**'s heart as he did Dory's.

Scene Stealer: Frank Sinatra and **Dean Martin** jumped on California **Governor Ronald Reagan**'s bandwagon for reelection. But Reagan's opponent, **Jess Unruh**, fought back with **Pat Paulsen**, the funny spoken presidential candidate in '68. Pat's first act in Unruh's campaign was to take on Dino: "I challenge Martin to debate me on his home grounds—Knott's Berry Farm. We are both sex symbols and should be willing to meet before our public." Dean said he was willing if Pat supplied the booze.

That's it for another month of Hollywood. —DEAN GAUTSCHY

Pat Boone made it a family affair during his tour of Japan. With him were wife Shirley; daughters Cherry (16), Lindy (14), Debbie (13), Laurie (12).

A Delight for Christmas and All Year Long

Embroider for the small set

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The delightful Child's Prayer at right has been our most popular nursery item. The little mother animals with their engaging young have an appeal that is second only to the favorite bedtime prayer.

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Ethel Kennedy Weeps Over Her Drug-Trapped Son

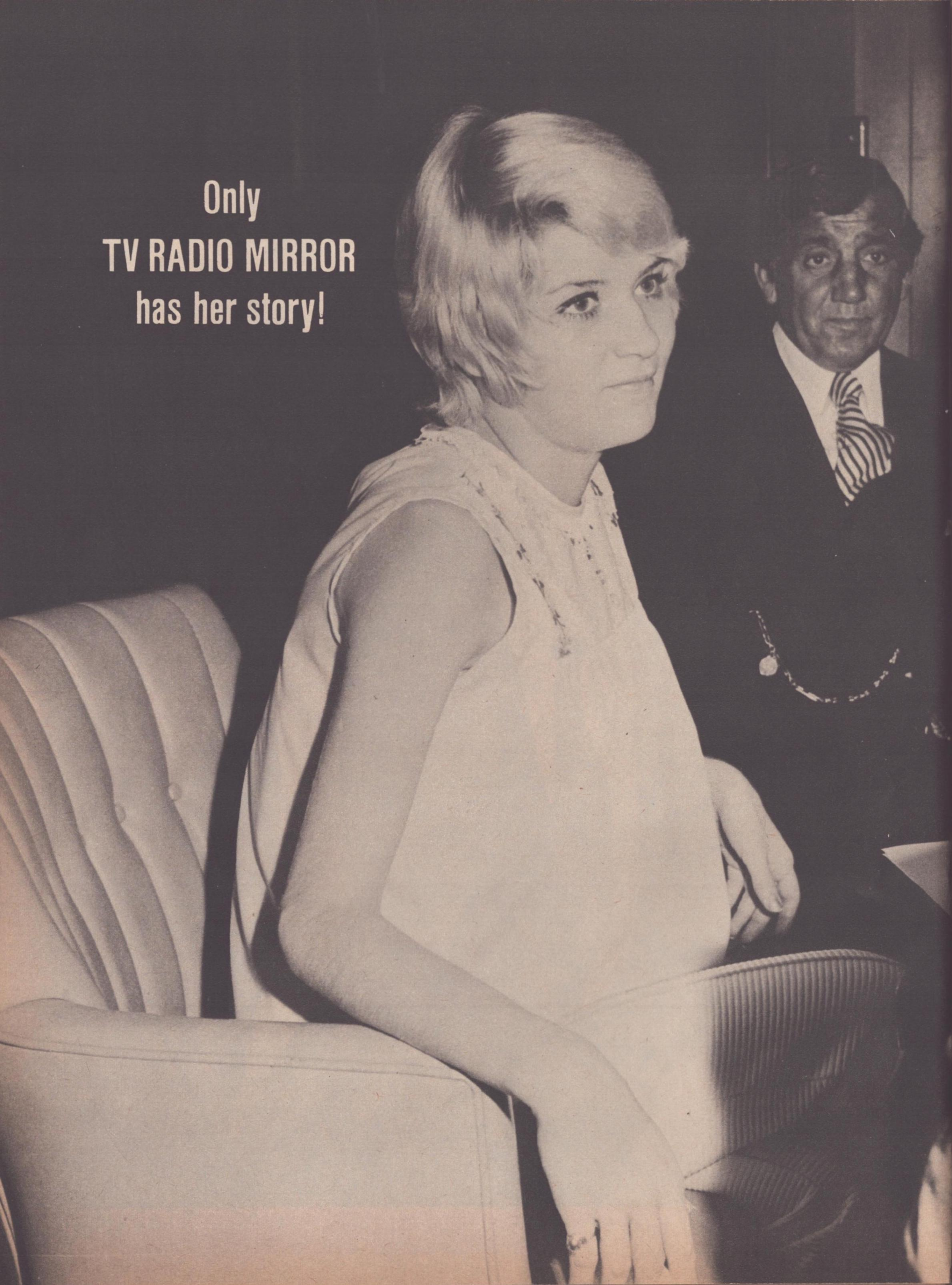
"HAVE I FAILED AS A MOTHER?"

• Ethel Kennedy walked along the upstairs hall of the big gray Hyannis Port house, pausing at bedroom doors, opening them, checking. In several rooms, small children slumbered peacefully—afternoon nap time. The rest of the house was empty. Those of her older children who were spending the summer at home were away for the afternoon, sailing or biking or swimming.

And so Ethel Kennedy walked into her own room and closed the door behind her. Then she lay down on her bed and wept. Wept as she had not permitted herself to do since the day, a few weeks after her husband's funeral, when she had finally dried her eyes and raised her head and told herself that Bobby would not want her to mourn any longer.

But now her tears were not for the dead—but for the living. Now they fell not for the man she had married but for his young namesake, her 16-year-old son Bobby Jr. who had fallen into that deadly trap so temptingly laid out beneath the feet of American children. Bobby had been offered marijuana. He had taken it. He had been caught.

For Ethel, it had all (*Continued on page* 99)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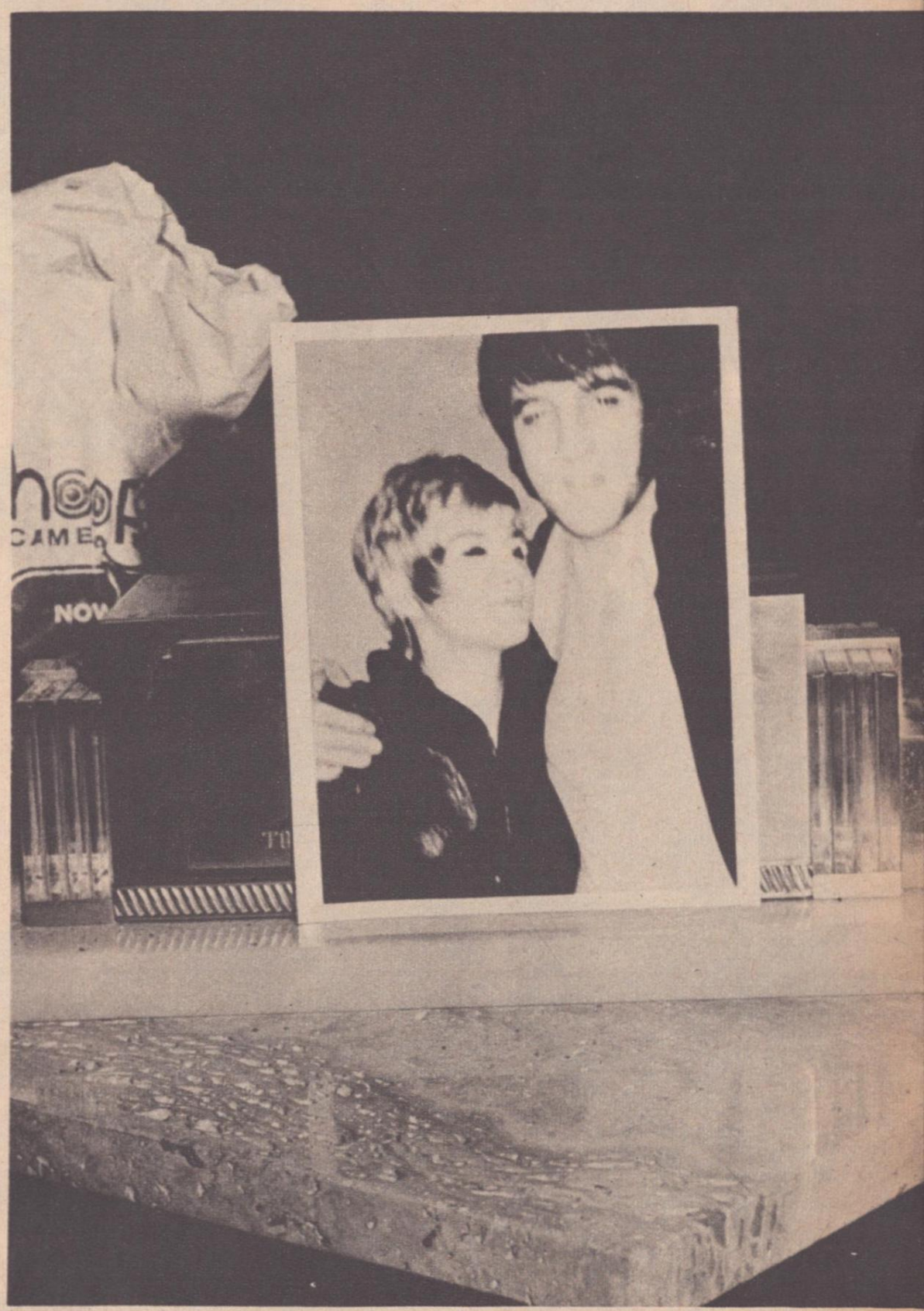
"I'M PREGNANT, ELVIS, AND THE BABY IS YOURS"

By Patricia Parker

Photo exclusive to this magazine!



■ ■ I'm proud the father of my child is Elvis Presley! Maybe it sounds strange now, but Elvis Presley is still my hero. He has been ever since I was six years old, and I am 21 now.

I saw him many years ago on television, on *The Ed Sullivan Show* I think, and you might say it was love at first sight. I was a little young to know what real love is, of course, but I remember he was gorgeous, just gorgeous. He still is gorgeous.

I am sorry there had to be a law suit. Somehow it just couldn't be helped. It got pretty desperate. I don't have any money and had to stop working, you know. But it doesn't change the way I feel. I think I will always feel that way.

I followed his career all through the years, not in person—everything I could read about him and seeing most of his movies and when he was on television. That sort of thing. Probably a lot of other girls did too, but it meant a lot to me. I thought he was so great.

I didn't see him in person until 1969. That was at the NBC studio in Burbank. They were making a special and I was in the audience. I didn't get very close to him. I was quite a way out. The stage was way beyond where I was. He certainly couldn't have noticed me then.

The second time I saw him was in Las Vegas, during his first engagement there. It was at the International Hotel.

I sat at a table. I was lucky, because it was right next to the stage. It was wonderful. I suppose I

Forgetting his troubles, Elvis congratulates Nancy Sinatra—as does her famous dad—on recent nightclub triumph.

did a little yelling like most everyone.

Then I saw him again at the International in January, 1970, during that appearance. I went over especially to see him. I was lucky again, more so this time, because we were introduced. He was just as charming and wonderful as I thought he'd be.

I won't say too much about that though, because it's part of the case. But he was fantastic. He is fantastic. I was very shy when I met him. I was just overwhelmed to be in his presence. I can't say what he talked about, because that's part of the case, too. I think I can say he was very friendly after the introduction.

As I have said, I had admired him ever since I was a little girl and it was an important occasion. I had been a fan of his all those years. I never logically thought I would ever get to meet him though. Of course, I hoped I would. I was thrilled when it turned out I was able to have my picture made with him. I had my little camera with me, and someone held it and snapped a picture of us (page 33).

I have been asked to say how Elvis Presley compares with other singers, like Tom Jones, for instance. I think Tom Jones has talent, but I don't think he could ever compare to Elvis. I have also been asked if I think Elvis Presley has a more powerful vibration—if that's the right word—than anyone else, and I would say positively yes. He's great.

When I say these things, I don't think I can really say I'm in love with him—as far as being *in* love.

I suppose I have had crushes in the past, but if you say that down through the years the main crush has been on him—yes, as far as a crush, that would be so. I haven't had any other important love in my life, and I haven't been married.

I was born in Miami. Later we moved to Chicago. I went to grammar school there, but I didn't finish high school. About four years ago, I moved out her to Los Angeles.

My family isn't with me out here, but my mother and step-father do know what's happened.

My plans for the future? They are to bring up my child in the best possible way I can, I'm proud the father of my child is Elvis Presley. I'm just hoping for the best.

—As Told To James Crenshaw

ELVIS: VILLAIN? OR VICTIM?

■ It was bound to happen. With thousands of girls deliriously screaming themselves into such ecstasies of delight over his singing and his exciting rock-and-roll movements, it was inevitable that one of them would accuse Elvis Presley of fathering her baby!

So now it has happened. Elvis has been sued. Even before the child was born, he was named defendant in a paternity suit filed on behalf of Patricia Parker, 21, of North Hollywood, Calif.—who said she met Elvis during his International Hotel engagement in Las Vegas in January, 1970, and alleged in her suit (filed August 14th in Los Angeles) that she was expecting her baby late in September.

A source close to Presley declared that the singer would not "dignify" the charge with a denial, calling it "ludicrous and ridiculous." The anonymous source contended that Presley did not know the plaintiff in the case, had never been alone with her, and would not have chosen her for a momentary interlude of love in any event! Such an incident would be completely contrary to his established pattern of behavior and "completely improbable."

Specifically, the suit charged that Elvis was the father of the child, then not yet born, and asked that this be so declared by judgment of the court. Under such a ruling, Elvis would be required to support the child until it reached the age of majority, 21. The plaintiff in the case (Continued on page 105)

Book-Length Bonus

Jackie's Day Life! Night Life! Love Life!

By SUSAN SHEEHAN
Staff Writer on
The New Yorker

● STORY 1: One day in January, 1952, John Husted Jr. took his fiancée Jacqueline Bouvier to see his mother. Mrs. Husted offered her prospective daughter-in-law a childhood snapshot of her son. "No, thank you," Miss Bouvier said. "If I want any photos I can take my own."

STORY 2: In early 1961, while President John F. Kennedy was working on his balance-of-payments message to Congress, he explained to a friend that in 1960 American tourists had spent over a billion dollars more on their trips abroad than foreign tourists had spent in the United States and that this sum was the biggest single item in our deficit in international payments. The friend asked the President how he proposed to remedy the situation. "Well, I've considered asking Americans to stay home next summer," Kennedy replied, "but how on earth can I do that when I can't even keep my own wife from going abroad?"

STORY 3: In the spring of 1964, John F. Kennedy's widow was spending a quiet weekend at the country home of friends. On Saturday a game was devised: each person present would answer the question, "What's your secret Walter Mitty fantasy?" The first player, a patron of the arts, said he'd like to be a jazz pianist. The second player, an actress, said she'd like to be the Queen of England. When Jacqueline Kennedy's turn came, she said, "I'd like to be a bird."

STORY 4: In 1966, a friend of Jacqueline Kennedy's was chatting with her about mutual acquaintances. The friend asked Jackie if she'd recently seen ———, a tiny, thin, gay interior decorator who had been helping her embellish her

You will be astonished by what 100 Jackie "friends" told this reporter!

The vice she won't give up for Onassis

Her heartache

Her tantrums

The night she leaped into a pool fully clothed

Why she fears other women

How she borrows married men

How she was forced to marry Onassis

Her gift to Ethel after Bobby died

How she forgave her drunken father

Why friends say, "When she's bad, she's horrid"

New York apartment. "Oh yes," she answered. "I did see him the other day. I almost stepped on him in the elevator."

STORY 5: A short while after his Chappaquiddick troubles last summer, Senator Edward Kennedy received a note from his former sister-in-law, Jacqueline Onassis. The note said that Caroline Kennedy had been without a godfather since her Uncle Bobby's death the previous year and that she would very much like to have her Uncle Teddy take his place as godfather.

One of the most agreeable aspects of writing about Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis is that when you set out on a morning to interview her acquaintances, you never know which Jackie is going to be described. Sometimes it's the sassy, devil-may-care *enfant terrible* of Story 1, sometimes the willful European traveler of Story 2, sometimes the fey creature of Story 3. Other days it's Story 4's bitchy Jackie, who at some time or another has mimicked and made scornful remarks about every friend and relative she has ever had, or the sensitive Jackie of Story 5, whose note was among the kindest Teddy Kennedy found in his mail last summer.

When I was told the five stories, only one—Story 5—surprised me; it was somehow at odds with what I thought I already knew about Jackie. Since it seemed a little late in the day, a little late in the century to be startled by anything one heard about the world's most written-about woman, I tried to analyze my surprise. Story 5's obvious point—that Jackie is capable of writing compassionate notes to people when the chips are down—should not have surprised me because by the time I heard Story 5, I was already familiar with two quite similar instances of Jackie's letter-writing kindness.

When she was to be married to John F. Kennedy in September, 1953, in Newport, R. I. (Jackie's engagement to John Husted Jr. lasted only three months) her father, John V. (Black Jack) Bouvier III, came up from New York to give her away. On the day of the wedding, he was "indisposed" and stayed in his hotel room; Jackie's stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss, escorted her down the aisle. From her honeymoon in Acapulco, Jacqueline Kennedy

GENTE

Rusconi Editore

31 AGOSTO 1978 ★ N. 35 ★ ANNO XIV ★ SETTIMANALE DI POLITICA, ATTUALITA' E CULTURA ★ ABB. POST. GRUPPO II/70 ★ L. 150

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Le fotografie dell'incontro segreto

ONASSIS BACIA LA CALLAS

Tragonissi (Grecia). Questa eccezionale fotografia documenta il bacio tra Aristotele Onassis e Maria Callas durante l'affettuosa visita che l'armatore ha fatto alla cantante in vacanza in Grecia. La signora Jacqueline Onassis, raggiunta in America dalla notizia delle distrazioni del marito, è ritornata precipitosamente ad Atene. « Si dedichi allo shopping », ha commentato una amica greca dell'ex vedova Kennedy. « Ormai non le resta altro da fare ». *Vedere il nostro servizio alle pagine 22-26*

LATE FLASH!

NEW HEARTACHE FOR JACKIE

This issue of Gente, *a major Italian weekly, dated August 31, raised eyebrows the world over—perhaps those of Jackie, too. For Onassis and his old flame, Maria Callas, were obviously together again. Headlines on the* Gente *cover told the whole story: WORLD EXCLUSIVE:* The Photograph Of Their Secret Meeting: *ONASSIS KISSES LA CALLAS. He was doing just that, there on the cover, in glowing color.* Gente's *scoop story told how Onassis, while Jackie was in America, had gone to the Greek island of Tragonissi, on August 17, to greet Maria Callas on her Name Day (a day more sentimental to many Europeans than their birthdays even). The title of the story within the magazine: LA CALLAS HAS WON. The article told how Onassis had arrived by private helicopter, greeted Maria with a loving kiss and a wish for happiness. This occurred soon after a champagne breakfast Maria had enjoyed with shipowner-millionaire Perry Empirikos, owner of the island on which Maria was vacationing. After their moment alone on the beach, Maria was heard singing a joyous fragment of an operatic aria. Later in the day, Onassis and Maria picnicked together on the beach where he, loosening his tie and removing his jacket, enjoyed another reunion—with Maria's black and white poodles, Jedda and Pixi. They seemed overjoyed to see him. Jackie? She returned at once, for a Capri holiday with Onassis. How did he explain* Gente's *photos? No one knows.*

wrote her beloved father a letter of forgiveness which Jack Bouvier showed to a friend, who said it was one of the most touching letters he had ever read, "one that only a rare and noble spirit could have written." The second gracious note was the condolence note Jackie sent within two days of J.F.K.'s assassination to Mrs. Marie Tippitt, the policeman's wife who also became a widow in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963.

Since I already knew of these two examples of Jackie's epistolary thoughtfulness, I decided it was the date of the Teddy letter that made me think it was out of character. The first two letters date back to the early days of our acquaintance with Jacqueline *Kennedy*—let's say up to 1966—when the press and the public were conducting an idolatrous love affair with Jackie; the third letter, however, dates from the recent days of Jacqueline *Onassis*, when the love affair was long over.

It's hard to recall one's first impression of a public figure in the light of subsequent knowledge about that public figure but perhaps a typical passage from a 1961 biography, Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer's *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy*, will help us refresh our recollections of the early Jackie. Here is Mrs. Thayer describing Jackie's wedding to Senator John F. Kennedy in cotton-candy prose: "The bride's gown was a fairy princess's dream of taffeta faille, creamy white to blend with the faintly yellowed rosepoint-lace veil lent by Jacqueline's grandmother . . . Jacqueline, as a bride, looked adorable . . . Downstairs the tiered

Sister Lee knows all about Jackie's "lifelong willfulness"!

JACKIE ONASSIS *continued*

wedding cake was a conversation piece . . . In a flurry of rice Senator and Mrs. Kennedy left for their honeymoon in the pink house on the rosy-tan cliff above the turquoise sea at Acapulco. It had been a wonderful wedding."

Jackie's love affair with the press and the public continued to flourish as she went from relatively unknown quantity to household word during her husband's Presidency (in 1961, she was No. 2 on the Gallup Poll's list of the 10 women in the world the American people admired most, by 1962, she was No. 1) but we did discover that the fairy princess, now referred to by some members of the press as a fairy queen, had had anything but a fairytale childhood (how many fairy queens have divorced parents and a father with a weakness for alcohol?). And although her social secretary alluded to her as "The woman who has everything, including the President of the United States," we even learned—Washington is *such* a gossipy city—that she didn't quite have a storybook marriage either (the woman who has everything doesn't have a husband with an eye for other pretty women).

Still, Jackie dazzled us as she put on the crown, decorated the castle, dressed and entertained with beguiling style and lent her patronage to the best in American arts and letters, and we were transfixed by every fanciful word the court scribes set down about her reign. If she had some unqueenly failings, and she did—queens are supposed to sit home and oversee the royal household's princelings and spinning wheels; Jackie continued to contribute to the gold deficit by holidaying abroad on her own—she also had some unqueenly virtues.

Fairy queens are worthy but dull; Jackie, who succeeded in casting a spell on assorted world leaders, was obviously anything but boring. Several of her friends shared with John Husted's mother a knowledge of just how provocative she could be and wondered if she had asked André Malraux (who dedicated his *Anti-Memoirs* to her) what she had once asked a French ambassador who was seated on her right at a dinner party: "*Monsieur*, have you ever seen your wife throw up?" Or if she had told Andrei Gromyko, the dour Soviet Foreign Minister from whom she coaxed an occasional rare smile, what she had told another new acquaintance after their first five minutes of conversation: "Geez, you're not quite as much of a bastard as I'd heard you were."

In time—familiarity breeds contempt, perception is an acquirement of experience, and love affairs (alas!) grow less ardent—Jackie came to have a number of detractors in the press and among the public, including some who honestly maintained that her White House galas were too extravagant and some who were under the impression that they ought to have been invited to those extravagant White House galas. Jackie's critics were abruptly silenced by the (*Continued on page* 64)

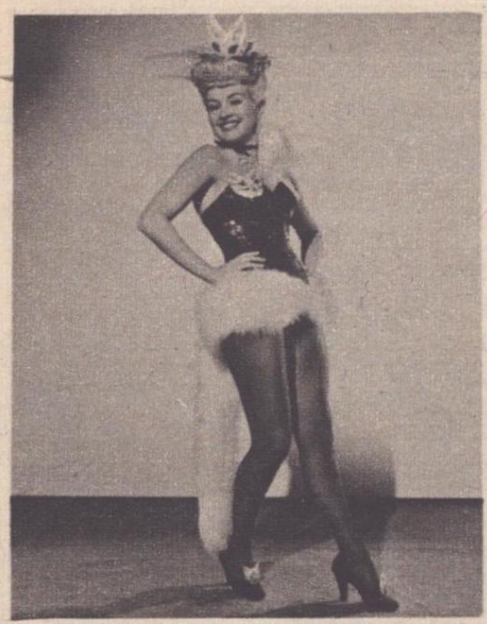
A SPECTACULAR, STUPENDOUS
TV RADIO MIRROR EXTRAVAGANZA!

The ever-glamorous STARS OF "THE LATE SHOW"

Their Lives Today! New Photos!

☆ IRENE DUNNE She was *the* lady on the screen from her first movie (*Leathernecks*, '30) to her last (*It Grows On Trees*, '52). Her gracious personality enhanced a total of 40 films, including *Love Affair*, *The Awful Truth*, *Penny Serenade*, etc. Her private life was a source of pride to Hollywood. She was married just once, to Dr. Francis Griffith, for 37 years—until his death in '65. Today, at 66, Irene lives alone in the beautiful Beverly Hills house they built together. "I believe my staying in the atmosphere of our long happiness has helped. That, and many friends and keeping very busy." She now devotes herself wholeheartedly to politics, Catholic charities and her two young grandchildren, a boy and a girl, by Mary Frances, the daughter she adopted in 1936. She enjoyed acting but says she does not now miss the career that brought her 5 Oscar nominations (but no wins). Her favorite leading men? Charles Boyer and Cary Grant. Favorite film role: *Cimarron*.

PLUS DOZENS MORE! ▸

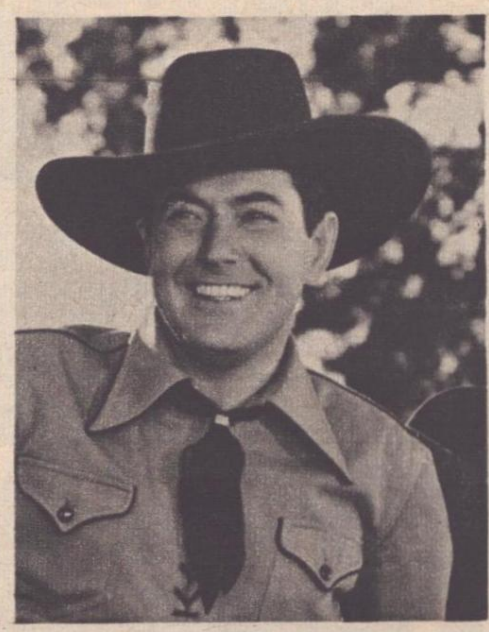


BETTY GRABLE

For 10 years (1942-51), and longer than any femme star, Betty Grable was a Top Ten Boxoffice Star. Hoofing and singing her way through one Technicolor musical after another, she made countless millions for 20th Century-Fox. GIs the world over, during WW II, adored her. In 1955, after *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, for 20th, she walked away from movies and never went back —$3-million richer than when she'd started in films in 1930. Las Vegas became home for Betty and bandleader Harry James, till she divorced him in 1965, after 22 years of marriage. Their two daughters are now married and one has twice made Betty a grandmother. Three years ago, she went to Broadway as replacement star of *Hello, Dolly!* This past summer, at 53, Betty starred in stock in *Born Yesterday*—did SRO biz!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Elegance and charm were the key words, through 62 movies, from 1927 to 1961's *Parrish*. They still apply, at 65. A widow since the death of her husband (for 33 years), Dr. Joel Pressman, in 1968, Claudette has no intention—or financial need —of returning to acting. Her life today was recently capsuled in *Films In Review*: "Miss Colbert now lives at 'Belle Rive,' the house she built on Barbados early in the '60s. She paints (chiefly portraits of children); travels; owns an antique shop in Palm Beach; and entertains." Indeed her life is highly social. She's a frequent visitor to Hollywood where longtime pals such as Roz Russell still live, and, as interested in clothes as when Edith Head dressed her so beautifully at Paramount, she's often seen at the top fashion shows in New York. How her fans miss her!



JOHNNY MACK BROWN

Now 66, Johnny Mack still lives in Hollywood though he quit movies after *Requiem For A Gunfighter*, five years ago. Retirement gives him plenty of time to romp with his five grandchildren (offspring of his four kids), go to Western films with wife Cornelia, the college sweetheart he married 44 years ago, and drop down to Laguna to hunt, golf and ride with Charles Starrett, another ex-movie cowboy, who's been his best buddy for many years. Also, he's an ardent football fan, having been, at 20, an All-American halfback at the University of Alabama. His homestate, incidentally, recently elected him a charter member of its Hall Of Fame, in recognition both of his athletic prowess and his long (1927-55) screen career. For 11 years (1940-51), he was a Top Ten Western Star in all polls.

GRETA GARBO

There was only one Garbo. In the 29 years since her walkout on Hollywood, after *Two-Faced Woman*, there's never been anyone remotely like her. There never will be. Today, at 65, she is still a handsome woman though not of course the majestic beauty she was. Never married, she's long lived in an elegant apartment on Manhattan's East Side, at 450 E. 52nd St. Garbo is often seen, a trim, brisk figure in pantssuits, in public (shopping for antiques in her neighborhood or for kitchenware at Bloomingdale's, or viewing one of her old films at the Museum Of Modern Art), but never *before* the public. And she is as wary of photographers now as she was during the 14 Hollywood years when she made 24 movies (*Camille, Queen Christina, Ninotchka, Grand Hotel*, etc.), most of which will never be forgotten.

LUISE RAINER

Vienna's Luise was the first star to win two Oscars in a row (*The Great Ziegfeld*, '36; *The Good Earth*, '37), but MGM's Louis B. Mayer did not value her services. Not sexy enough. So in '43, after nine movies, she quit Hollywood, went to N.Y., studied medicine and journalism, and acted on Broadway. "I left Hollywood to live," she says now. She returned just once, five years ago, for a one-week role in TV's *Combat*. Now 60, and long wed to British publisher Robert Knittel, she has lived in London for many years, has one daughter, Francesca, 24, and a grandchild. She spends her free time mountain climbing. Luise still looks much the same as when at MGM. Last August she made her stage comeback, after 15 years, as narrator of Honegger's oratorio *Judith*, at Temple U's Music Festival in Philly.

VERONICA LAKE

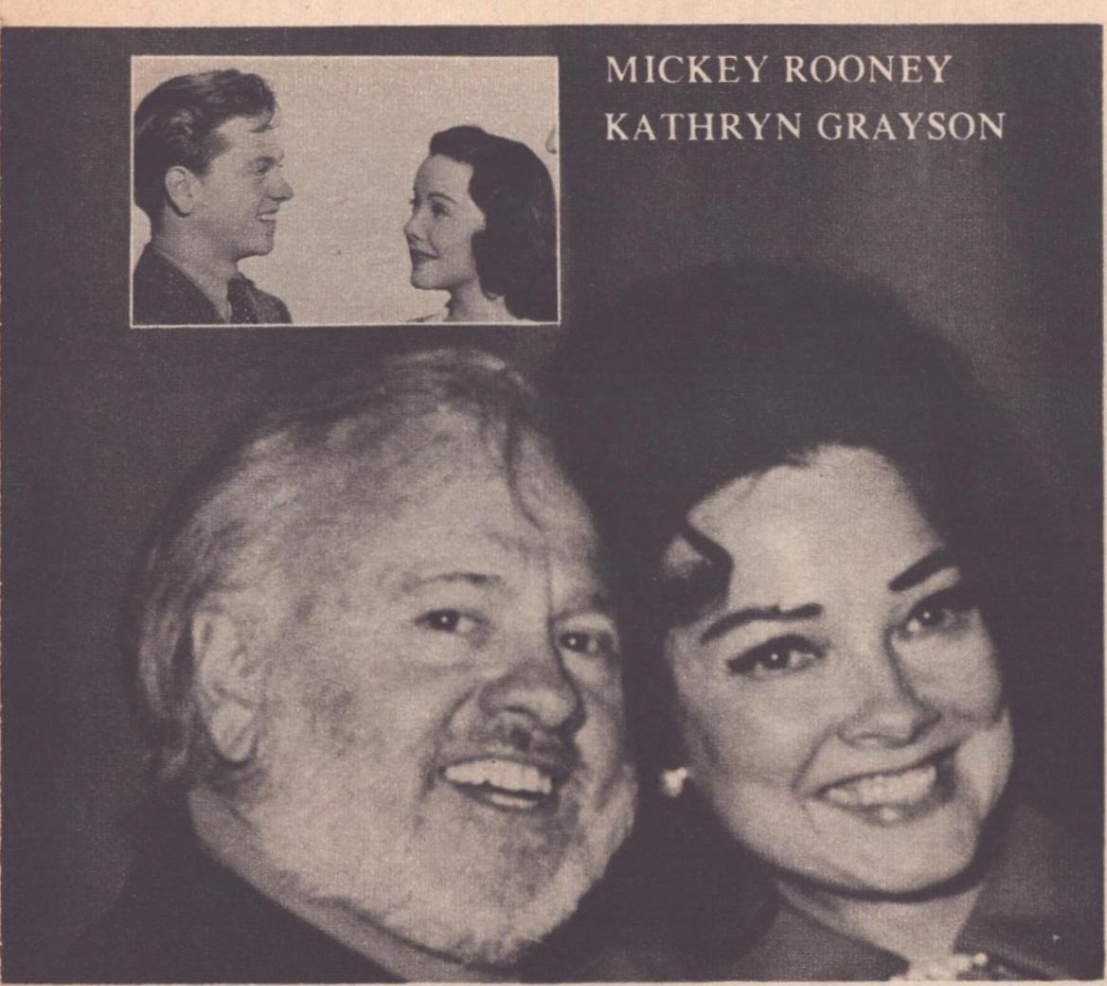
Her "peek-a-boo" bang, first seen in '41's *I Wanted Wings*, made her a star. But by '49's *Slattery's Hurricane*, she was washed up. And a poor choice of managers left her almost penniless. She spent the next decade in New York in obscurity, drinking (so she relates in her recent, candid autobiography *Veronica*), working as a bar hostess, even laboring in a factory, pasting felt flowers on lingerie hangers. Then she starred Off Broadway in *Best Foot Forward*, in stock, in two never released horror movies made in Canada and Miami (where she lives with a woman friend today), and hostessed a TV movie show in Baltimore. She is now 51 and possibly you would not recognize her on the street. Thrice-wed, she has three grown children (Elaine, Mike, Diane) and three seldom-seen grandkids.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

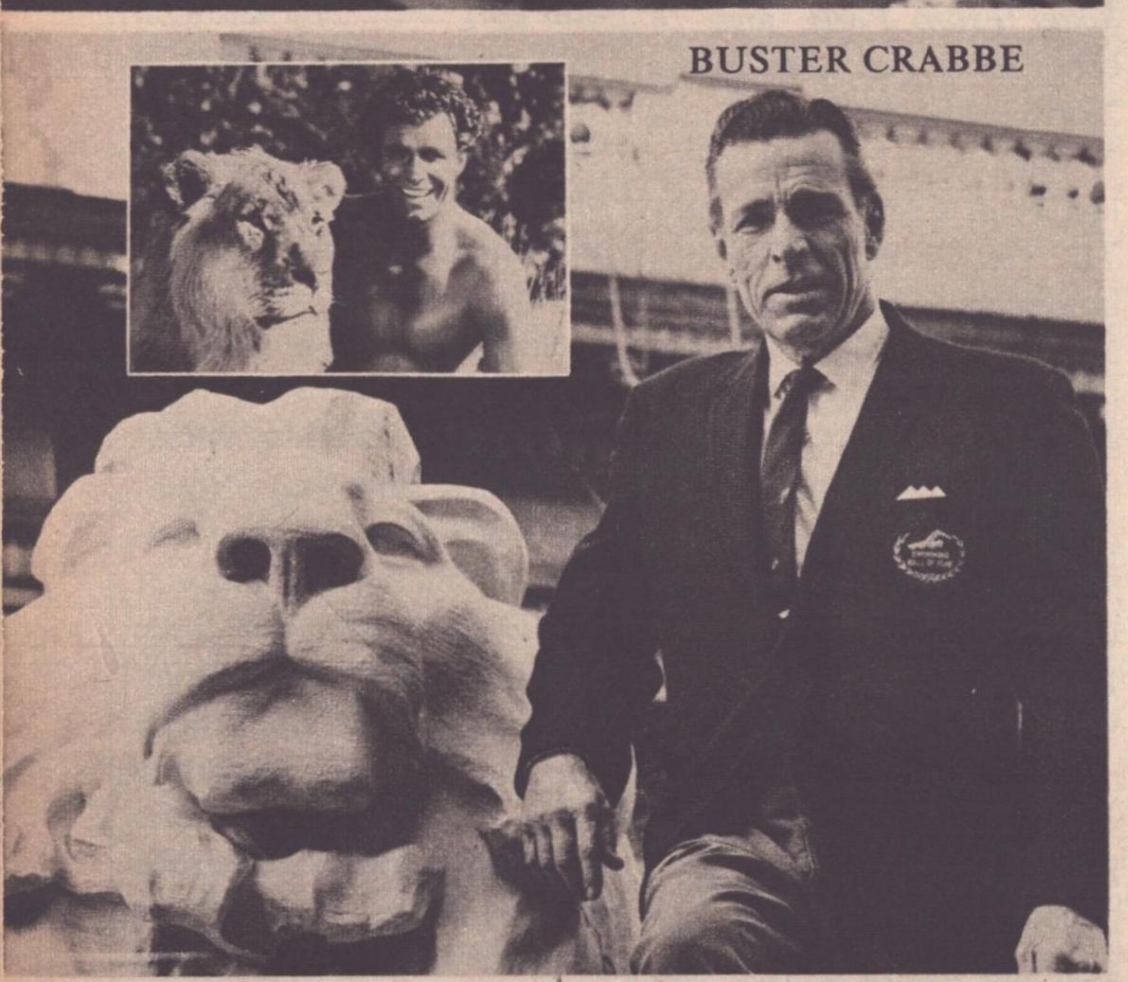
One of the silents' great heroines (*Intolerance, Her Sister From Paris*, and 74 other films), as were sisters Norma, who died in '57, and Natalie, who passed away last year, Constance is now 71, very rich, and keeps homes both in Manhattan and Beverly Hills. Married four times, she was widowed six years ago by the death of husband (since '39) Walter Michael Giblin, a Wall Street broker. Her first film was *Buddy's Last Call*, in 1914; her last, *Venus*, in '29. When it is suggested she might make a comeback, she says, "Why on earth would I ever do a thing like that?" During WW II, when her husband was in service, she worked as a practical nurse in New York hospitals. More recently she's been a volunteer at Memorial Hospital, giving aid to cancer patients, few of whom recognize her as an ex-star.

DOLORES DEL RIO

Mexico's aristocratic Dolores is frankly 65—and still gorgeous. You know, if you saw her last season in that *Marcus Welby* episode. She's never stopped acting since her screen debut at 20 in *Joanna*, though she left Hollywood in '47 after such memorable films as *Ramona* and *Flying Down To Rio*. Next came dozens of Mexican films and stage roles. She was most recently in Sophia Loren's *More Than A Miracle*, in '67. Wed three times, she has no children. For eleven years she's been the wife of movie producer Lewis Riley. Their home is a million-dollar showcase in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City. Asked how she stays so youthful, she says: "So long as a woman has twinkles in her eyes, no man notices whether she has wrinkles under them." She'll soon star in Mexico City on stage in the play *Applause*.



MICKEY ROONEY
KATHRYN GRAYSON



BUSTER CRABBE

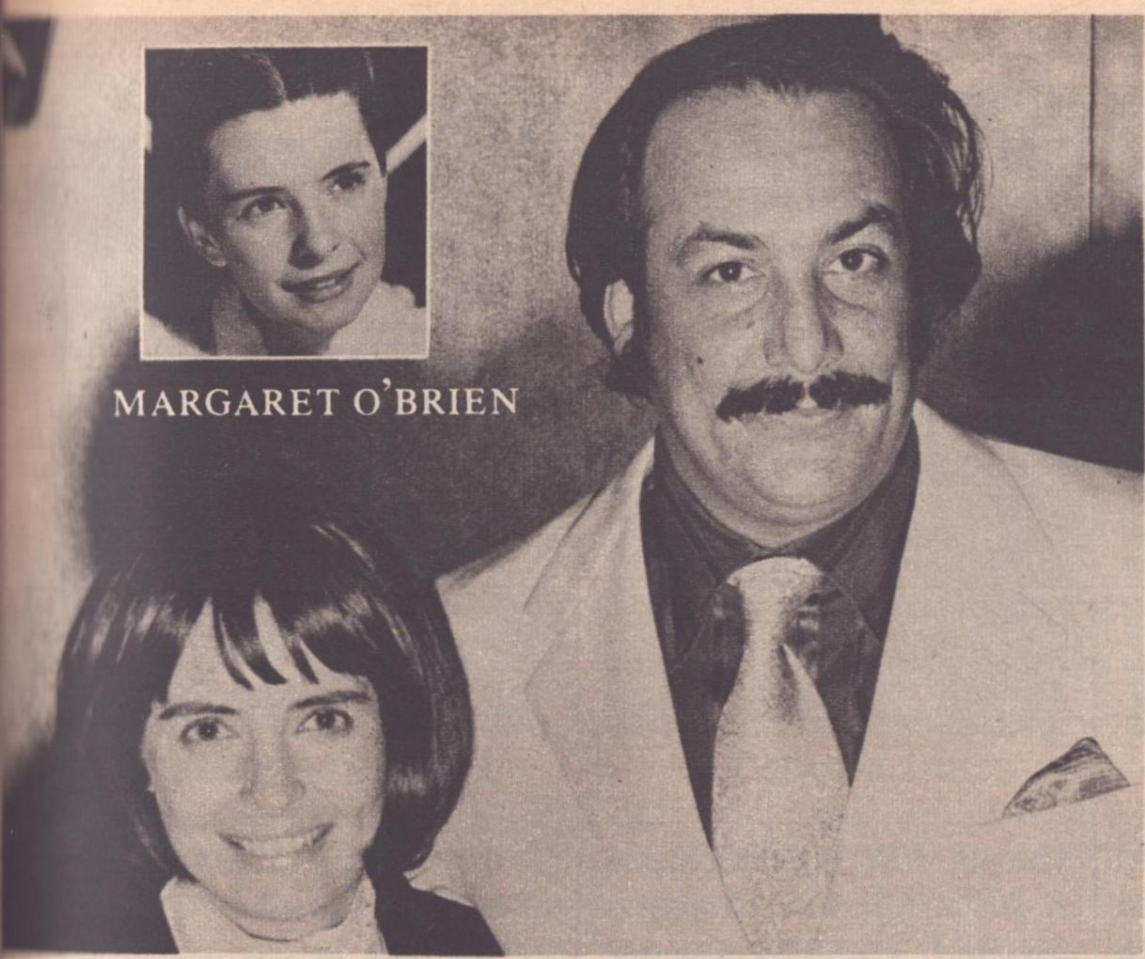
EVELYN KEYES & ARTIE SHAW

STARS OF "THE LATE SHOW"

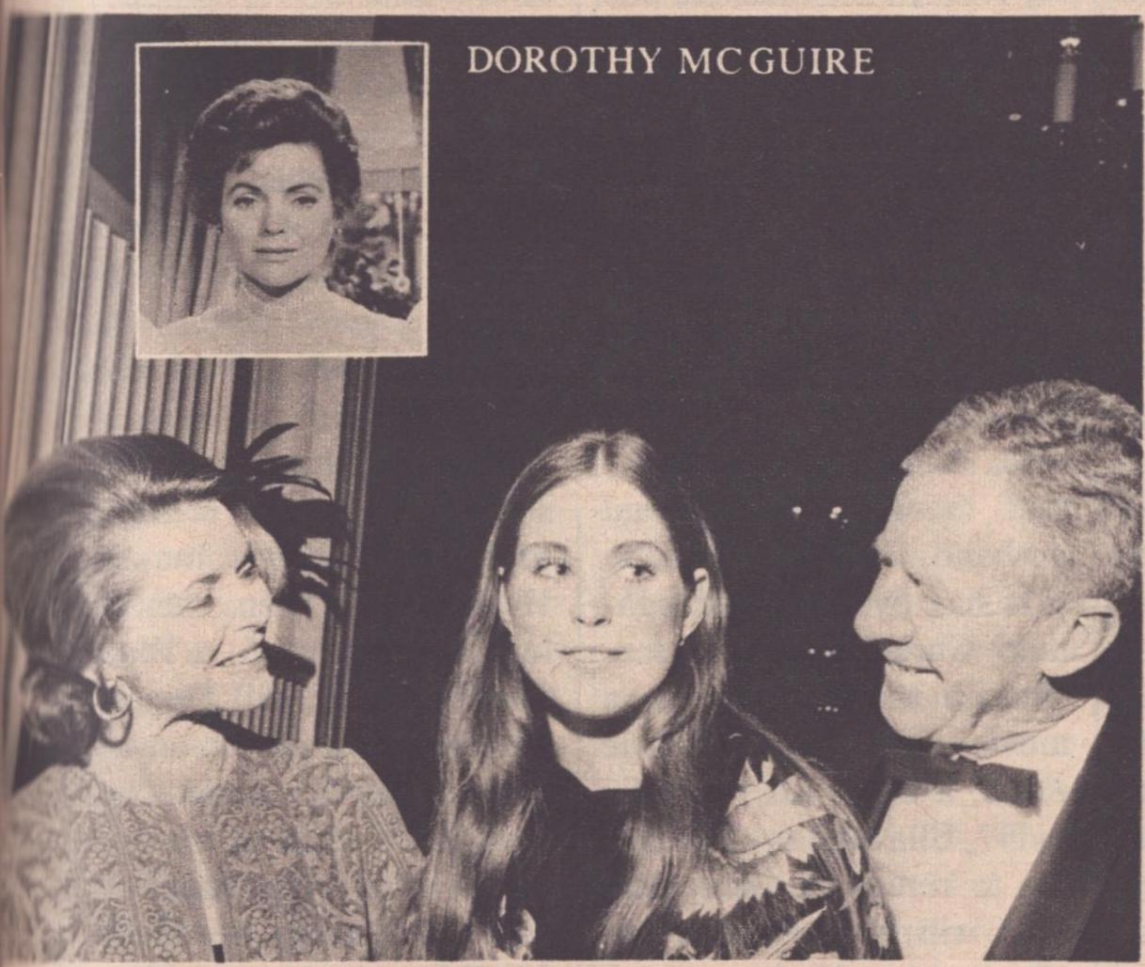
MICKEY ROONEY (*Andy Hardy* movie series) Graying and grizzled at 50, Mickey has never really stopped making movies, not since the time he was a cigar-smoking "midget" in silents. But, since leaving MGM after *Words And Music* in '48, he's never landed the right ones to reestablish him as one of the Top Ten Boxoffice Stars he was (1938-43). Those were the golden days of "Andy Hardy" and the inimitable Garland-Rooney musicals (*Babes In Arms, Babes On Broadway, Girl Crazy*). He's been married seven times—to Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Rase, Martha Vickers, Elaine Mahnken, Barbara Thomason, Margaret Lane and presently (since May '69) to Carolyn Hackett. All his previous marriages ended in divorce except that to Barbara Thomason, who was murdered by a man alleged to be her lover. Mickey has six kids: Mickey and Timothy, by Betty Jane Rase; Ted, by Martha Vickers; Kelly, Kerry and Kimmy, by Barbara Thomason. He published his autobiography, *i.e.* (Putnam), five years ago. Current plans call for him to make what could be *the* comeback of his career, this season in a Broadway musical, portraying—of all people!—W.C. Fields. (P.S. His mom, who featured prominently in his MGM publicity, is still alive and well.)

KATHRYN GRAYSON (*Show Boat*) Her movie career lasted 12 years, from *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* ('41) to *The Vagabond King* ('53). In between were such fondly recalled musicals as *Thousands Cheer, The Desert Song, Kiss Me Kate* and *Lovely To Look At*. These days, at 48, Kathryn sings mostly in top nightclubs, often duetting with movie co-star Howard Keel. Presently, Avco-Embassy is dickering with Kathryn and Howard for a TV music special. She's been divorced from 2nd hubby, singer Johnny Johnston (now a restaurateur in Puerto Rico), almost 20 years. Their daughter, Patty Kate, married Bob Towers last year. Maid of honor was Colleen Lanza—daughter of the late Mario Lanza, Kathryn's co-star in *That Midnight Kiss* and *Toast Of New Orleans*

BUSTER CRABBE (*Flash Gordon*) An Olympic gold medal in swimming (the 400-meter freestyle), captured in 1932 when he was 24, catapulted the curly-haired blond with the splendid physique (he still retains it) into a screen career that spanned 33 years—through 1965's (*Continued on page* 49)

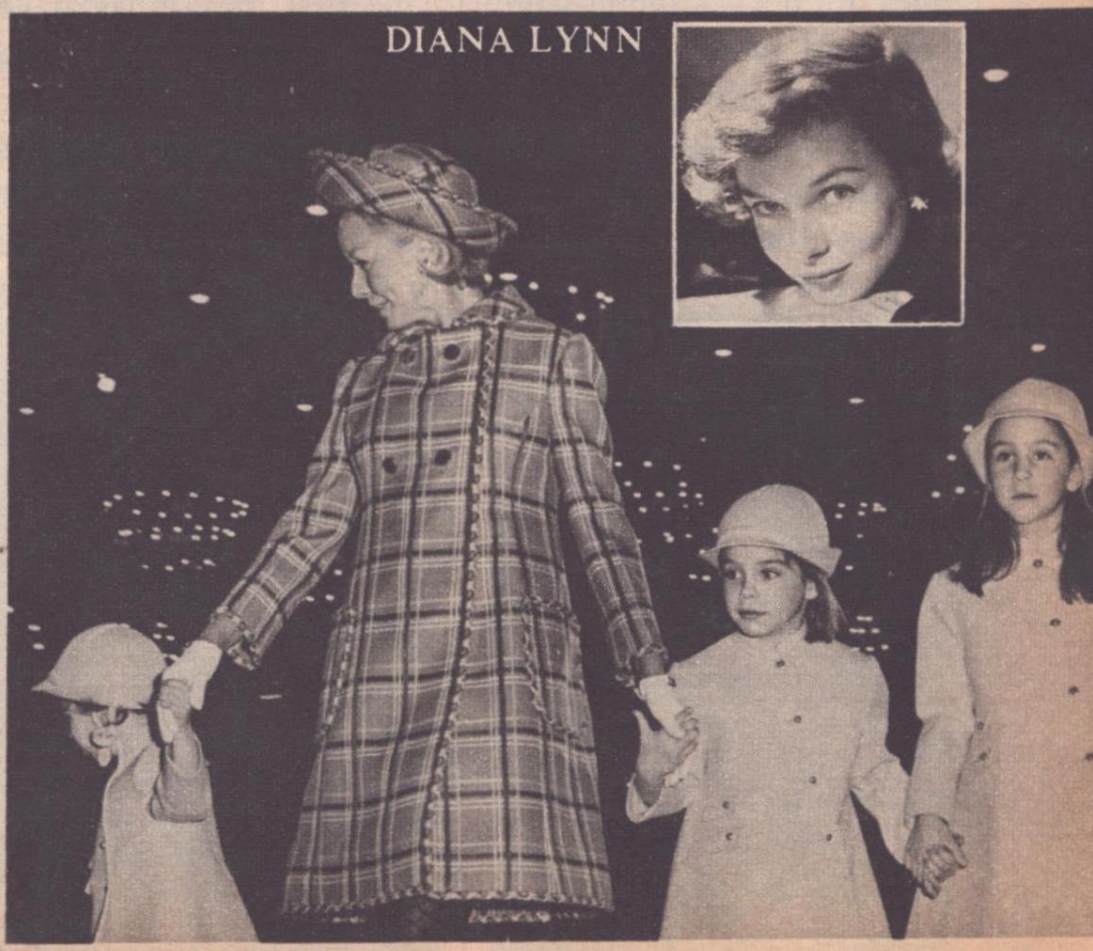

MARGARET O'BRIEN

JEANNE CRAIN


DOROTHY MCGUIRE

ANN BLYTH

JUNE LANG


DIANA LYNN

POLA NEGRI

For *all* about the silents' greatest vamp, you *must* read her great autobiography, *Memoirs Of A Star*, just published by Doubleday. But for now these facts about Pola (said to be 73): San Antonio, where she lives alone, has been home for 11 years. She hasn't made a movie since her "comeback" in Disney's *The Moonspinners*, in '63. She speaks in a throaty-voiced Polish accent. If her book is made into a film ("I've had a bid," she confesses), she'd like Vanessa Redgrave to play her. Of her great love Valentino, she says she still regrets "that I met him so late. We had only one year of happiness." She has only a few lines in her gardenia-white face and says, "I've never had a face lift." Her hair is still jet black, and black remains her favorite color. Of movies today, she wishes they were "more romantic."

JANET GAYNOR

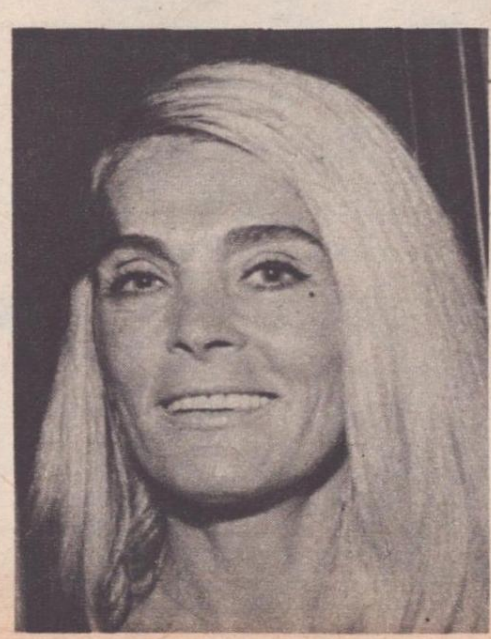
For *Seventh Heaven* (and two other films) she copped the first Academy Award, in '27. She remained a top star (in *A Star Is Born*, *The Young In Heart*, etc.) till she wed designer Adrian in '39 and retired. For years they lived on a magnificent ranch in Brazil. Their only son, Robin, is now grown. In '57, Janet made her only "comeback" film, *Bernardine*, playing Pat Boone's mother. Two years later she was widowed. Since 1964 she's been the wife of Broadway producer Paul Gregory (with her below). They are among Beverly Hills' elite socialites. Oldtime fans, recalling the baby-voiced, winsome Janet in *State Fair* (the first, non-musical version) and *The Farmer Takes A Wife*, will find it hard to believe the little redhead just turned 64. But they'd recognize her instantly for she's perky as ever!

ELLA RAINES

During WW II, in *Corvette K-225*, *Hail The Conquering Hero*, etc., Ella was one of movies' ace leading ladies. Today at 49, she lives at Colorado Springs, Colo., where hubby Brigadier General Robin Olds (below) is Commandant of the Air Force Academy. Weekly visitors to their 24-room house include Senators, Generals, heads of state. Married to Olds, her second husband, since '47, brunette Ella has two grown daughters, Christina and Susan. Though she hasn't made a movie since *Man In The Road*, a B pic for Republic in '57, Ella admits a hankering to return to the screen. This will be good news to all who have fond memories of her fresh-faced beauty in *Tall In The Saddle*, *Phantom Lady*, *The Suspect* and *Brute Force*. She rarely comes to Hollywood but movie pals visit often.

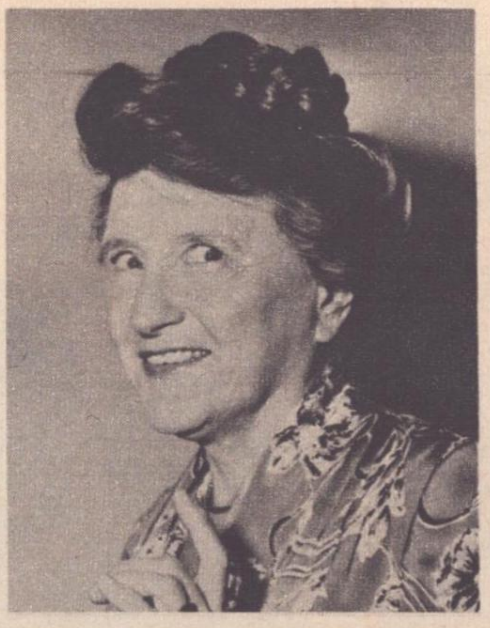
LIZABETH SCOTT

Tawny-haired Liz has been offscreen since *The Weapon* in '57 and, at 48, is still a bachelor girl. And Hollywood is still home base. She was expected to marry producer Hal Wallis, who discovered her in '45 and made her a star in *You Came Along*, *Desert Fury*, *The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers*, etc. But he married Martha Hyer. A bit later she was rumored engaged to San Francisco columnist Herb Caen. Then came a long engagement to a Texas oil-millionaire, Bill Dugger, who recently passed away. She claims he added her name to his will in his own handwriting. His sister in El Paso disputes her claim. Liz is expected to take it to Federal court. Husky-voiced Liz, who fought her way out of the Czech ghetto in Scranton to become a major star at 23, may be victorious in this most recent fight too.



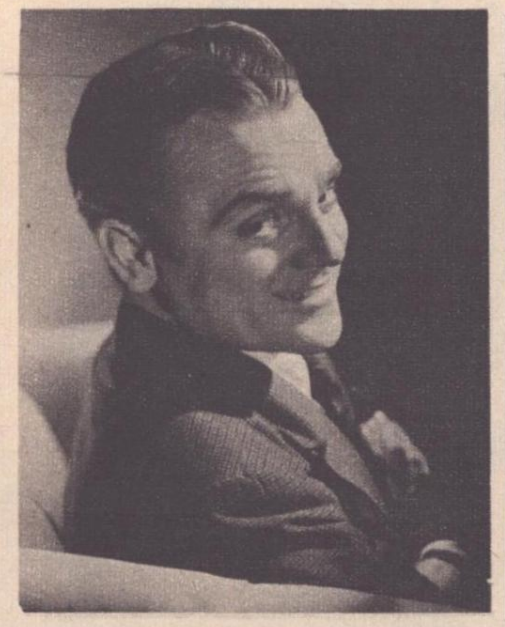
JANE WITHERS

Millions today know Jane as "Josephine The Plumber." Millions *then* knew her as the bratty kid who was so mean to Shirley Temple (*Bright Eyes*), then the adorable tomboy (*Chicken Wagon Family*), then the vivacious teenager (*Small Town Deb*). In '47 she married millionaire William Moss, retired to Big Spring, Texas, bore him three children, William, Wendy and Randy, and, in 1954, divorced him. She returned to acting in '57 in a character role in *Giant*, followed by two more pics, one of which, *Captain Newman, M.D.*, in '63, was her 50th movie and her swan song. In '55 she wed Capitol Records ex Ken Errair, a young man who died of a heart attack two years ago. Their kids, Kenneth and Kendall, are seen below with Jane. Of playing "Josephine," Jane, who's 44, says, "I love it!"



MARJORIE MAIN

Marjorie, now 80, was a crack-voiced, sardonic delight in movies from *A House Divided* in '32 to *The Kettles On Old MacDonald's Farm* in '57. In between were more than a hundred other films: *Jackass Mail*, *Meet Me In St. Louis*, *Ma And Pa Kettle*, *The Harvey Girls*, etc. Today, a childless widow (since '35), Marjorie's only tie with Hollywood is to appear in the annual Santa Claus Lane parade down Hollywood Blvd. Always careful with her money, she has three homes—in Beverly Hills, Idyllwild (a mountain resort) and Palm Springs, in each of which she generally does her own housekeeping. She ardently supports the Moral Re-Armament movement as "the one hope for the world," a viewpoint not too surprising for the daughter of a Church of Christ minister.



JAMES CAGNEY

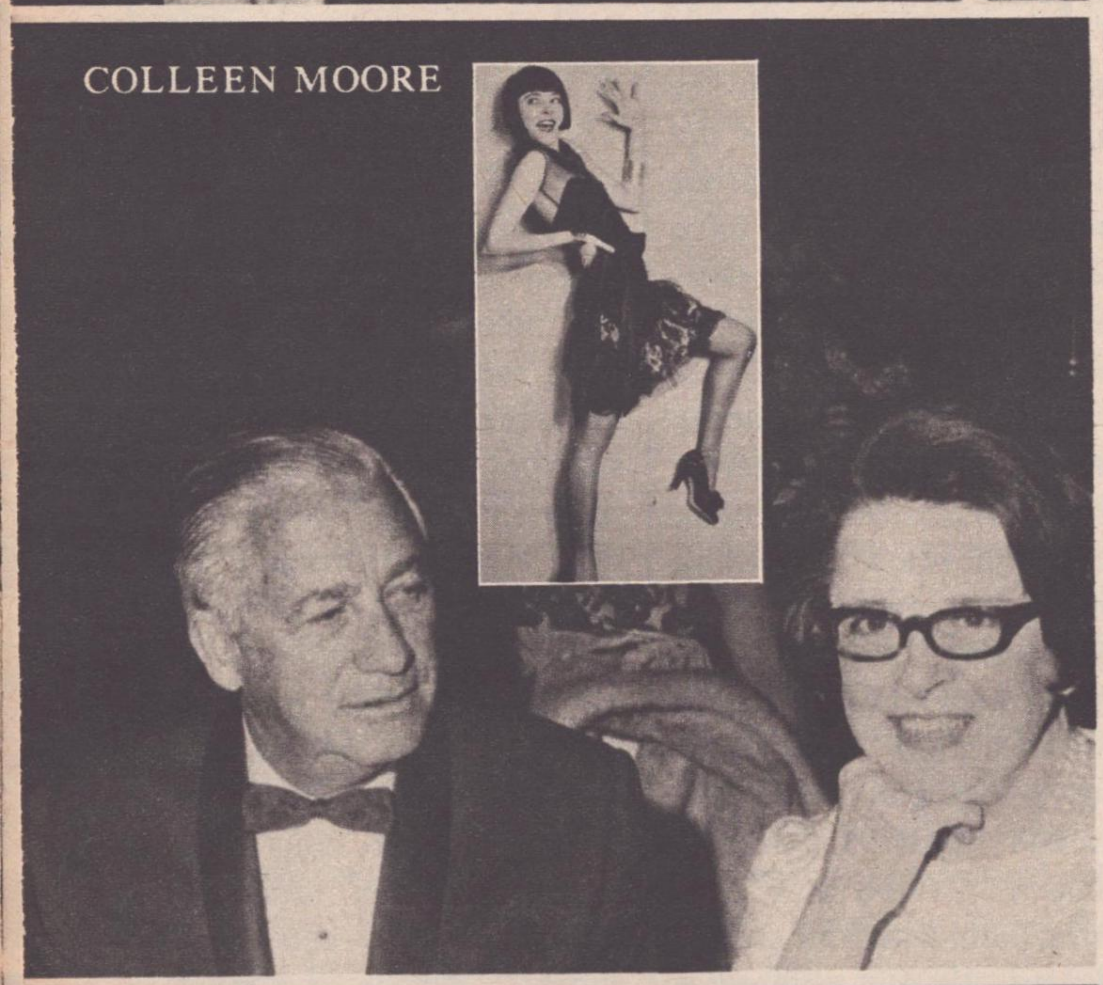
You'll find him today on a millionaire's farm in Stanfordville, N.Y., looking, at 66, pretty much the same as in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Odds are you'll never see him on screen again for the star without whom Warner Bros. just wouldn't have been Warner Bros. said *One, Two, Three* ('61) would be his last movie, and he meant it. Now, the electric energy that lit up *Public Enemy*, *Angels With Dirty Faces*, etc., is devoted to raising horses, milking cows, farming, sailing, painting and writing. He and wife Frances (since 1920) have two grown adopted children, James, and Cathleen ("Casey"), who has presented them with four grandchildren. Jimmy suffered a mild heart attack several years ago, but has bounced back from that. Of his long career, he says: "I have no illusions about myself."

MYRNA LOY

She's still a humorous redhead, still enchanting (at 65), still acting in movies (the recent *April Fools*) and on stage (due on Broadway in a new play this season). The movies' "perfect wife" (*The Thin Man*, *Test Pilot*, etc.) has been divorced four times, has no children, but has three step-grandchildren who adore her and call her Grandma. (Her beloved stepson, 30, a doctor, was six when she married his father, Arthur Hornblow Jr., her first husband.) She lives alone in a penthouse in Manhattan's East 60s. Political-minded, Myrna left Hollywood in '50 (she's made only six films since but did scores after her debut in '27) and spent almost a decade as a member-at-large of the U.S. Commission to UNESCO. William Powell? "Haven't seen him in years but we still talk on the phone."

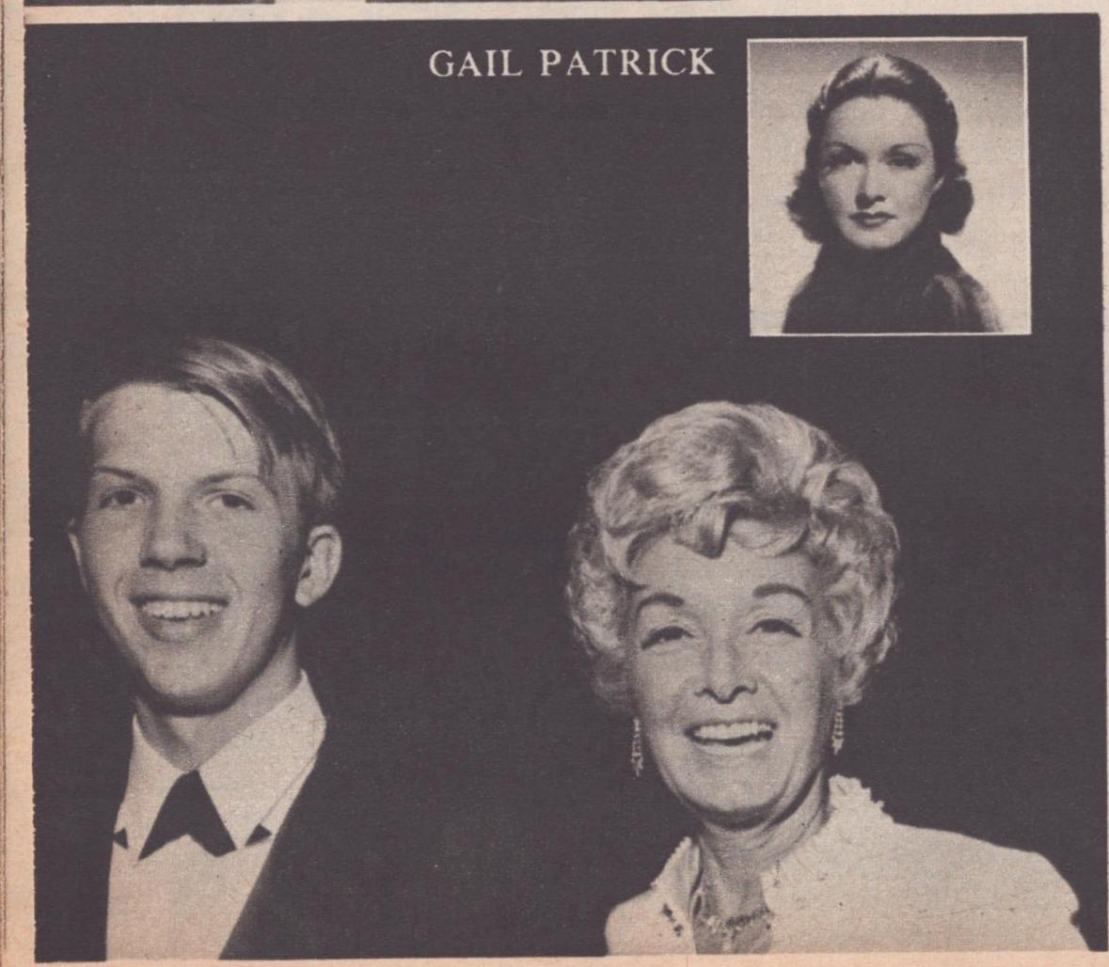
FRANCES DEE
JOEL MCCREA

VIRGINIA MAYO
MICHAEL O'SHEA



COLLEEN MOORE

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



GAIL PATRICK

BRIAN AHERNE

Arizona Raiders. Besides being undisputed King of the Serials (*Tarzan The Fearless, Flash Gordon, Red Barry, Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon Conquers The Universe, Pirates Of The High Seas,* and *King Of The Congo*), the rugged Buster played dozens of straight leading-man roles (*Million-Dollar Legs, Sophia Lang Goes West,* etc.) and starred in perhaps 100 Westerns. During the 1950s, he co-starred in a TV series, *Captain Gallant Of The French Foreign Legion,* with his tow-haired son "Cuffy" (Cullen), one of three children (daughters: Caren and Susan) born to him and Adah Held, his wife since 1933. One of their daughters is dead; the other recently made them grandparents. "Cuffy" is now a student at the University of Arizona, incidentally. Today, Buster lives in New York and sells over-the-counter stocks for a Wall Street brokerage firm; he also owns a summer camp for boys and has had his own swimming pool company. Still avidly interested in the Olympics, in 1968 he collected thousands of dollars from men in the swimming pool industry and donated it to the Olympic program for use toward forming a winning team to represent the U.S.A. in Mexico City.

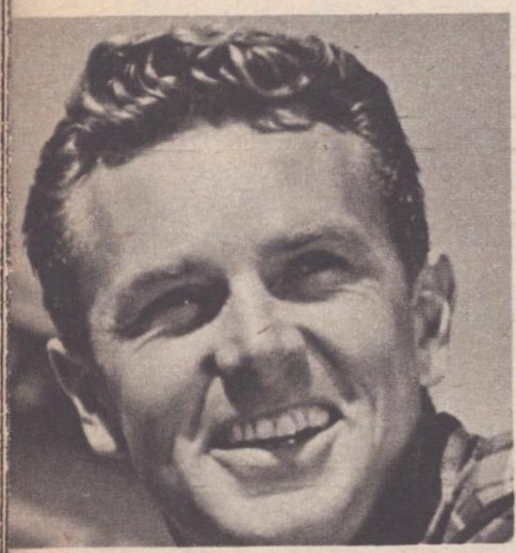
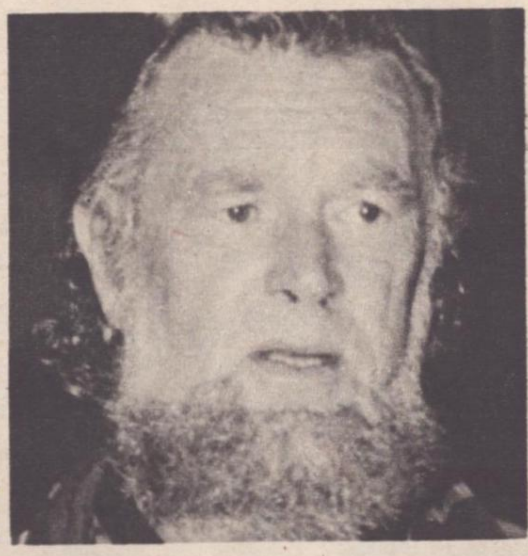
JEAN ROGERS (*The Great Air Mystery*) Off screen since the late 1940s, Jean was a vivacious "Dale" to Buster Crabbe's "Flash Gordon" in serials like *Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars*. She was also seen in dozens of movies, after her debut in 1934's *Eight Girls In A Boat,* including *Charlie Chan In Panama* and *Swing Shift Maisie*. Now 54, Jean still lives in Hollywood and is married to actors' agent "Bullets" Durgom. She's also a grandmother.

EVELYN KEYES (*Gone With The Wind*) Scarlett O'Hara's blonde "sister," also once Columbia's prettiest and best light comedienne (*A Thousand And One Nights* and *Mating Of Millie*), is now 50, has been wed for 13 years to ex-bandleader Artie Shaw. (She's his 8th wife after Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, etc.; he's her fourth hubby after directors John Huston and Charles Vidor.) No children. London's been her home base for years, though she recently auditioned in N.Y. for Hal Prince's new Broadway musical, *The Girls Upstairs*. An intellectual, despite only a high school education (in Atlanta), Evelyn's written (*Please turn the page*)

DOROTHY MACKAILL
GEORGE O'BRIEN

BETTY BRONSON

FERNANDO LAMAS
ESTHER WILLIAMS



STERLING HAYDEN

DOROTHY LAMOUR

CLAIRE TREVOR

ANN RUTHERFORD

CONSTANCE MOORE

a novel, *I Am A Billboard,* soon to be published. Last onscreen in *Around The World In 80 Days* (she played a cameo role for then-boyfriend Mike Todd), she acts only occasionally now. She played the mother role (one episode) in TV's *Ugliest Girl In Town* two seasons ago, and recently did a TV special in London with singer Cliff Richard. Artie Shaw has also published one novel, has a non-fiction book coming out, *Ideal Divorce,* and is preparing Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* for Broadway.

MARGARET O'BRIEN (*Little Women*) Two years ago, when 31, she divorced her first husband, art director Robert Allen Jr., after nine years of marriage (no children)—and made a lot of fans feel very old indeed. After all, she wasn't quite 5 when she became an overnight star in the tearful wartime drama *Journey For Margaret.* At 7 she won a special Child Star Oscar, after *Meet Me In St. Louis.* Some other top films: *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, Madame Curie, Jane Eyre* and *The Unfinished Dance.* After *Heller In Pink Tights,* ten years ago, she worked in TV dramas, then went to live in Peru where she starred (in English) in a horror film, *Diabolical Wedding,* and was the hostess (speaking Spanish) of a daily soap opera bearing the same name as her film. She became engaged to Peruvian producer Julio Tijer (they're together in our pic); she now lives in Hollywood. Her mother, Maxine, noted for her astute handling of Margaret's career passed away several years ago.

DOROTHY MCGUIRE (*Three Coins In The Fountain*) Married for 27 years to wealthy John Swope, Dorothy lives in Beverly Hills, is 52, has two grown children, Mary ("Topo," with her parents in our photo) and Mark, and hasn't made a movie since 1965's *The Greatest Story Ever Told.* After a Broadway career, the Omaha girl crashed movies in *Claudia,* in '43, rated one Oscar nomination (*Gentleman's Agreement* in '47), and headlined such other memorable films as *The Enchanted Cottage, The Spiral Staircase, Friendly Persuasion* and *The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs.* She says now, only the "right role" could lure her back to acting.

JUNE LANG (*Captain Fury*) One of the prettiest girls ever on screen—in some of the most routine films (*Footlight Serenade, Three Of A Kind, City Of Silent Men,* etc.)—June, at 55, is still astonish-

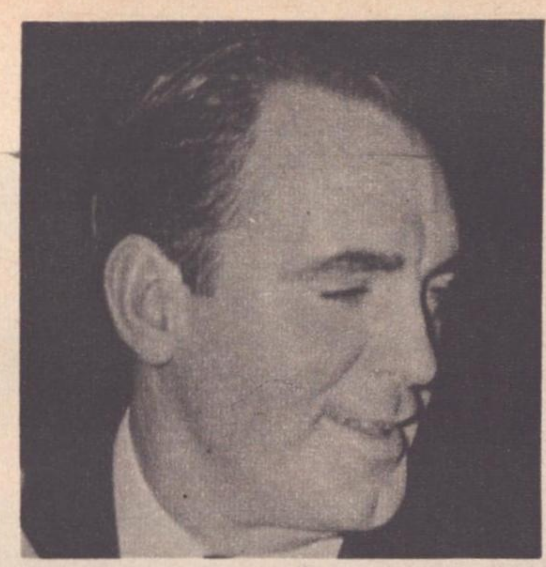
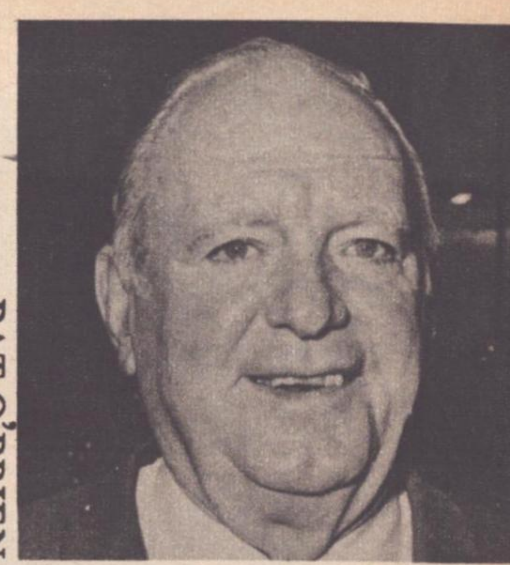
ingly lovely. She lives in Los Angeles with second husband, Paul MacWilliams (see our photo). The only acting she does these days is in made-in-Hollywood TV commercials.

JEANNE CRAIN (*Cheaper By The Dozen*) Still beautiful at 45 (see our newest photo of her with hubby Paul Brinkman, the handsome manufacturer she wed at 20), Jeanne is the mom of seven. Ranging in age from 3 to 23, they are (from the youngest): Christopher, Maria, Lisabette, Jeanine, Timothy, Michael and Paul. Hollywood, where she sprang to overnight stardom opposite Lon McCallister (now a wealthy California realtor) in *Home In Indiana* in '44, is still home to Jeanne. She is fondly recalled for her fresh-faced sweetness in *State Fair* (original), *Apartment For Peggy, Margie, Centennial Summer, Letter To Three Wives,* etc. Occasionally heralded to star in TV series, announcements which come to little or nothing (she was to have co-starred as Howard Duff's wife in *Felony Squad; Guestward Ho!* was announced for her but Joanne Dru played it), Jeanne devotes more time to Catholic charities than acting. Her most recent film was *Hot Rods To Hell* in '67.

ANN BLYTH (*Mildred Pierce*) Married to Dr. James McNulty (see photo), the beautiful brunette, now 42, has five children, was last onscreen in *The Buster Keaton Story* ('57) and, despite her Oscar-nomination for *Mildred Pierce,* has no comeback plans. She still sings, though, and tours each summer in musicals like *The King And I* and *The Sound Of Music.*

DIANA LYNN (*Our Hearts Were Young And Gay*) Mother of three young girls (see photo), Diana's the wife of wealthy Mortimer Hall, advertising director of a Manhattan daily, the *New York Post* (owned by his mother). She manages two homes—an elegant town house in the East 60's and a country home in swank Oyster Bay, L.I.—and is the director (half days) of "Go," a new travel agency located in Bonwit Teller's on Fifth Avenue. She began her screen career at 15, in *There's Magic In Music* ('41) and wrapped it up with *The Kentuckian* ('55). Later she did many TV guest roles. Her first husband was architect John Lindsay who recently was divorced by second wife June Lockhart.

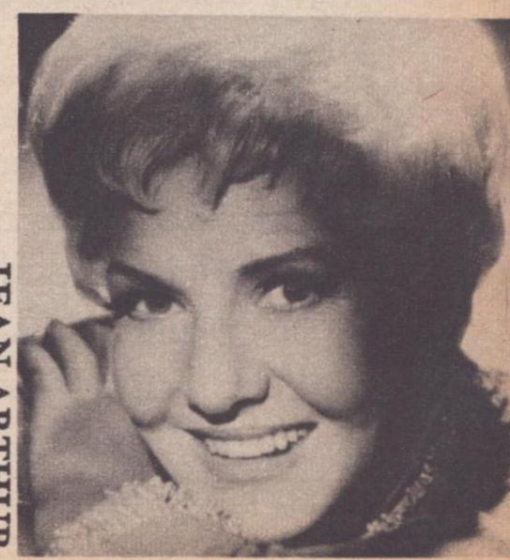
(*Continued on page* 80)



PAT O'BRIEN

ANN SOTHERN

EVELYN VENABLE

JAN CLAYTON


JEAN ARTHUR

"He taught me my prayers, taught me how to dance, taught me how to fight–even saved me from marrying the wrong beau," says Deeny. "Is it any wonder I adore him?"

The Chad Only His Sister Knows

■ ■ ■ The little girl knelt by her bed, her small features contorted in concentration. Carefully she said the words she'd been taught:

"Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

Every night she repeated the beautiful phrases in the happy confidence that she was pleasing God. As to what they meant . . . well she'd never really thought about that.

Often, as she said her goodnight prayer, her mother or father stood beside her, but tonight someone else had tiptoed into the room.

Deeny Cramton, 5 years old, recognized the presence without turning her head. Not only by his step, but by the almost mystical cord which bound them together, she knew that her brother, Ray, was standing behind her.

Ray was almost 14 and the

apple of Deeny's eye. Nobody had a brother so smart, so strong or so handsome as hers. Nobody! From the first day Deeny could remember, he'd been a hero figure to her.

So it was with a modicum of pride that she finished her prayer. She was glad that Ray was there to hear how well she said it. Though the little girl knew that her brother wasn't God, her feeling for him was almost worshipful. When she'd said her "Amen" and bounced into bed, Ray tousled her hair.

"Hey," he demanded, "what was that you just said?"

"My prayers, silly," Deeny told him, knowing he must be teasing, for he knew, of course, that she'd been saying her prayers.

"Yeah, I know," he told her. "But what did you *really* say? What did all of that *mean*?"

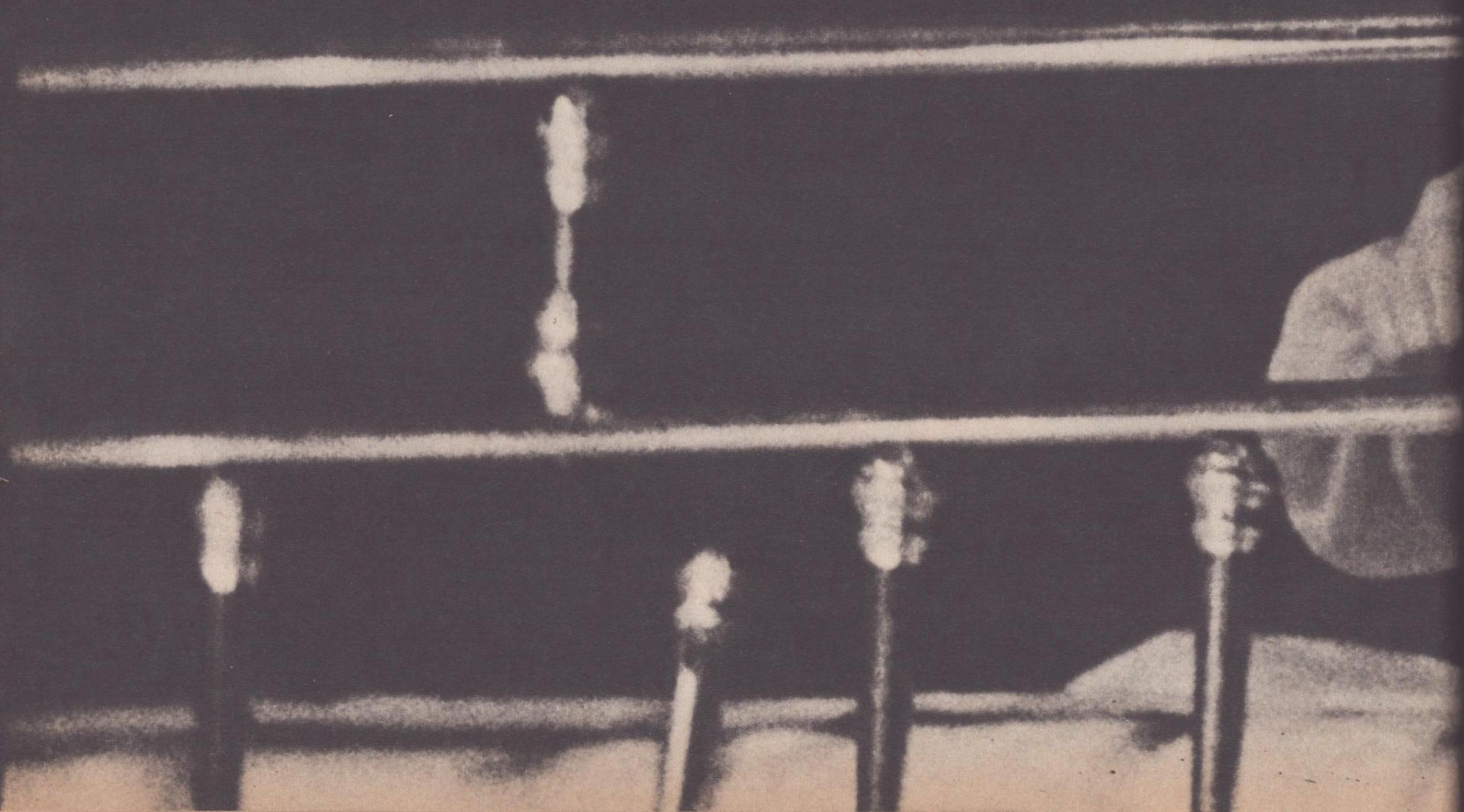
(*Continued on page* 90)

A Scream in the Night!

The eerie, untold story of the fear that has haunted Lucille Ball since childhood...

■ March, 1946. It was one of those raw, wild nights that can happen in California during the rainy season. A terrific wind was moaning, shrieking, tearing at the trees; we only heard it between numbers, because Desi's band was rehearsing—and with Desi on the bongo drums, the boys were whipping up a storm of their own. It was very warm and snug in the house. If you know Lucy, you know that—big house or little house—hers is always going to be bright and homey, and that night the place was filled with the rich, spicy scent of spaghetti sauce Lucy had cooking in the kitchen.

It was while she was filming **Easy To Wed**, and she and I were parked on the big sofa in the den going over her script for the next day. I was reading the Van Johnson lines to cue her, and it seemed to me Lucy's special sense of timing was as true as always. But of course, she was worried. She's a **worrier.** She'd had her share of lemons in Hollywood . . . "just call me Queen of the B's," she always quipped . . . but this was an **A** picture and what worried her now was playing "the other woman" (Continued on page **96**)



The woman's first letter to Mike Connors was alarming. But the second letter was terrifying, for it accused him of murdering four little girls! That's when Mike reached for the phone and said:

"GIVE ME THE F.B.I."

■ Mike Connors had crumpled the astounding letter and taken aim for the wastebasket when he thought better of what he was about to do. "Wait," an instinct warned him. "You may need this letter." ■ When he'd first read the carefully phrased pages which were now wadded in his hand, his initial emotion had been surprise, followed quickly by pity, for the person who had written to him was obviously sick. Yes, he had to feel sorry for the sender. ■ However, as he thought more about the letter, a third, unbidden emotion began to stir: Anger! Sick or well, how dare anyone write such a thing? How dare anyone accuse him of murder? ■ The letter, unsigned and bearing no return address, hinted—no, charged—that Mike was not only a killer, but a heinously cruel murderer who, at some unspecified time, had slain four little girls! It gave no particulars of his alleged crime but suggested that retribution might come. ■ He'd been found out, and he'd pay! That was the gist of the message. Crazy, Mike told himself. That letter was crazy. The best thing he could do was get rid of it and forget it. ■ Normally cool-headed, he felt ashamed of his momentary anger as he crumpled the letter with the intention of throwing it away. But, even as he aimed for the trash bin, second thoughts stopped him. ■ Mike knew that everybody in public life got nutty mail from time to time, and usually it didn't mean a thing. However, one letter—just one in a multi-million—might have repercussions. Perhaps, he decided, he'd better save this one—just in case. Maybe he should show it to

(Continued on page page 94)

In scene from Marcus Welby, M.D., *Bob's sitting pretty between Elena (left) & Dolores Del Rio—but off-camera . . . !*

The Woman Who Keeps Robert Young In Line may be his adoring wife, in the evenings, but on the set it's strictly the fiery Elena Verdugo!

■ When flip and funny Elena Verdugo walked onto a Universal Studio sound stage for the first time in over 20 years to begin her regular role as Consuelo, the nurse on ABC-TV's *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, one of the first people she ran into was veteran prop man Eddie Keyes.

"Hi, Honey. What you been doing?" he asked her, as though she had left only yesterday.

"I've been a star!" she retorted.

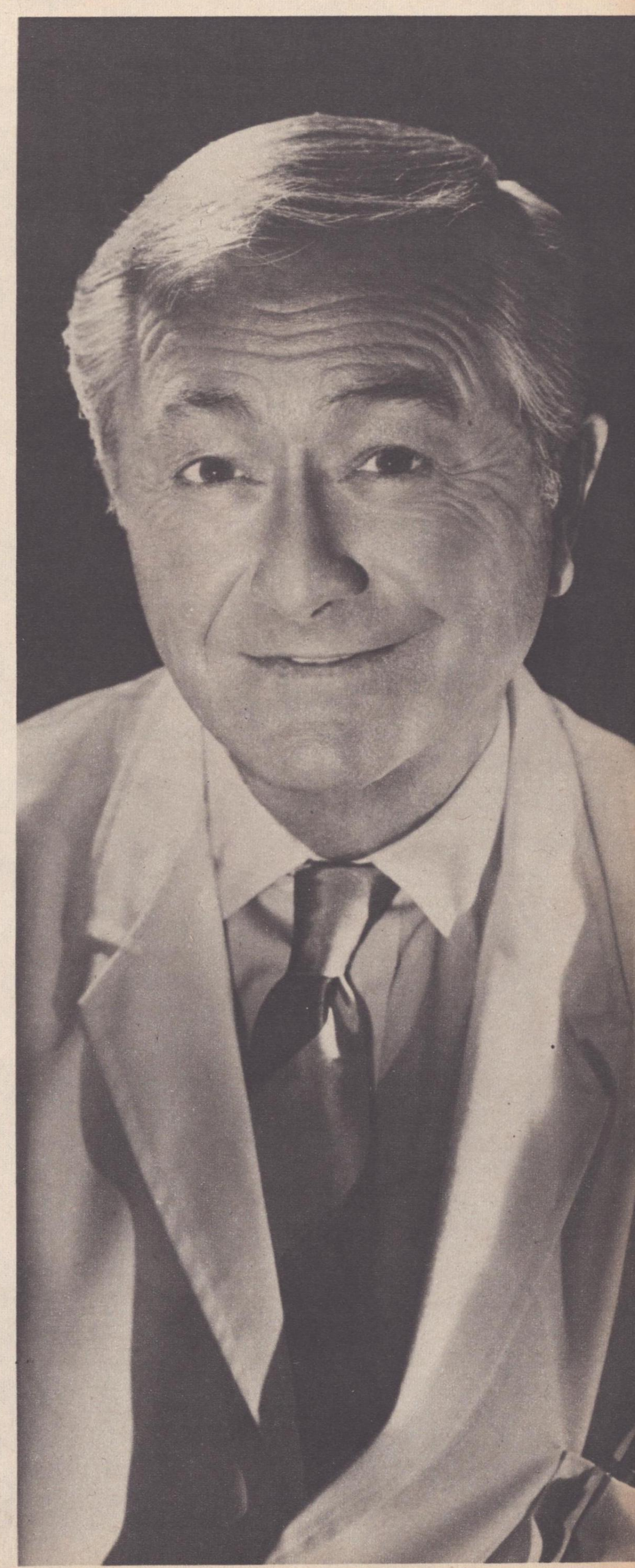
And she has never let Robert Young and James Brolin forget it. In fact, if anyone can boss the two male stars of the show, it's Elena. And they love it. For Elena doesn't ask for special privileges or the "star treatment." Although she was the star of *Meet Millie* on CBS-TV for four years, and co-starred with Phil Silvers and Juliet Prowse on their television shows, all she demands today is respect. *And she gets it.*

"I got mad at Bob Young one morning," she smiled as she put away her second order of raw oysters on the half-shell at a Hollywood restaurant recently. "He was doing one of those 'Welby knows best' tricks with me. Well, I wasn't in a good mood that day. I hated the black hair I had to wear—do you know what it's like to dye your hair black after 18 years as a blonde?—so I yelled my lines at him. And the scene worked!

"Yes, I yelled the lines at him, and he yelled back at me. I didn't do it to act. I did it because I didn't want to be pushed around. I yelled, 'I'll do it as soon as I can, *sir*!' I guess I was livid."

But Bob took it in good humor, and that helped establish the tone between his character and hers on the show. From then on, *nobody* tried to push Elena around, either on or off camera.

"There's a good rapport between Bob Young, Jim Brolin and me," she says. "We were all rather selfish at the (*Continued on page* 102)



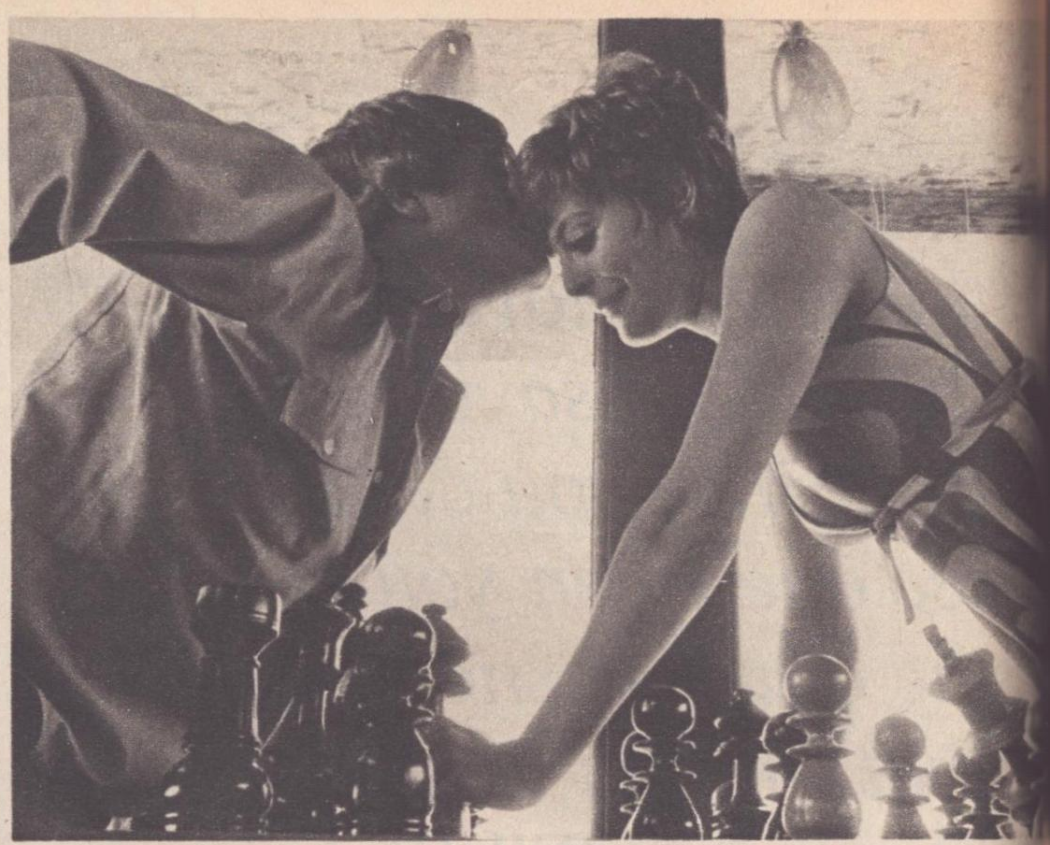
Marriage may be their next move— they aren't saying. But, since you always see one when you see the other, it's no secret that Brenda Benet has handsome Bill Bixby

SEEING DOUBLE

● The game isn't over yet—and we *don't* mean the chess match seen on these pages . . . but maybe Bill Bixby has learned that a "second look" can be more devastating than "love at first sight"—and we *do* mean Brenda Benet in both cases!

Bix has long been a girl-chaser *de luxe,* who needed no help from a small TV "son" to sight a shapely bird. The trouble was—just as in *The Courtship Of Eddie's Father*—he didn't want to share a cage with one. And he never believed in looking back. He had tried that once: The longest Bix ever dated a girl was the two years he went with Yvonne Craig. Two years later, it took only one dinner-date reunion for them both to realize "we were not made for each other."

Somehow, it's different with Brenda! At the time they first dated, some years ago, Bix admits he was also dating Kathy Kersh, other starlets—"and three secretaries and two nurses." Kathy, you'll

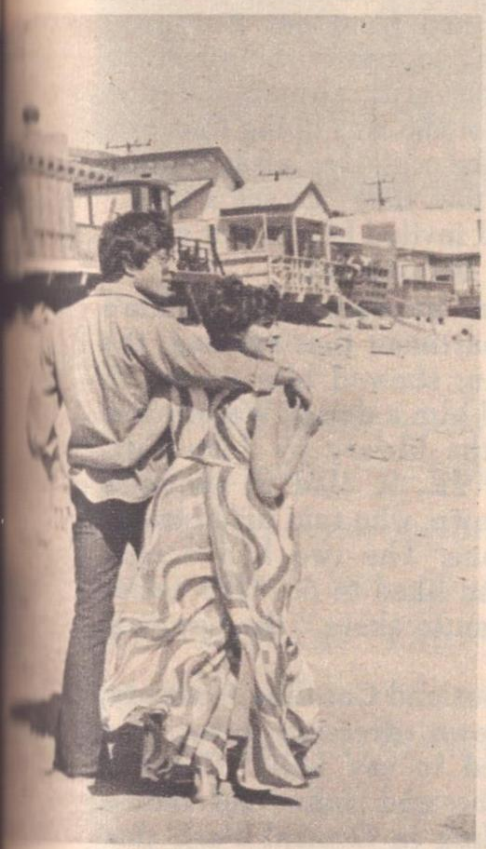


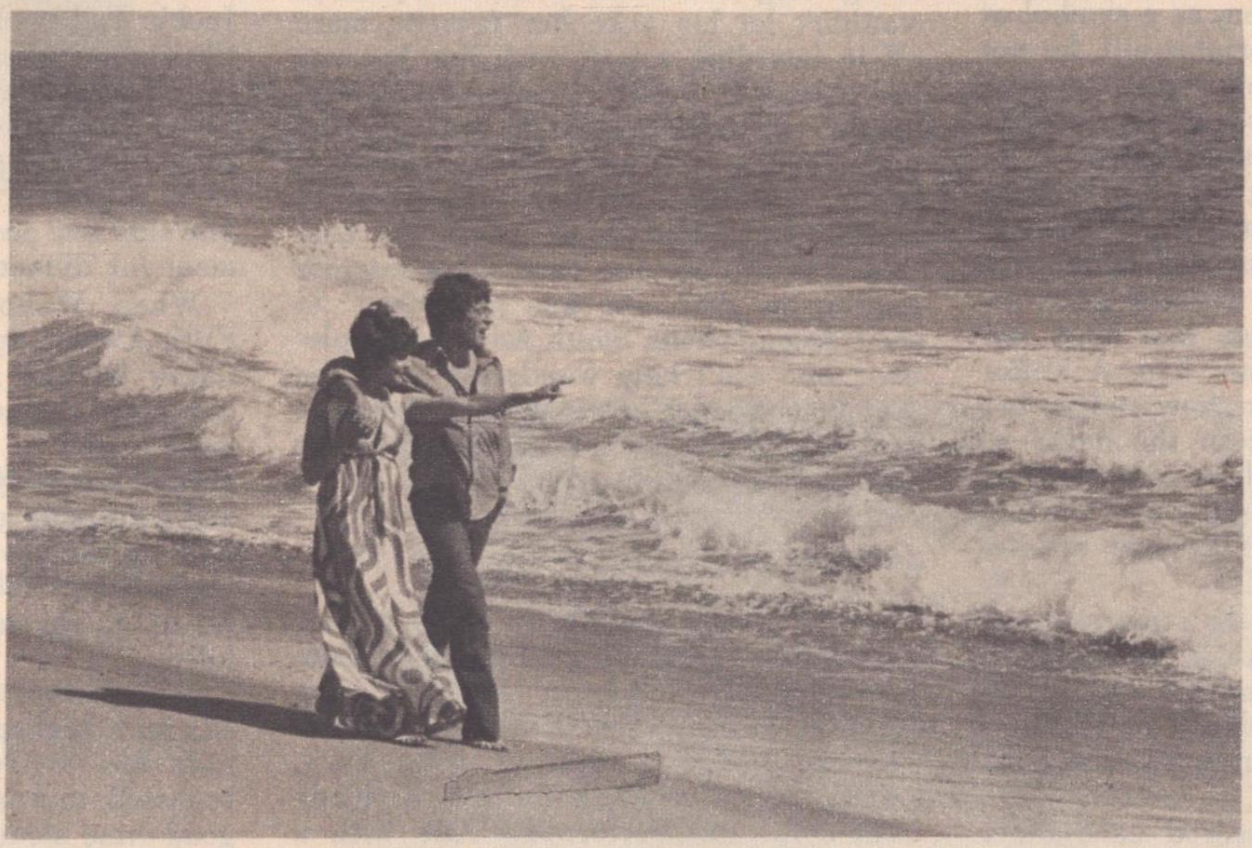
Checkmate—or just "body language"? Brenda puts a bit of English on a chess move—and Bix can't resist responding in kind.

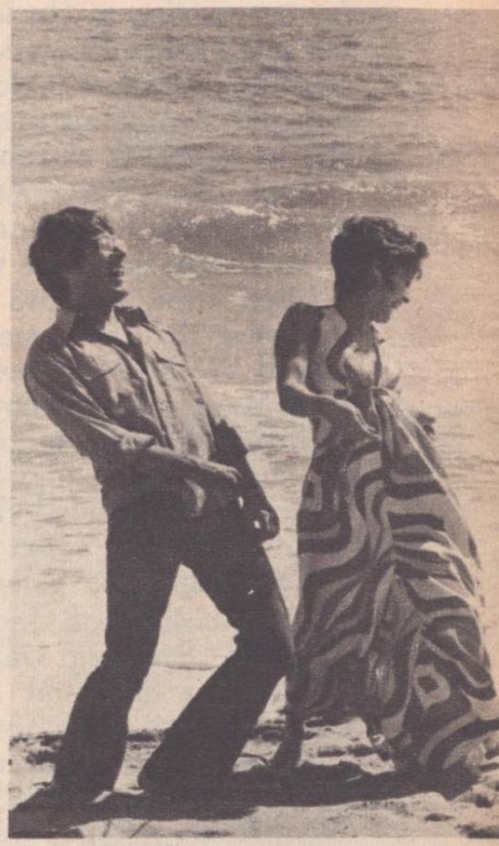
Well, almost every man likes to put his lady on a pedestal . . . but that doesn't necessarily mean she wants to stay up there!

 No, the pooch isn't taking the pic! It's a "self-portrait" (of all three) which Bix has captured with his own magic camera.

Here's another game that two can play . . . where every dreamer can win and no one loses anything—except his bachelor status.







When you're in love, you feel you can even command the ocean to roll back—until an impudent wavelet splashes at your heels!

BILL BIXBY *continued*

remember, went on to marry (and divorce) both Vince Edwards of *Ben Casey* fame and Burt Ward, the junior *Batman.* Brenda—a ballerina who had switched to acting in TV and movies—wed Paul Petersen, the longtime boy-hero of *The Donna Reed Show* . . . and now that she's free of that marriage, Hollywood's downright startled at how often she and Bix are being seen together!

Some folks think the star's happy relationship with 8-year-old Brandon Cruz, on their TV series, has changed his whole outlook on life. Bix himself confesses: "The show has made me feel I ought to hurry and get married and have a son."

But let's give some credit to the lady herself. At 36, Bill Bixby took a *second* look at lovely Brenda Benet, now 24 . . . and obviously finds *double* pleasure in what his eyes and his heart behold!

Will this become a Benet-Bixby "family" album someday?

(*Continued from page* 40)

tragedy of November, 1963, when, as one of the spellbound, Gen. Charles de Gaulle, commented, "She gave an example to the whole world of how to behave." A reporter had felicitously described Jackie on the night of J. F. K.'s inaugural as looking "yummy"; after J. F. K.'s funeral, everyone's favorite adjective seemed to be "sublime."

One might have guessed that from then on, short of robbing a bank or committing some other unlikely crime, Jacqueline Kennedy would have been above and beyond criticism. One would have guessed wrong. Her sublimity proved as fleeting as an April snowflake. Within a year or two of her husband's assassination, Jackie was reproached for minor things she did—dining out with movie stars, having places renamed after J. F. K.—and didn't do: for not moving to Harlem as a symbol of her late husband's civil-rights bill, for not attending Lyndon B. Johnson's inauguration. The love affair was over and it didn't end as amicably as some affairs do.

After Jackie's attempt to censor William Manchester's *The Death Of A President* in late 1966, the press treated Jackie like a jilted lover, and two national polls determined that her image had been tarnished by the Manchester flap. A visitor from Mars would perhaps have judged her within her legal rights in the battle of the book, however high-handedly she tried to invoke those legal rights, but Martian visitors neither write magazine articles nor participate in polls.

The public took Jackie's marriage to Aristotle Socrates Onassis in October, 1968, as a personal affront. After six straight years of being No. 1 on Gallup's women-the-American-public-admires-most list, Jackie plummeted to seventh place. We presumptuously assured each other that Jackie had married Onassis for his money ("He was the only man who could afford her") and that Onassis, a famous collector of celebrities, had married Jackie because she was the crown jewel his collection lacked. Her European fans were no less desolate. The foreign editor of *Le Monde,* France's leading serious newspaper, wrote that Mr. Onassis was "the antithesis" of President Kennedy's dream of "a less cruel world." Again, an extraterrestrial visitor might have judged that Jackie had simply exercised her right to marry whomever she pleased.

The press, ever sensitive to the shifting winds of public opinion, realized that the "good" Jackie was out of season and that there was now more mileage to be gained from maligning the "bad" Jackie. *My Life With Jacqueline Kennedy,* the 1969 tattletelling book by Mary Barelli Gallagher, Jackie's former personal secretary, depicted Jackie as a penny-wise but pound-foolish, terrible-tempered, petty tyrant whose personal maid was required to change her sheets for her afternoon nap and to iron her stockings—a far cry indeed from Mary Van R. Thayer's adorable bride of eight years before. One tends to regard the Jackie-of-the-moment as the "real" Jackie. It was this latest Jackie—the post-Manchester, post-Onassis, post-Gallagher "bad" Jackie—whom it was hard to imagine as the author of the letter to Teddy.

The main difficulty with this supposed transformation of Jackie from fairy princess to gold-digging, super-consuming, jet-setting hedonist (according to a recent series of newspapers articles, she and her second husband spent between $15-million and $20-million during the first year of their marriage) is that, upon examination, it seems to have more to do with the making and debunking of a legend than with the subject of the legend. What is interesting about Jackie is that she hasn't evolved from "good" to "bad" but that she has always been a very diverse personality, a mixture of the provocative, the willful, the fey, the bitchy and the sensitive, along with a good many other paradoxical qualities as well.

Consider her lifelong willfulness. It has always been a characteristic of Jackie to want her own way and she has had a talent for getting it. At 15, when her parents wouldn't let her take her favorite mare off to boarding school with her because they thought it an unnecessary $25-a-month expenditure, Jackie was able to persuade her paternal grandfather to pay the mare's stable bills at Miss Porter's. During her White House years, she continued to call her own tune. On a summer evening in 1962, she was too "tired" to see a second-string South American diplomat; one can't help wondering what the diplomat thought when he saw photos of her water-skiing with an astronaut in the newspapers the next day.

Jackie's tantrums

In 1963, her pregnancy serve as her excuse for not attending a brunch for Congressional wives; it hadn't kept her away from the ballet in New York the previous evening. Not long ago in New York, Jackie left a meeting on the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts with a group of friends. It was around 1 P.M. and she said she wanted to go right to the Museum of Modern Art to see a special exhibit. All of her companions started to walk with her except one, who said he was hungry and tired and wanted to get some lunch first. "Jackie stopped on the sidewalk and said firmly, 'We're going to the museum,' " the hungry friend recalls. "I said again that I was going to get a hamburger. Jackie was plainly amazed that it would occur to anyone to disagree with her. She stamped her foot. She's used to being obeyed. I'm an independent character and I went off to get a hamburger. The others—and they were more thunderstruck by my independence than Jackie was—followed her meekly to the museum." If Jackie's willfulness has increased along with the number of courtiers eager to be tyrannized by her, this is hardly an occasion for surprise.

Even if we live in the best of all possible worlds, and even if every item we read about Jackie in our newspapers and magazines were accurate—two very big ifs—these items would give us an inaccurate impression of Jackie's life. A news item is, by definition, an event. It was an event when Jackie went to see the X-rated Swedish film *I Am Curious (Yellow)* in New York on a Sunday afternoon last October and when, upon leaving the movie theater, she either did or didn't use judo (eyewitness accounts of the incident differ) on one of the photographers who was standing on the sidewalk outside waiting to snap her picture. The event was reported in our newspapers for days and contributed to our belief that Jackie is constantly besieged by photographers and creating scenes.

Journalism almost invariably alters the truth if only by withholding nonevents. Jackie now spends about half the year in New York and her New York life is far more tranquil than isolated events like the *I Am Curious (Yellow)* episode would lead one to think. Take, for example, a movie excursion she made with her old friend William Walton, the abstract painter. One Saturday morning in late January, Walton ran into Jacqueline Onassis on Fifth Avenue. Walton had come to New York from his home in Washington to attend a special meeting of the trustees of the John F. Kennedy Library. Jackie had returned from her European Christmas holiday to attend the meeting; her husband was still abroad. Walton asked Jackie what she was doing that evening. She said she was free after dinner, so he suggested that they "go see a flick." She said fine and invited him to her apartment for dinner beforehand.

When Walton appeared at Jackie's Fifth Avenue apartment that evening, the butler let him in, showed him to the library and served him a drink. Walton was soon joined in the library by John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr., 9, clad in pajamas and a dressing gown, who said his Mummy was on the phone. The two had a chat about things John liked to do. "It's easier for me to ski than to skate," the boy confided.

John drifted out and Caroline Kennedy, 12, in a nightgown, dressing gown, and bare feet arrived to say hello. Caroline reported that she and John had had a good time sledding in Central Park that afternoon with their mother. Then in came Kathleen Kennedy, 18, Ethel Kennedy's oldest daughter. Kathleen, who was staying overnight with Aunt Jackie, had come down from Cambridge, where she is a freshman at Radcliffe, to see a preview of *Sheep On The Runway,* a play by Art Buchwald, the columnist, who is a close friend of her mother's. Presently, two of Kathleen's Radcliffe friends—one black, one white—showed up.

By then Jackie had finished her phone calls and had joined her guests. Jackie, Walton, and the three Radcliffe girls ate dinner (the children had already eaten with their governness). At the dinner table, the far-flung conversation included the pebble of fact that Kathleen's two classmates had heard of Art Buchwald but hadn't heard of Joseph Alsop, the columnist on whom a leading character in *Sheep On The Runway* is said to be modeled. "Wouldn't that be a dagger in Joe Alsop's heart?" Walton thought to himself.

The girls went off to the theater and Jackie and Walton decided that the movie they both wanted most to see was *Z.* They went downstairs, hailed a cab, and set out for the midtown theater where

(*Continued on page* 71)

SPECIAL MIDWEST STORIES

MICHELLE FRANK
Regional Editor

BEST LOCAL PROGRAM

MEET YOUR AREA'S TV Radio Mirror's AWARD WINNERS

Oscars, Emmys and the Golden Globes are all very famous awards that honor internationally-known celebrities, stars of motion picture screens and television screens. The editors of TV RADIO MIRROR Magazine feel the real talent lies somewhere in your town. Subsequently TV RADIO MIRROR Regional Awards were established over 20 years ago to give recognition to talented performers and creators in the field of radio and TV.

The TV RADIO MIRROR Regional Awards were the first honors to be based on a readership poll and this year we've asked radio and television columnists who watch and listen every day to join in on the voting.

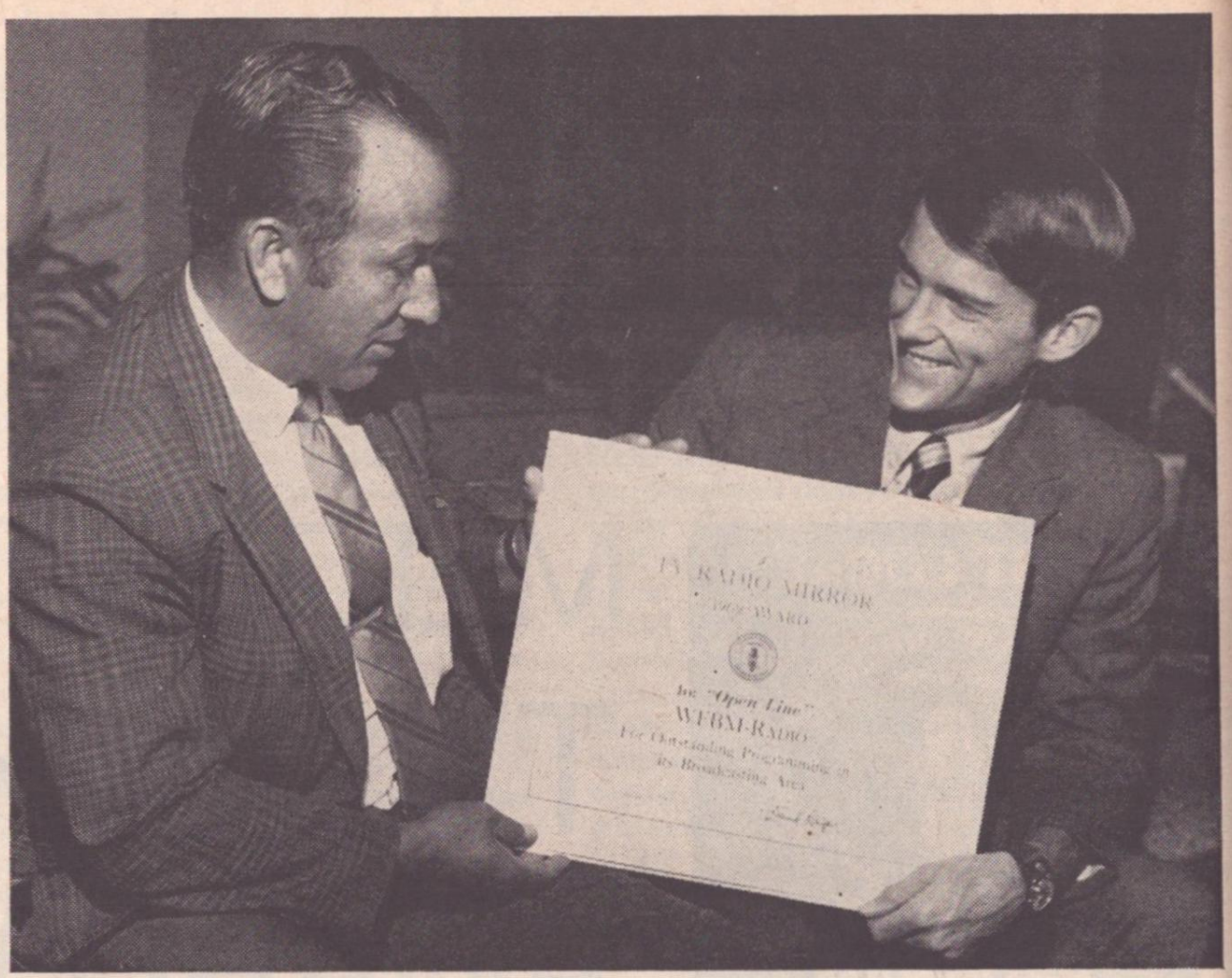
And so, here are your hometown winners of the 1969-1970 TV RADIO MIRROR Regional Awards.

MORE WINNERS ►

D. IANNI • B. BAKER • ALAN DOUGLAS
"The Alan Douglas Show"
WKYC-Radio, Cleveland, Ohio
(Award presented by TVRM's Bill Zechman, at left)

BEST LOCAL PROGRAM

TV RADIO MIRROR AWARD FOR 1969-70



CLIVE THOMAS
"Open Line"
WFBM-TV, Indianapolis, Indiana
(Award presented by TVRM's Fred Englert)

◄ ROLAND KEITH
"Inside Peoria"
WIRL-TV, Peoria, Illinois
(Award presented by TVRM's Clancy Dyment)

BRUCE GRANT
"The Bruce Grant Show"
WOOD-Radio, Grand Rapids, Michigan
(Award presented by TVRM's Jerry Jahn)

TED RYAN
"Conversation Piece"
WHIO-Radio, Dayton, Ohio
(Award presented by TVRM's Glenn Johnson)

STAN MATLOCK
"The Stan Matlock Show"
WKRC-Radio, Cincinnati, Ohio
(Award presented by TVRM's Glenn Johnson)

DON HANEY
"Haney's People"
WXYZ-TV, Detroit, Michigan
(Award presented by TVRM's Bob Julian, right)

OTHER WINNERS

RALPH BARNES
General Manager
WOKY-Radio, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CHARLOTTE PETERS
"The Charlotte Peters Show"
KTVI-TV, St. Louis, Missouri

ROSALIE SOHOMAN ● BOB HILLE
"Gateway Panorama"
KSD-Radio, St. Louis, Missouri

"The Chicago Show"
WLS-TV, Chicago, Illinois

"The Jim Gerard Show"
WFBM-TV, Indianapolis, Indiana

"The J.P. McCarthy Show"
WJR-Radio, Detroit, Michigan

"The Boone ● Erickson Show"
WCCO-Radio, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"The Henry Wolf Show"
KSTP-TV, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"The 50-50 Club"
WLWT, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Extension 720"
WGN-Radio, Chicago, Illinois

HAL DOUGLAS
WZZM-TV News
Grand Rapids, Michigan
(Award presented by TVRM's Jerry Jahn)

KOIL—Radio's Bobby Noonan

HE'S SYNONYMOUS WITH COFFEE GROUNDS AND TUNA FISH!

Bobby Noonan, a household word, stretches out in front of his office above & at rt., he's all business when it comes to radio.

When housewives think of detergents, cereals, tissues, coffee grinds and tuna fish, they naturally think of Bobby Noonan. If it isn't because Bobby owns the corner grocery store or gives away bonus stamps, then what's the association between a bagful of foodstuff and this six-foot tall, black-haired, green-eyed air personality?

The answer is simple because every day on his Monday through Saturday KOIL-Radio show, he gives away to some lucky housewife, a bundle of groceries. Called the "grocery boy

segment," thousands of Omaha, Nebraska women have been listening for their names to be called for over 20 years. And although Bobby hasn't been around the station quite that long, in a way he delivers the goods. On from 9 to "Noonan," Bobby supplies his listeners with something else, good listening music and comedy.

"My sidekick on the three-hour show is Marlan Brandy, a country bumpkin. Actually, he's me doing my thing with dialect. I had previous success with an English comic voice that I called Mason James."

The show is up-tempo, designed, according to its star, to please both adults and the younger audience, "with heavy concentration on our total information news throughout the day."

To add more color to the program, Bobby has interviewed Glen Campbell, Wayne Newton and several other songsters in the neighborhood to do a concert or two.

"I enjoy the show tremendously in addition to all facets of radio: production, news, music, etc. It wasn't until after the Army in 1962 that I wanted to join the industry; I was sort of a late-bloomer!" Although he was only 20 years old at that time, Bobby considered himself a late starter.

"I first wanted to be in television, however, most people advised me to go to radio school first and try my hand at that . . . I did and liked radio much better, however, I've done a lot of television since (on and off camera) but I guess radio is my true bag," he admits.

Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee on August 12, 1942, Bobby's boyhood was devoted almost entirely to his hobby of building electric train layouts—including tunnels, telephone poles and scenery. While attending Tyner High School, he got a part time job at a gas station, hoping to save enough money to buy more trains. "All of my roots are in Chattanooga, including all relatives, and although I never worked in radio there, I dig the town. Of course it might be because I'm prejudiced!" he adds.

It was at Oak Grove Grade School, East Side Jr. High and Tyner High School where he got his formal education, but he left Chattanooga to head for Nashville and the Mid-South Electronics Radio School. "I spent 3 years in the Army being stationed 2½ in Landshut, Germany as a tank driver and gunner. I never really did get the chance to shoot the enemy, because there wasn't any at the time."

His first step into the field of radio began with WWUN-Radio in Jackson, Mississippi, where he worked with disc jockeys who taught him the tricks of the trade. It was while working for another station, WPDQ in Jacksonville, Florida that he won five commercial production awards (local and state) in one year. "Commercial production is just a hobby of mine and in the back of my mind I'd love to set up a production company . . . might have to wait until I retire to do that."

It was on to WTIX in New Orleans and a few Texas stations before he finally settled down

at KOIL-Radio. "That was one of the best moves I ever made," he tells us "and they have really made me happy."

Bobby loves copy writing, commercial production, playing Monopoly and Jeopardy, watching football and golf, going to the movies, relaxing at home, shopping for antiques, picnicking with friends and eating meat loaf—especially when prepared by his wife, Gloria. Mr. and Mrs. met in her hometown of Lawrenceburg, Tenn. "I had just gotten into radio and we were introduced through a mutual friend. Although I didn't know she could cook a great meat loaf, I married after a short courtship, on February 20th in 1965. All of our anniversaries have been equally happy!"

It's hard for Bobby to believe that his son, Jason Montgomery is two years old. "He's got such a great look—happiness in his eyes and a big smile constantly. Of course he's as sharp as a whip too," says proud papa.

He has no problems about mixing his professional life with his personal life—the two intermingle very well because he loves them both. "When I get a little spare time I usually spend it thinking about what I'm going to do on the show the next morning. How's that for energy and ambition?

"You've got to enjoy your two lives because nine out of ten times if you're unhappy with one, it will carry over and you'll be disgusted."

Believe it or not, Bobby Noonan does have his serious moments. "Really, I'm a deep thinker and one of the things I'm most preoccupied with is how peoples of the wrold are all separated. Wouldn't it be a lovely world if we were all united with one common bond: to improve the scene and bring unto it peace and harmony." It might sound as if Bobby is being poetic and he is. In fact he dabbles in poetry, the kind set to music.

"I feel that any song should tell a story and the better the story, the better the song. I don't think anybody tells it better than Willie Nelson. He's responsible for 'Funny How Time Slips Away,' 'Nightlife,' and many others. The words and thoughts are beautiful and I think that's the type of music that survives. People must be able to associate with an idea behind the music in order for it to be a success."

It's no wonder Bobby Noonan has a large following, a fandom that ranges in age from 12 to 60. "They're great people," says the personality, "and they'll support me on anything; entering contests to win me as 'housewife helper,' or just sending me notes to cheer me up. Sometimes I feel as if I know everyone.

"I'm a lucky fellow to be doing what I love and doing it for such warm, wonderful people."

Instead of being associated with detergents, cereals, tuna fish and coffee grinds, Bobby should be associated with flowers and candy.

Son Jason Montgomery aged 2, dominates the home life of Bobby and wife Gloria.

(*Continued from page* 64)

Z was playing. The line looked endless so they chose another movie playing nearby, *The Damned*, where there was no line. Walton thought the film first-rate, as did Jackie, although Walton recalls that she dozed through part of it and "missed at least one rape." They had no trouble finding a taxi when the movie was over. Around 12:30, Walton dropped Jackie off at her apartment house and continued by cab to his studio on the Bowery. Not a word about the evening, a nonevent, got into the newspapers.

On another recent Sunday, eight days after the Walton excursion, by which time Mr. Onassis was also in New York, Jackie, Caroline, John, Ari (as the Kennedy children call their stepfather), and Jackie's longtime friend Nancy Tuckerman, who served as her social secretary in the White House, had brunch at Trader Vic's. After brunch, the five strolled up Fifth Avenue, planning to visit the Frick Collection. The waiting line was too long, so Onassis decided to go for a walk in Central Park and Caroline and John accompanied him. Nancy and Jackie went to see the movie *Anne Of The Thousand Days*. During the movie, Jackie whispered twice to Nancy, "Wouldn't Caroline love this?" Three days later, Jackie returned to see *Anne Of The Thousand Days*, taking Caroline and several of Caroline's classmates. No photographers, no judo, nothing in the newspapers.

Jackie's non-moviegoing life is equally pacific—not the stuff of which legends are made, or even debunked. She walks, shops, goes to the hairdresser and to doctor's appointments. Sometimes she has lunch or dinner out with a few friends; occasionally she gives a small dinner party at home. The Onassises go to a nightclub every once in a while but take little part in splashy social events—they don't attend charity balls or large cocktail parties. Weekends, when her husband is not in town, Jackie and the children drive out to their modest rented home in Peapack, N. J., where Jackie's horses and the children's ponies are stabled. Peapack is not Mr. Onassis's milieu; when he is in New York on weekends, so is Jackie.

A great deal of Jackie's time in New York passes quietly in her 15-room apartment, which one visitor describes as "just like anyone else's Fifth Avenue apartment" and another as "very pretty but not very opulent" and which Jackie, with characteristic understatement, sometimes refers to as "this dump." She spends many hours drawing and painting, reading magazines and books than any other woman I know," her friend Robert S. McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense, says) and helping the children with their homework.

Jackie once remarked: "If you bungle raising your children, I don't think whatever else you do well matters very much." She has also said that if you turn your children over to servants to raise, you shouldn't expect to be happy with the results. Caroline and John have always had a governess, so that Jackie has been able

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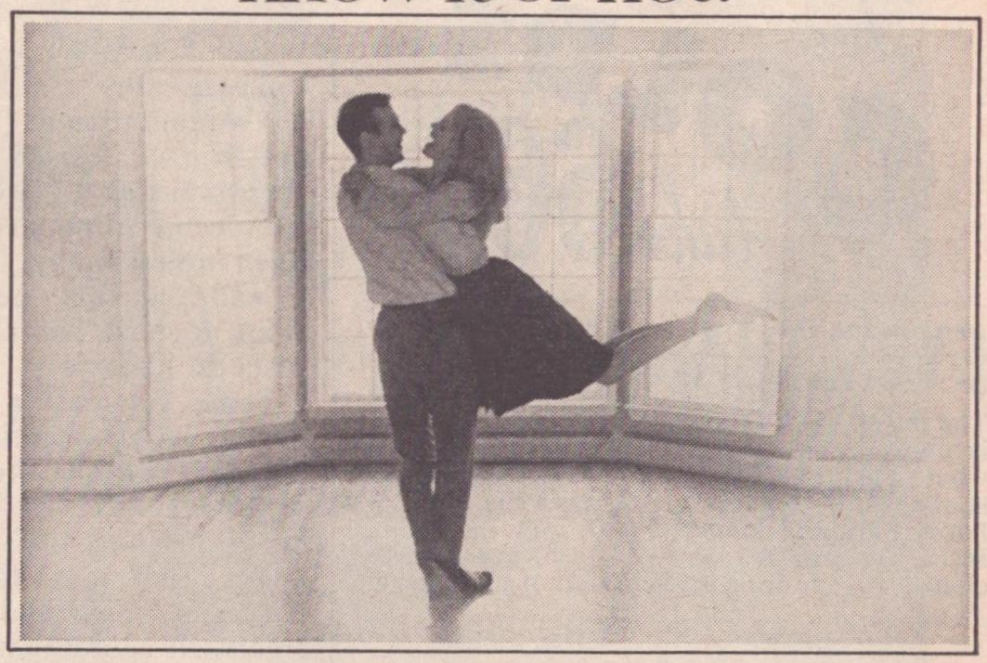

Norforms,® the internal deodorant, stop feminine odor where it starts.

Sure, your underarm deodorant protects you. Under your arms.

But what about an even more serious odor problem—internal feminine odor? For that you need Norforms, the *second deodorant*™.

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Yes. Norforms...the internal deodorant. Just insert! These tiny suppositories spread an antiseptic germ-killing film to stop odor internally where it starts. And they're so safe, you can use Norforms as often as necessary to feel fresh and secure.

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Norforms are so small and easy to use.

FREE . . . 12-page booklet, "Answers to Questions Women Ask Most Often." Send coupon to: The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. MW-11, Norwich, New York 13815.

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For COLDS take 666

EYES THAT ATTRACT

The most compelling feature of the human face is clear, bright eyes. Sheer magnetism, that's what it is! LAVOPTIK Medicinal Eye Wash soothes away redness, makes eyes sparkle. Relieves burning, itching. Floats out dirt, film. Insist on LAVOPTIK Eye Wash, eye cup included, at your druggist. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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PIN-WORMS

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Fidgeting, nose-picking, a tormenting rectal itch are often telltale signs of Pin-Worms . . . ugly parasites that medical experts say infest 1 out of every 3 persons examined. Entire families may be victims and not know it.

To get rid of Pin-Worms, they must be killed in the large intestine where they live and multiply. That's exactly what Jayne's P-W tablets do . . . and here's how they do it:

First—a scientific coating carries the tablets into the bowels before they dissolve. Then—Jayne's modern, medically-approved ingredient goes right to work—kills Pin-Worms quickly and easily. ***Just ask your pharmacist.***

Don't take chances with dangerous, highly contagious Pin-Worms which infect entire families. Get genuine Jayne's P-W Vermifuge . . . small, easy-to-take tablets . . . special sizes for children and adults.

to enjoy the upperclass mother's privilege of coming and going as she pleases, but she is much less of an absentee mother than most women of her means. As Nancy Tuckerman, prompted by Jackie's second trip to see *Anne Of The Thousand Days*, put it: "If I had a governess, I wouldn't sit through a movie twice. I'd send Caroline with the governess. But that's not Jackie."

Jackie is beset by the usual parental concerns—the children's manners (she has a reputation as "a very loving mother but firm on discipline") and education: she worries that Caroline and John watch too much TV and invents games to interest them in geography, literature and history. Friends say that she wants Caroline and John to share her pride in their father's place in history.

Some time after John F. Kennedy's death, Jackie mentioned to Robert McNamara that she thought the ratification of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty had been one of her husband's outstanding achievements. McNamara told her he had one of the pens J.F.K. had used in signing the treaty. He sent it to her because he wanted the children to have it. Jackie had the pen framed, together with a photo of President Kennedy signing the treaty; it now hangs in John's room. Both children's bedrooms are filled with mementos and photos of their father.

After having had their mother to themselves for five years, Caroline and John had a difficult adjustment to make when their mother remarried, but friends say that Onassis has been an attentive stepfather and that he and the children are now genuinely fond of each other. "The children seem happier than they have in years," a friend says. "Caroline isn't as shy and John is less volatile and more talkable to." In New York, Onassis has taken Caroline and John to the World Series and when they are with him on the Christina, the Canadian frigate he transmogrified into a floating palace, he goes fishing and sailing with them. A passenger recalls that on one recent Christina voyage, the children introduced Onassis to the game of musical chairs. He enjoyed watching Caroline, John and some of their friends scurrying for chairs when the music stopped, but as for himself, he preferred to be the one to control the phonograph needle.

A number of Jackie's friends and relatives were considerably more distressed by her marriage to the Greek tycoon than either the American public or the foreign editor of *Le Monde*. Now, even the few who tried to talk her out of the marriage seem reconciled to it. Their comments about Onassis's financial wheeling and dealing, his *modus vivendi* with the present Greek military dictatorship, and his Parisian trysts with his old friend Maria Callas verge on the libelous, but their opinions of him as a dinner companion or cruise host are enthusiastic. "He's a generous, attractive enough man in an earthy way," a former New Frontiersman says. "It's difficult to keep your prejudices when you're with him. He does have a kind of wisdom that can only be learned in the arena."

"Forced" to marry Onassis

When Jackie's acquaintances are asked why they think she married Onassis, they mention Robert F. Kennedy's death as often as they mention Onassis's money. After John F. Kennedy's assassination, Jackie came to depend on Bobby for moral support and guidance. When she became despondent, it was Bobby who took it upon himself to cheer her up. Bobby's murder in June, 1968, was a staggering loss to Jackie. It was clear to those who knew her that someone would have to move into her life to fill the new vacuum created by his death.

Between November, 1963, and June, 1968, Jackie, with the inconsistency that is perhaps to be expected of a widow, sometimes said she hoped to marry again and sometimes said she doubted if she ever would. During those years she had numerous dinner and traveling companions.

Lord Harlech, Roswell Gilpatric and Aristotle Onassis among them—but no serious beaus.

Onassis had a serendipitous way of being on hand at the low points in Jackie's life. When her infant son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, died in August, 1963, she had accepted his invitation to go on a Mediterranean cruise, and he was a house guest at the White House on the weekend of J.F.K.'s death.

Jackie saw Onassis from time to time between 1963 and 1968—she was his guest on a Caribbean cruise in May, 1968, a month before Bobby's death—but Bobby continued to take a dim view of Onassis and to be exasperated by the relationship. With Bobby gone, Onassis sensed that Jackie's situation had changed. In July, 1968, he visited Jackie in Newport; in August, 1968, Jackie and Teddy went on a cruise with him on the Christina; two months later, there was a wedding on Scorpios.

Now that they are over the shock of Jackie's second marriage, her friends admit that Onassis was an inspired choice and that, being willful, she would probably have married him even if Bobby had

(*Continued on page* 74)

Doctors' Tests Show How You Can Actually Help Shrink Swelling of Hemorrhoidal Tissues

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it's automation proof!

When you read the papers you see there's a strike here, a lockout there. Detroit lays off 150,000 men. A plant is shut down and moved out of state. A new automated machine eliminates 5,000 jobs. They talk about dislocated workers and try to do something about it. What pays the bills if **you** get caught up in one of these situations? When you know upholstering, life gets very simple and lots of fun. It's simple because where there are people, there are upholstery jobs and lots of them. It's fun because life is fun when the bills are paid and there's money in the bank, even enough to buy those things you've always wanted for yourself.

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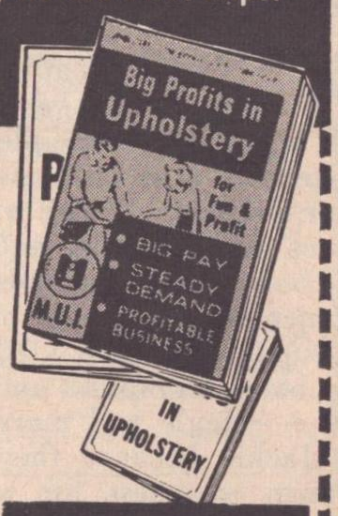

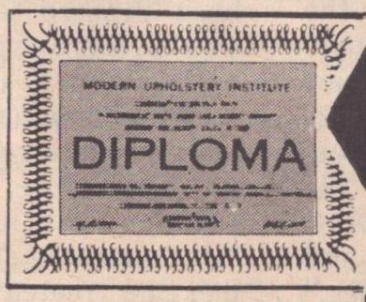

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T V R

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lived, though in that case certainly not before the November, 1968, Presidential election. "John Kennedy and Ari Onassis may not have had any common social concerns," a friend says, "but both were men of accomplishment, over-reachers, heroes, if you will, and Jackie's always had an eye for the heroes. As a young girl, she didn't marry one of the blue-chip Wasps in her set—the sort of man who's now in the fourth tier of the State Department or a partner in an investment-banking firm. She made a bold and glittering marriage to the country's most up-and-coming Senator. She had enough sense of her own strength way back then to marry a man of superior strength."

During her first marriage, it became increasingly apparent that Jackie admired great men (charismatic heads of state and ministers of culture, for instance) whereas to run-of-the-mill politicians she applied two of her more damning adjectives: "drab" and "dreary." "Jackie was at her best with men at the top," one of J.F.K.'s former aides says. "They intrigued her enormously. She rose to great men just as she rose to great events. Jackie had no time or tolerance for the lesser functions or individuals, so she bypassed receptions for Congressional wives. If an occasion had an aura to it—say a state dinner for Nobel Prize winners—it brought out all her energy. She'd plan it to perfection and to the last detail.

"Things involving foreigners seemed to be easier for her than things involving Americans. Jackie was never Mrs. Front Porch and her natural playground was Europe. Dallas was her first trip west of Washington after she entered the White House. On those occasions when she consented to go to Texas or Harlem and say a few words, she'd speak in Spanish rather than English. Memorizing a speech in another language seemed to force her to rivet her restless mind."

The great men Jackie admired returned the compliment but when she was widowed there were no eligible bachelors in the ranks of such admirers as Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie and Pakistan's President Ayub Kahn. Jackie's closest confidante is her younger sister, Lee Raziwill—"And is *that* relationship fraught with sibling rivalry!" her friends comment—but she has few female friends. Jackie has always preferred male company.

She borrowed married men

After J.F.K.'s death, she often invited ("summoned" is the verb many people use) the husband of a couple she knew to her apartment to discuss one thing or another over a drink; his wife was not asked. The wives were furious and accused Jackie of borrowing husbands the way other women borrowed cups of sugar; the cups of sugar were enchanted to be borrowed; the borrower wound up feeling contempt. "Men—single and married—were drawn to Jackie because they had an all-too-human weakness for who she was and what she had been through," a friend says. "They were well aware that Jackie was a President's widow—and what a President! And don't think Jackie forgot for a second the historical role she'd played. But Jackie, like other women who exert such power, ended up feeling very patronizing to most men. She could only respect and marry one as powerful as she was and Onassis was one of the few who fit that description." And so Jackie made her second marriage that was, in its way, as bold and glittering as her first. Friends also say that it is no coincidence that both of Jack Bouvier's daughters have married older men who have attained the success that escaped their father.

Jackie hardly ever talks to journalists. When I asked, pro forma, to see her in connection with this piece, my request for an interview was politely refused by Nancy Tuckerman, who now works for Onassis's Olympic Airways but still handles a few secretarial chores for her former roommate at Miss Porter's. "If she makes one exception . . . ," Nancy explained. I said I understood. Jackie, via Nancy, did cooperate to the extent of volunteering the names of a number of Jackie-sources she thought I might profitably consult and might not know about. She also assured a few Jackie-authorities whom I'd called, and who had been reluctant to see me, that it was all right with Jackie if they did. To write this piece I interviewed close to 100 Jackie-friends, quondam friends, relatives, employes, and ex-employes. The one thing that most members of this heterogenous group had in common was that they saw Jackie infrequently. Many people I interviewed hadn't seen her for months; those who had seen her recently hadn't seen her for 6 or 12 or 18 months before that.

Jackie, everyone agreed, was a loner. Childhood acquaintances remember her off reading in corners and going for solitary walks on deserted beaches. In the White House, she rarely had anyone over to visit her during the day. Her friends say that Jackie takes cabs or rents limousines by the day or evening in New York now, instead of employing a full-time car and driver, because she doesn't want to be pinned down in any way. She doesn't want a car waiting for her on the many days she'd rather stay home, and she doesn't want to see friends when she'd rather be alone.

Several summers ago, a fairly new acquaintance of Jackie's flew up from New York to visit her in Hyannis Port. The weekend was great fun and as the visitor was leaving, he asked Jackie when he would see her again. "Oh, four or five months," she replied. That was exactly when he did see her—in December, when she called to invite him to a dinner party, acting as if it had been only five days since they'd last been together. Had he tried to pursue her in the interim with phone calls, he now realizes, the calls would not have been returned and the friendship would have been discontinued.

But the man—and he is securely on Nancy Tuckerman's list of Jackie's friends—accepted friendship on Jackie's now-you-see-her-now-you-don't terms, as most of the others listed have done. "At least when you're with her, she's really with you and she makes you feel you matter to her," he says, perhaps a shade too defensively. "Jackie doesn't look around the room trying to see who else is there. She zeroes in on you with those wide-set eyes and listens to you with a shining, breathless intensity. She's no Mary McCarthy—she has islands of knowledge and puzzling dead spots—but she's talked to a lot of extraordinary people and she's remembered most of what they've told her."

To women, Jackie is "an outrageous flirt" and an "insincere flatterer," but to men she seems to conjure up a bewitching lighthouse beacon. When the beam is on you, the light is lovely. When the beacon turns, you are left in absolute darkness. But don't despair. The beam, if allowed to take its own good time, will return.

It's easy to conclude, as Jackie's critics do, that Jackie can't be bothered seeing any one person too often because she has such a wide choice of interesting people vying for the pleasure of her company, and that she likes to add to her already-exalted value by making herself scarce, and that she has a horror of being bored. True, her friends say, but a little *too* easy, and in any case only part of the story. "Jackie's very uptight emotionally," a friend says. "Everyday life is really more of a burden to her than it is to most of us. Just as she can respond to the dramatic occasions but can't bring herself to deal with ordinary happenings, she isn't up to close friendships, with the weekly phone calls and lunches, the effort and the intimacy they entail. Jackie is capable of being capriciously, intermittently involved with people but she can't sustain anything."

A gift to Ethel—for Bobby

Jackie's acts of friendship take the form of touching letters (several recipients of these letters, which are usually penned late at night, have remarked that she can put lovely sentiments on paper that she could never express in person) or carefully chosen gifts. One friend told me that when Jackie learned that Bobby, shortly before his death, had selected a 16th-century gold annunciation scene as Ethel's Christmas present, she bought it and gave it to Ethel as her own present that December. The friend, who knew that Jackie saw Ethel on her customarily infrequent basis commented tersely, Jackie's better at bestowing presents than presence." It is thought by some that Jackie's giving of gifts, instead of giving of herself, reflects the same distrust of people as her "I almost stepped on him in the elevator"-type remarks and her well-known custom of dropping people.

One reason Jackie seems to favor solitude is that she is very moody. The many friends who see her semiannually at social gatherings have been spared her black moods, but those who have been around her for a sustained period of time have been exposed to them. "One day, Jackie would stop by my desk and talk to me for half an hour," a former White House secretary remembers. "The next day, she'd look right through me as if she'd never seen me before." A friend who went on a vacation with her a few years ago says, "One morning she couldn't do enough for me. She treated me almost as if I were a baby who needed care. That same afternoon I drew a complete blank. Jackie didn't give a hoot whether I existed. Some days she wouldn't come out of her room

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(*Continued from page* 74)
at all. Sometimes she came out but she appeared to be in a daze, with a frozen smile on her face and a dreamy cast in her eyes. She'd be off in a private world where one trespassed at one's peril."

"When she's bad, she's horrid"

Many Jackie-friends have pictures of their famous friends on their desks and walls and no pictures of their own families. Averting my eyes from the photo of Jackie that graced this particular friend's living room and served as a reminder of how much people will put up with for the reflected glory of a celebrity's friendship, I asked this friend why, in view of Jackie's uneven behavior, which she had clearly found disconcerting, she continued to see Jackie. "When you're dealing with Jackie, you've got to bear in mind those Longfellow lines, 'and when she was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad, she was horrid,'" she replied. "Jackie's a person of wild extremes. When she does come out of her room and she's in one of her sunny moods, there's no one who's more fun to be with. Her gay side is all the more appealing because it's such a contrast to her fundamental inner sadness. And the juxtaposition of moods and characters is fascinating. She's like a chameleon: a daft and romantic innocent in blue jeans one minute, a calculating Marie Antoinette a minute later."

The sad Jackie sometimes sleeps all day, cancels appointments, keeps people waiting for her, flies off the handle at inconveniences, and sallies forth on nonstop shopping sprees—as if buying 12 of everything that she didn't buy six of might help dispel her life-weariness. The happy Jackie, as friends tell it, is a "nature child" who loves larking and throws herself at life with a longing-to-be-free abandon of the bird that she once claimed she wished to be.

A leap into a pool!

Oliver Smith, the set designer, escorted Jackie to an opera opening in Boston on a wintry evening a few years ago. They were to fly back to New York the following morning but there was a blizzard and all planes were grounded. Smith recalls that Jackie put on a bandanna and went right out into the snow, "gamboling like a kitten, a very glamorous kitten." Roswell Gilpatric, the former Deputy Defense Secretary, remembers that when he escorted Jackie to the Yucatan peninsula in the spring of 1968, "she wasn't content just to see the Mayan ruins by car in the daytime, as the average 20th-century tourist does. She also insisted on seeing them by moonlight, on horseback, to get the feeling of the way it was the day before yesterday. And once she tossed herself into a pool near the ruins with all her clothes on."

Jackie, who speaks in a feathery little-girl voice, paints naive little-girl paintings, and throws little-girl tantrums, takes pleasure in such little-girl activities as going to amusement parks, wearing costumes (some new Greek acquaintances were surprised to see her in native dress on Corfu on New Year's Day) and donning disguises. As First Lady, when she wanted to visit Provincetown incognito, she put on a wig with long blonde braids and rode there in an open car from Hyannis Port with Bill Walton.

Men like her best

Jackie's girlish charms have understandably endeared her more to men than to women—the secretary who was walking to the White House tennis courts with Jackie on a spring day and who was asked, "Don't you just love to look up into the trees and listen to the birds going, 'Twee, twee, twee'?" was unbewitched—but men and women concur that Jackie's wit and candor are among her strong points. Arthur Krock, the retired Times commentator, who has known Jackie for more than 25 of her 40 years, says that "even as a nubile girl, Jackie could hold her own in banter with Noel Coward." In a city that is distinguished neither by its humor or its forthrightness, she went on saying whatever came into her head. In the spring of 1960, when John F. Kennedy was campaigning against Hubert H. Humphrey in the Presidential primaries, Catholicism was a major issue. "I saw Jackie at a dancing party in Washington that April," Mr. Krock recalls, "and she laughed and said to me, 'I think it's so unfair of people to be against Jack because he's a Catholic. He's such a poor Catholic. Now, if it were Bobby, I could understand it.'"

During that long-ago and far-away election year of 1960, a number of reputedly knowledgeable Democratic politicians were grateful that Mrs. John F. Kennedy was pregnant and thus, with her record of miscarriages, unable to do much campaigning. A former Debutante of the Year, who read Proust and rode to the hounds would be a liability, they calculated, in a nation where the anti-Social Register, anti-Proust, anti-fox hunting vote was deemed sizable. A miscalculation. In 1960, the country was affluent, peaceful (the first American combat death in Vietnam was a year in the future), optimistic and bored.

Jackie came to public notice at a time when the country was in the right frame of mind for glamour. After 15 years of the homespun and matronly Bess Truman and Mamie Eisenhower, Mrs. Middle-Class America reveled in her rarefied pursuits and copycatted her bouffant hairdo and elegantly understated clothes as best she could, while the press apotheosis proceeded apace.

In 1970, despite the already-profound monotonies of the Nixon Administration, it is impossible to believe that if a new Jackie suddenly appeared on the scene, she would be given a comparable reception. Somewhere in the mid-sixties, we became distrustful of all figures in public life—one suspects that Lyndon B. Johnson had a great deal to do with this—and nowadays our attitude toward our celebrities, whether they be politicians, movie stars, baseball players, or first ladies, is properly cynical from the start. The country's mood has darkened from optimism to pessimism; instead of affluence we have inflation, together with a riot-learned awareness of disparity between rich and poor, black and white; and instead of peace, we are mired in the most dishonorable war in our history.

It is wishful thinking to say that we have grown up as well as older, but if the events of the last few years have done nothing else, they have rendered fairy princesses obsolete. The heroes (if any) that seem appropriate in 1970 are the revolutionaries, particularly those who suffer violent and untimely martyrs' deaths, like Martin Luther King, Malcolm X and Che Guevara. They are posthumously accorded the romanticism we skeptically withhold from the living Robert Kennedy, the politician of idealism and change, did not become a hero until he had been killed.

As long as John F. Kennedy was alive, it was fine for Jackie, who had never feigned an interest in world affairs, to play a comparatively frivolous role. During the Cuban missile crisis, for example, she didn't sit in on meetings of the National Security Council. After it was over, she did phone her friend Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., at the time a special assistant to the President, and ask him to draw up a list of the most entertaining people he could think of; she invited them to a dinner party whose sole purpose was to distract her overburdened husband. Jackie's projects were in the artistic domain; she fought off the bulldozers that were about to deface Washington's historic Lafayette Square; Jackie's good deeds were personal; when she heard about a Greek girl who required heart surgery, she brought her to the United States for an operation.

Many of the country's hopes and dreams came to be associated with John F. Kennedy. When he was shot down, those hopes were transferred to his widow, whose dignified conduct on those four terrible days in November led many people to perceive that this decorative finishing-school product had content as well as style. Style had sufficed during J.F.K.'s lifetime, but after his death it was required that Jackie become an ambassador, a senator, a political kingmaker, or a do-gooder (like Florence Nightingale)—i.e., a serious person, a public figure in her own right.

Public disenchantment with Jackie set in and the press turned on her when she didn't change to match our changing requirements but kept on being herself. Despite her heroic qualities, she *was* a finishing-school girl and not a public figure—the best of her kind, but still of that kind. She *was* an esthetically inclined butterfly and not a politically-minded activist, so she tripped off to Angkor Wat and didn't go near Saigon. Her interests *were* cultural and not humanitarian, and so she wrote a letter urging that the old Metropolitan Opera House be saved but didn't sign up with Cesar Chavez and his grape-strikers or march on Selma.

With her marriage to Onassis, the slurs on Jackie's political and social non-involvement increased. Now everyone wanted her to join the Greek underground resistance movement, or at least distribute free milk to all the needy babies in Athens, or at the very least speak out publicly against the Athens junta's repressive ways. "If Jackie follows the sentiments attributed to John F. Kennedy, what's happening in Greece isn't nice," a friend observes, "but if her husband is satisfied with the regime from a business point of

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view, how can she attack it? What comes first? You have to remember that Jackie as a woman who believes in pleasing her husband so in her scale of values, there's no doubt. Expecting Jackie to attack the Greek colonels is the equivalent of having expected her, when John Kennedy was President, to have spoken out against the Bay of Pigs."

Private good deeds

Friends say that Jackie is "a private operator" and still operates only in relationship to individuals, as she has done in the past. When George Papandreou, the popular former Greek Premier, died in 1968, one of the first cables of sympathy his exiled son Andreas received was from Jacqueline Onassis; she had met Andreas Papandreou once. Massive problems of injustice or poverty have always overwhelmed Jackie, but when small charitable projects come to her attention, she sometimes does them. Last December, she spent an unpublicized afternoon at a veterans hospital in Queens doing the "bed tour"—autographing casts, posing for photos and cheering up the Vietnam war-wounded—simply because she had read in a magazine that her friend Kitty Carlisle Hart was chairman of the hospital's bed-tour committee.

Jackie's friends think she is missing something by not becoming consistently and actively concerned with the major causes of our day but they try to make a virtue of a limitation by claiming that she is to be admired for not pretending to have a social conscience when she just doesn't have one. As Jackie's friend Richard N. Goodwin, adviser and speech writer to J.F.K. and L.B.J., says, "Jackie's not Eleanor Roosevelt, so that's that," in a tone that disparages neither lady. He adds, *sotto voce*, "She's not Martha Mitchell either, thank God."

Jackie's friends contend that saying Jackie has no social conscience is like saying about a black cat, "The cat is black." The cat *is* black. The cat never said, "Paint me white." On another matter—that of publicity versus privacy—they agree almost unanimously (though of course unattributally) that the cat hasn't been nearly so straightforward.

While Jackie didn't precisely seek fame—say by running for the Presidency on her own—she obviously enjoyed fame once it was hers, although she was quick to complain about the limelight. One of her first statements after the election was, "It's really frightening to lose your anonymity at 31." She has bewailed her lack of privacy so often over the years that even her closest friends have told reporters that they recognize a classic example of "The lady doth protest too much" when they hear one.

Jackie would like to have everyone believe that she would be happiest if her photo never again appeared in a newspaper, that her nature is Garboesque, that she is trying as hard as she can not to be noticed, and that she takes no interest in the stories that are written about her. No so, say her friends. She is very interested in articles and books about her, even before publication (she has been known to propose photos she wants to see in a book and to point out those she doesn't care for). After publication, she may send a note to the author of a Jackie-piece she has liked, or request the original of a good photo for her scrapbooks.

Her concern with her image was apparent during her days as First Lady (photos showing her smoking were forbidden) and later: it was considered a most revealing slip of the tongue when she remarked, at the time of the Manchester affair: "Anyone who gets in a fight with me will look like a rat unless I run off with Eddie Fisher." Friends agree that Jackie isn't Greta Garbo, that if she wanted her privacy as badly as she says she does, she could find a way to get more of it, and that, like everyone else, she is pleased by the favorable publicity and displeased by the unfavorable.

She doesn't appreciate the unexpected flashbulbs, but she loves the popular acclaim when she is making a begowned, bejeweled grand entrance at the opera—or when she is simply in the mood for it. One evening in 1965, Jackie had a dinner date in New York with a friend. They went to a small French restaurant, where the friend thought they could dine in peace. There were no photographers about, but many of the other patrons stared, greeting Jackie or brought over their menus for her to sign. On the way out of the restaurant, the friend said teasingly, "Jackie, taking you out isn't like taking out a woman, it's like taking out a national monument." She giggled, turned to him, and said, "Yeah, but isn't it fun?"

Jackie and nephew Anthony Radziwill shopping through the streets of Capri.

Considering the fact that Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis isn't a woman of independent accomplishment like Mary McCarthy, Florence Nightingale, Eleanor Roosevelt, or Greta Garbo, but is instead a beautiful and complex woman with an interesting combination of personal qualities who has married two powerful men, the attention paid to her seems almost grotesquely out of scale. Last month, three major Jackie-books were published and the latest issues of half the magazines on the newsstands seem to contain Jackie-pieces, and no wonder. A recent survey shows that whenever a piece about her appears in a magazine, that magazine's circulation goes up 5 per cent. The magazines that publish these Jackie-pieces also note an increase of 5 per cent in letters-to-the-editor beginning, "Don't you think it's about time to stop publicizing and propagandizing our Jackie?" There seems to be no accounting for our obsession with Jackie and our concomitant embarrassment with that obsession. For now, my only answer to a tiresome question I have been asked a lot lately—"Why are you writing a piece about Jackie?"—is "Why are you reading this?"

In 1965, a poll of women's newspaper publishers disclosed that the story that would get the widest readership among their female readers would be entitled, "Jacqueline Kennedy Remarries." (The runner-up was "All Nations Sign Peace Pact.") In 1970, the progress of that remarriage is the country's No. 1 soap opera.

A few to whom Jackie has confided that she feels torn between being with her children in New York during the school year and accompanying her peripatetic husband on his travels, say that like all marriages, this one has its strains. "Jackie is only attracted to the great men," a friend says. "After she marries them, she comes to realize how much more complicated their lives and their natures are than the average man's. But she'd be bored to death with a routine life and she's pretty good at accommodation."

Her secret vice: smoking

Onassis's reunions with Maria Callas find their way into the newspapers, just as the *I Am Curious (Yellow)* incidents do—partial sets of facts revealing partial truths. Onassis playing musical chairs with John and Caroline is another part of the truth, the unnewsworthy part. So is the convivial scene that took place recently at Elaine's, the hangout of New York's literary *cosa nostra*, where Jackie and her husband went to have dinner with two Greek friends and Charles Spalding, an oldtime Kennedy friend. As Spalding tells it, "if you'd seen Jackie and Ari laughing and talking and how he tried to get her to cut down on her smoking by keeping the cigarettes away from her, and later the way they persuaded the cab driver to take all five of us in a taxi that was only allowed to carry four people, you'd say to yourself that they seem to have a very good thing going."

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"LATE SHOW" STARS

(*Continued from page* 51)

JOEL MCCREA & FRANCES DEE (*The More The Merrier*: Joel; *Little Women*: Frances) It's been eight years since Joel's last, and 82nd, movie (*Ride The High Country*), and he's set to return now in a modern Western, *The Wild Breed*. The still-beautiful Frances hasn't acted since the mid-50s and doesn't miss it. Neither *needs* to work. Thanks to cattle, ranches and other real estate, they're among Hollywood's richest (estimated worth: $50-100 million). Now 64 and 62, respectively, Joel and Frances were movie extras who crashed through to stardom the same year, 1931. Married for 37 years, they have three sons: Jody, 35, an actor in "Beach" pictures (seen with them in our photo); David, 34, a Montana rancher, and Peter, 15. Their marriage made headlines just once, in 1966, when Joel filed for divorce charging "cruelty." They reconciled just two months later.

COLLEEN MOORE (*Ella Cinders*) A great romantic-comedienne, once the #1 Boxoffice Star, she is today a wealthy widow (her third husband, Chicago broker Homer P. Hargrave, passed away four years ago) and a best-selling author. Doubleday recently published her autobiography, *Silent Star*, and her book on women and Wall Street. Colleen hasn't made a movie since *The Scarlet Letter* ('34) but is a frequent visitor to Hollywood. At 68, she's as attractive and vivacious as ever. In our photo she's with longtime Hollywood pal, director Mervyn LeRoy.

GAIL PATRICK (*My Favorite Wife*) The movies' very best "other woman," raven-haired and icily humorous, Gail was prominently cast in perhaps 100 films between her first, 1932's *If I Had A Million*, and her swan song, 1948's *The Inside Story*. During the 1960s, she became a millionaire via producing *Perry Mason*. Now 54, and as strikingly gray as she once was brunette, the onetime belle from Alabama has been married three times: to Bob Cobb (famous "Brown Derby" owner, recently deceased), Arnold White, and Cornwall Jackson, the "ex" by whom she has a daughter, Jennifer, and a son Tommy, 16, who proudly appears with Mom in our photo. Busy this season as national honorary chairman of the Christmas Seal campaign, Gail plans to produce another lawyer TV series, *Lam-Cool*, based, as *Perry Mason* was, on Erle Stanley Gardner books.

VIRGINIA MAYO (*The Flame And The Arrow*) AND MICHAEL O'SHEA (*Lady Of Burlesque*) Studio chiefs applied pressure to keep her from marrying him in 1947. He was quite a bit older and had just been divorced from the mother of his several children. Now, 23 years and one daughter (Mary) later, they're still blissfully wed. Mike's 64 and still dapper (though mellower than in his "fighting redhead" days), and Virginia, at 49, is as blonde and lovely as she was in *Painting The Clouds With Sunshine*. She quit movies after 1967's *Fort Utah*; Mike, leaving films in the mid-1950s, has more recently been a plainclothes detective with the Ventura (Cal.) County sheriff's department, fulfilling a life-long ambition. Home is at Thousands Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER (*Tarzan, The Ape Man*) Though 14 others have played the role, Johnny was *the* screen Tarzan. Ask any fan! He played the role 12 times, at MGM and RKO, before switching over to *Jungle Jim* (a minor series he did for Columbia which later evolved into a TV series), and other jungle-style movies. It's now been exactly 15 years since Johnny has starred on the screen, in *Jungle Moon Men* and *Devil Goddess*. Now 63, Johnny is an exec of the Johnny Weissmuller Swimming Pool Company, and calls Fort Lauderdale, Florida, home. He's been married and divorced five times. His wives: Camille Louier, Bobbe Arnst, the late Lupe Velez, Beryle Scott, and golf champ Allene Gates (wed in '48, divorced in '62). He has three children: Wendy, John and Heidi. Johnny Jr., now 31, lives in San Francisco where he was born when his famous dad (an Olympic gold medal-winner, you know) was starring at the 1939 World's Fair in the Billy Rose Aquacade. A former Hollywood stuntman (you'll recall that Johnny, too, usually did his own stunts), Johnny Jr. works on the San Francisco waterfront as a longshoreman. Recently, he turned actor for a Warners movie made on location in S.F., the futuristic *THX 1138*. He played—a chrome robot!

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN (*Pride And Prejudice*) Incredible though it may seem, Maureen is almost as famous today as "the mother of Mia Farrow" as for her long and notable screen career. That career included, besides her Jane role in the Weissmuller *Tarzan* series, *A Yank At Oxford, David Copperfield, The Big Clock, The Crowd Roars, Anna Karenina*, etc. Via her long marriage to the late director John Farrow, she became the mother of four daughters and three sons, one of whom, Michael, was killed in a private plane crash a number of years ago. Besides Mia, another daughter, Tisa (Theresa), has now become a screen actress, starring in the new *Homer*. In '62, the year her husband died, Maureen scored a triumph in her Broadway debut in *Never Too Late*. Three years later she repeated her role in this comedy when it was filmed. Between, she did a rather unhappy stint as the "Today Girl" on TV (she and the *Today* team never really clicked). Her only recent screen appearance was a cameo in the minor-league comedy, *The Phynx*. Last June she was on Broadway in a short-lived revival of *Char-*

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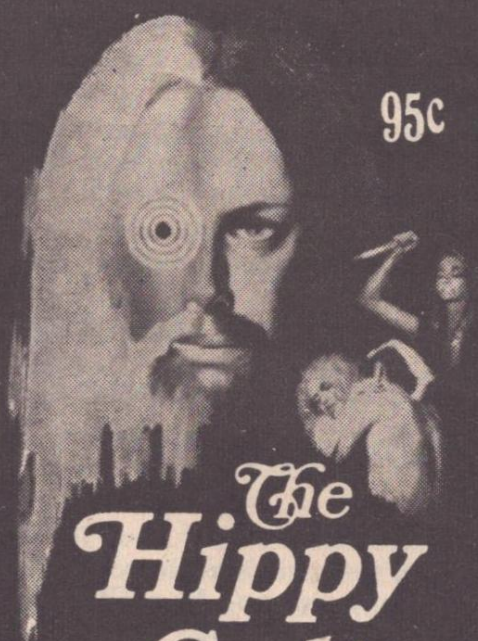

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lie's Aunt. Presently awaiting her next acting assignment, Maureen, at 59, lives in a Manhattan penthouse and has recently become executive director of Wediquette International, which licenses complete bridal services.

BRIAN AHERNE (*My Son, My Son*) If you're a fan of Brian's and haven't yet read his splendid autobiography, *A Proper Job,* issued this year by Houghton Mifflin, you must! A witty, graceful recounting of his life (before and after Hollywood) and loves, it also contains many tales-out-of-school about those years in Hollywood when he starred in *Juarez, The Great Garrick, The Locket, Lady In Question, My Sister Eileen,* etc. First wife Joan Fontaine (1939-43) does not escape unscathed. Now 68 and still handsome, he's been married since 1946 to New York socialite Eleanor de Liagre Labrot (see photo), and has lived many of those years in a splendid chalet in Switzerland. He still appears, in top supporting roles, every couple of years in films like *The Best Of Everything, Susan Slade, Sword Of Lancelot,* and, most recently, *Rosie!,* with pal Roz Russell, a frequent co-star of yesteryear.

GEORGE O'BRIEN (*The Painted Desert*) Best recalled as a two-fisted, humorous star of Westerns, George, now 70, has enjoyed several careers. In silents, he was a top leading man (do you recall him in *Sunrise* with Janet Gaynor?). During the '30s and '40s, his sagebrush dramas were big boxoffice. He was a Navy officer in WW II (he'd been in the Navy in World War I, too). In 1950, after more Westerns, he became a U.S. Government film supervisor. He came out of retirement, briefly, to play a character role for director-pal John Ford in 1964's *Cheyenne Autumn.* Divorced (since '49) from actress Marguerite Churchill, he has one grown son. Today, he lives in California but spends much time in Hawaii (where our photo was made of him with Dorothy Mackaill, his co-star in 1931's *The Man Who Came Back*).

DOROTHY MACKAILL (*No Man Of Her Own*) Honolulu has been Dorothy's home for many of the years since her retirement from the screen after 1937's *Bulldog Drummond At Bay.* Now 67, Dorothy had a brief screen career in her native England, and was a Ziegfeld chorine, before becoming famous as a leading lady in such American films as *Dancer Of Paris, Kept Husbands* (with Joel McCrea) and *The Chief* (with Ed Wynn).

BETTY BRONSON (*Peter Pan*) A favorite leading lady in silents (*A Kiss For Cinderella* and *The Cat's Pajamas* were other films of hers), Betty hasn't appeared in movies since *The Yodelin' Kid From Pine Ridge,* opposite Gene Autry, in '37. Still living near Hollywood—her husband, Ludwig Lauerhass (see photo), is with a Pasadena pharmaceutical firm—she accepts an occasional TV role (*My Three Sons, Dr. Kildare*). Mother of a grown son, Betty's now 63.

ESTHER WILLIAMS (*Bathing Beauty*) AND FERNANDO LAMAS (*The Merry Widow*) This still-handsome couple made news Dec. 31, 1969, when they married—*again*—at Founders' Church of Religious Science, near Hollywood. They'd first exchanged vows in a civil ceremony in Europe in '67. Esther was married two times earlier—to Leonard Kovner (1940-44), to Ben Gage (1945-57), by whom she has three children: Benjamin, Kimball and Susan, the youngest, now 17. From the early '40s, for 10 years, Esther was MGM's Technicolor queen of aquacade-style musicals. She and Fernando co-starred in one of her last, *Dangerous When Wet.* After two unsuccessful dramatic films in '61 (*The Big Show* and *The Magic Fountain*), Esther retired—except for a recent Kelloggs cereal-swimming commercial on TV. She's 47 now. Argentina's Fernando, 53, has made a successful switch from acting to directing TV series such as *The Bold Ones.* Santa Monica is home.

STERLING HAYDEN (*Asphalt Jungle*) When he started in 1941, in *Virginia* (starring Madeleine Carroll who became the first of his three wives), they pegged him "the handsomest man in movies." No more. But they do hail him as a powerful actor now in his few-and-far-between movies, like *Dr. Strangelove* and the brand-new *Sweet Hunters* (with Susan Strasberg). A Hollywood maverick, Sterling is also a man of many talents, including sailing and writing—his 1963 book, *Wanderer* (Knopf), was one of the best and most honest star-autobiographies ever written. Divorced from socialite Betty DeNoon, by whom he has four children (Christian, Gretchen, Dana and Matthew), 54-year-old Sterling lives in San Francisco and has been married (since 1960) to Catherine McConnell.

DOROTHY LAMOUR (*Road To Singapore*) Between 1936's *Jungle Princess* and 1953's *The Greatest Show On Earth,* Dottie was a Paramount luminary and undisputed Sarong Queen. Then she retired to Baltimore, home of her socialite husband (since '43), Bill Howard, and reared their sons, John and Richard, now grown. She's made only an occasional guest appearance in movies since: *Road To Hong Kong* (as a favor to "Road" pals Bob Hope and Bing Crosby), *Donovan's Reef* ('63), *Pajama Party* ('65), and the new and dreadful *The Phynx* (Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Pat O'Brien also did guests bits in this). Now she's living permanently in Hollywood again—hubby Bill's made a grand recovery from the terribly serious illness that plagued him in recent years—and Dottie says she's ready for screen action once more. Recently she scored a big hit in a P.A. with Bob Hope at Houston's Astrodome. December 10 marks her 56th birthday; shattering news to all those WW II GIs who doted on her pin-ups!

CLAIRE TREVOR (*Key Largo*) This movie won an Oscar for Claire, now 58, but she also gave unforgettable performances in *Stagecoach* (the original, great version), *Murder, My Sweet,* and *Crack-Up.* Claire's most recent screen role was in *How To Murder Your Wife,* five years ago. She has a grown son, Clyde Dunsmoore, by her second marriage, which ended in divorce as did her first, to Clark Andrews. Since '48 she has been the wife of screenland agent Milton Bren. Socially, they're among Hollywood's elite; home is a posh beach house at Balboa.

ANN RUTHERFORD (the *Andy Hardy* movies) She retains, in her late 40s, the perky humor that won her millions of fans when she was Mickey Rooney's elusive

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How does erection actually happen?
What percentage of men suffer from impotence?
What are the three major types of impotence—and how does medical science now deal with each?
What is the Japanese invention that lets even totally impotent men have real intercourse?
How can a man retain his potency, even if he loses his prostate, or his testicles?

THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS—

How can a woman become pregnant without sexual intercourse?
Exactly how do the female genital organs change in preparation for intercourse?
What happens in a woman's body during intercourse? What is the exact trigger-process?

What are the several different varieties of female orgasm? Why do scientists now believe that there is an orgasm central control located in the female body?

How can almost half the women who do not achieve orgasms today *train themselves* to do so?

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE—

Why do other societies use older women to teach younger men the techniques of sexual intercourse, regularly, and as a matter of honored custom?
What is "total sexual stimulation", and how can it be achieved?
What is the best way a woman can encourage a strong erection in a questionably potent man?
How can a couple control the timing of their orgasms, if they want them to be mutual?

APHRODISIACS—

What exactly is Spanish Fly? How does it work? What are its dangers?
What are the different types of plastic surgery done to both male and female sexual organs throughout the world? What effects do they have on successful sexual performance?
What foods have been favored as aphrodisiacs throughout man's history? What is their true effect on sexual performance?

SEXUAL PERVERSION—

Is homosexuality a hormone problem? Can it be cured by hormone injections?
How and where do homosexuals "cruise"? How long is their average encounter with another man? Exactly what do they do?
What is sadistic and masochistic homosexuality, and what do they do?
What do the main terms of homosexual slang mean?
How do European doctors change men into women? What exactly does the operation consist of?
What does a "Peeping Tom" do? And why? Is he dangerous? Are there women Peepers?
What does an exhibitionist do? And why? Do exhibitionists and Peeping Toms ever get together? And then what happens?

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How many forms of masturbation are there? What is the difference between child and adult masturbation? Between homosexual and heterosexual masturbation?
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About the Author
DAVID R. REUBEN, M. D.

Arthur Shay

He is a graduate of the University of Illinois Medical School. A former chief of neuropsychiatry at Walker Air Force Base Hospital, and clinical research associate in the Department of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School; he is currently in private psychiatric practice in San Diego, California. He has received praise for *Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Sex* on such national television shows as Johnny Carson . . . David Frost . . . Dick Cavett . . . Art Linkletter . . . and half a dozen more!

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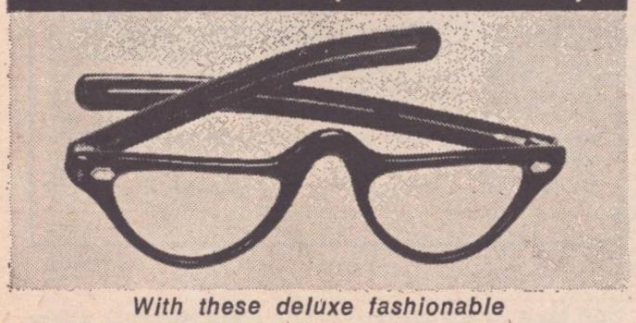

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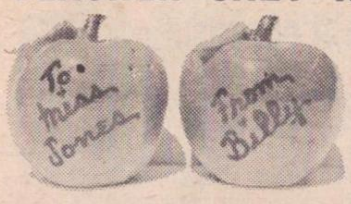

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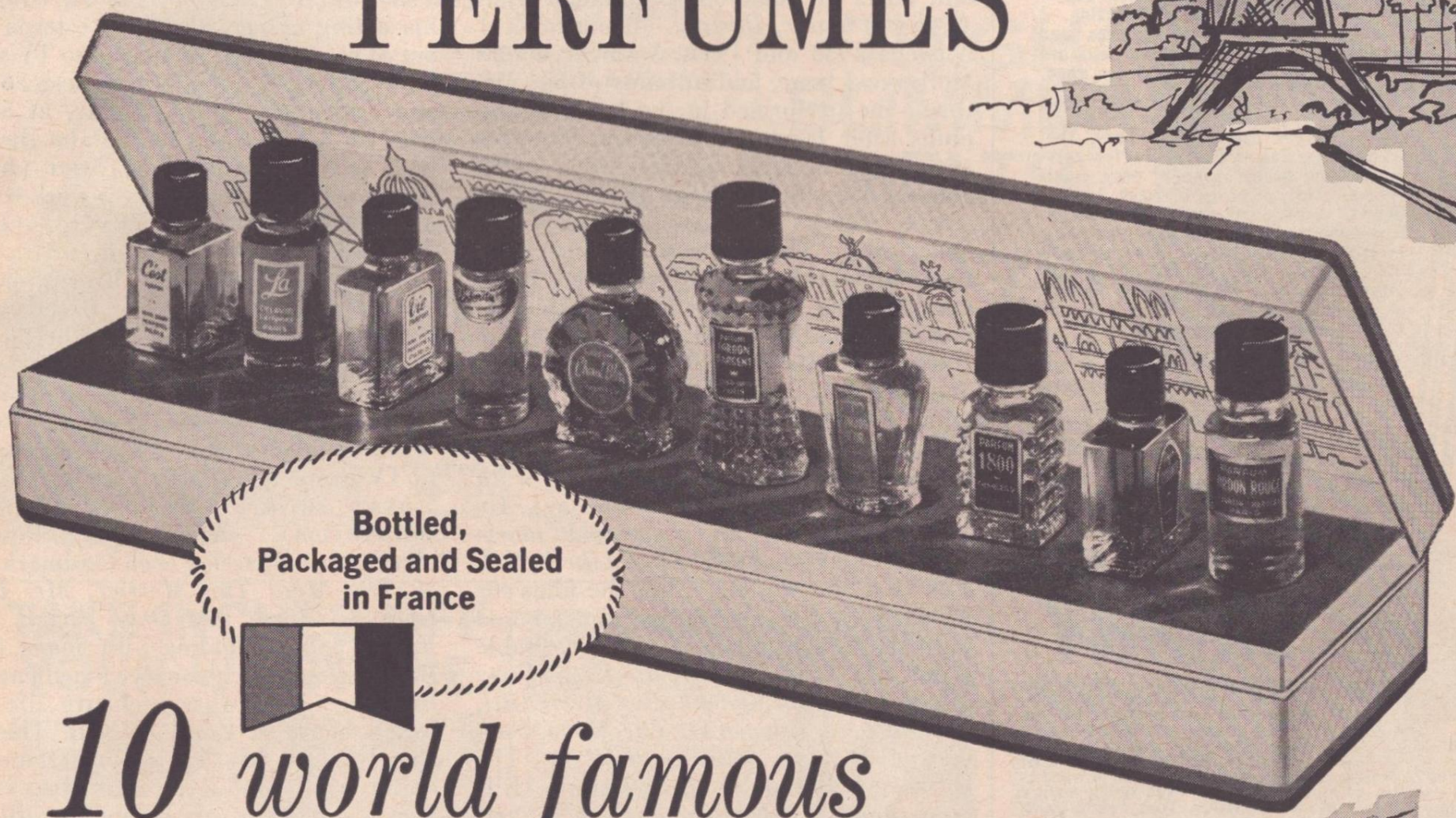

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"Polly Benedict." Out of movies since *The Adventures Of Don Juan* and *Operation Haylift*, more than 20 years ago, Ann briefly came out of retirement last year for one episode in TV's *Love, American Style*. Ann has a grown daughter, Gloria, by department store-millionaire David May. In '53, soon after they divorced, she wed producer William Dozier (he'd been married to Joan Fontaine).

CONSTANCE MOORE (*I Wanted Wings*) She toplined countless B pictures (*Earl Carroll's Vanities*, etc.) and played second leads in numerous big-budget films (*Take A Letter, Darling*, among others) between 1938 and 1947. A singer before Hollywood fame, and in many of her pictures, she performed in the better nightclubs after leaving the screen. Now 51, she's been married to Hollywood agent Johnny Maschio for more than 20 years.

PAT O'BRIEN (*Knute Rockne—All American*) These days you're more likely to see this ruggedly charming Irishman starring in a touring play than in movies. Usually, you'll also find his costars to be wife Eloise (they wed in '31) and youngest daughter Kathleen. (Their other grown children: Mavourneen, Patrick and Terence.) You may also "meet" Pat in his delightful autobiography, *With The Wind At My Back* (Doubleday). He still appears in an occasional movie (*Town Tamer*, in 1965, *Some Like It Hot, The Last Hurrah*, etc.), but the films for which Pat will always be remembered were those made when he was a veritable pillar of Warners: *Angels With Dirty Faces, The Fighting 69th, Boy Meets Girl, Ceiling Zero, Garden Of The Moon, Submarine D-1*, etc. Pat is now 71. The O'Briens still maintain their Beverly Hills home, but also spend much time in New York where so many of Pat's "Irish Mafia" theatrical cronies now live.

ANN SOTHERN (*Maisie*) She was one of MGM's great and shining stars (*Lady Be Good, Cry Havoc, Panama Hattie*, etc.), as well as TV's (*Private Secretary* and *The Ann Sothern Show*). Mostly, in recent years, Ann, who is 61, has been resting on her residuals in her Beverly Hills home—and enjoying the success of actress-daughter Tisha Sterling (her only child, by 2nd husband Robert Sterling). Ann's been in four movies in the past decade: *Lady In A Cage* ('64), *The Best Man* ('64), *Sylvia* ('65), and *Chubasco* ('68). Last season, she starred in one episode of ABC's *Love, American Style*, a bit plumper perhaps than most TV fans recall, but the inimitable, wry Sothern charm was much in evidence.

EVELYN VENABLE (*Death Takes A Holiday*) Long and happily married to Oscar-winning (*Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Phantom Of The Opera*) cinematographer Hal Mohr, Evelyn—now 55—retired after '43's *He Hired The Boss*. A favorite leading lady in the 1930s, she is fondly recalled for *The Cradle Song, The Frontiersman*, and *The Little Colonel*, in which she played Shirley Temple's mother.

WILLIAM BOYD (*Hopalong Cassidy Enters*) He began playing "Hoppy" in 1935 (after starting in pictures in 1919) and by 1951 had starred in 66 *Hopalong Cassidy* movies. Owning all rights to them, he found a new career by releasing them to TV. Then he starred in a whole new series made expressly for television. Retiring in the mid-1950s, to Newport Beach, Calif., Bill recently celebrated his 72nd birthday and, on the same day (June 5), the 33rd anniversary of his (second) marriage to actress Grace Bradley. Bill reportedly suffered a mild heart attack last year but is going great guns once more.

RUSSELL HAYDEN (*Hopalong Cassidy Returns*) Perhaps best-recalled as "Hoppy's" handsome sidekick "Lucky," Russell, on his own, was among the Top Ten Cowboy Stars in 1943-44. Dropping his acting career when B-Westerns went out of vogue in '54, he turned to TV where he produced-directed two series: *26 Men* and *Judge Roy Bean*. Today, at 58, he lives on a big ranch near Palm Springs, with second wife Lillian Porter (former Paramount starlet) and is at work writing a movie script. . . . JAN CLAYTON (*Lassie* TV series) She was the first Mrs. Russell Hayden. After their divorce, she became a musical star on Broadway in *Carousel* and *Show Boat*, then became the first "mother of the boy" on TV's *Lassie*. Inactive now except for summer tours in musicals, Jan (she was *Jane* Clayton in Western movies) has long been married to TV composer George Greeley.

JEAN ARTHUR (*Mr. Smith Goes To Washington*) After a long, topnotch career, encompassing such landmark films as *The More The Merrier, Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *Only Angels Have Wings*, and concluding with *Shane* ('53), the dazzling, trick-voiced comedienne retired to a somewhat reclusive life at a beach house in Carmel, Calif. This was shortly after her 17-year marriage (no children) to producer Frank Ross ended. Her companion at Carmel, until she passed away a few years ago, was her mother, Mrs. Greene. Three years ago, Jean came out of retirement for a comedy TV series, *The Jean Arthur Show*, which flopped in 13 weeks. More recently, she has coached drama at Vassar. "Driftwood," though, her house at Carmel, remains home to the 64-year-old star.

VICTOR MATURE (*Samson And Delilah*) Soon after his first movie, 1939's *The Housekeeper's Daughter*, they tabbed him "a beautiful hunk of man." Now, at 54, he's changed so little, the label could still fit. Except for a few strands of gray in his curly black locks, Victor still looks just as he did in those dozens of movies at Fox (*My Gal Sal, Kiss Of Death*, etc.) and RKO (*The Las Vegas Story, Affair With A Stranger*, etc.). Today, a very rich man, he lives a life of luxury (golfing, hunting) in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif., with fourth wife (since '59) Adrianne Urwich. No children. Wealthy from his films, he also came into an inheritance 11 years ago. His business interests: restaurants, nightclubs, real estate, electronics. Since "retiring" from movies in '61, he's been in only two pictures: Peter Sellers' *After The Fox* in '66 (playing an aging movie actor) and *Head* (five days' work at a fat fee in a movie made a few blocks from his house).

KEN MAYNARD (*The Three Mesquiteers*) One of the great cowboy stars of all time—125 pictures between 1924 and 1946—and now 75, he still makes an occasional guest appearance at Wild West shows or on TV. He lives alone now in a

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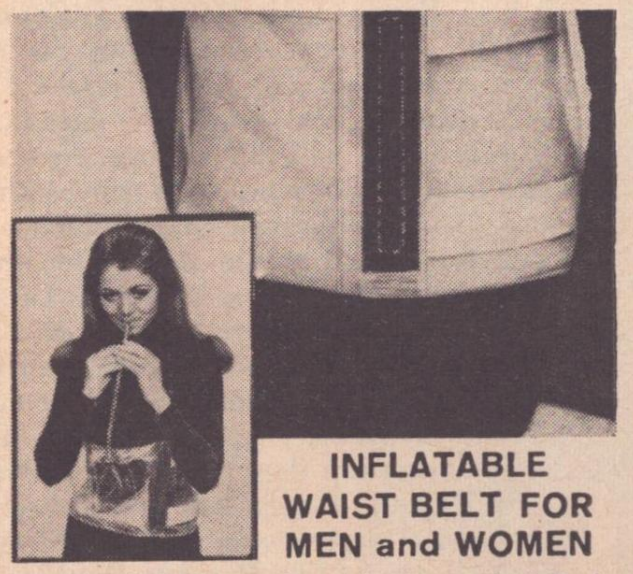

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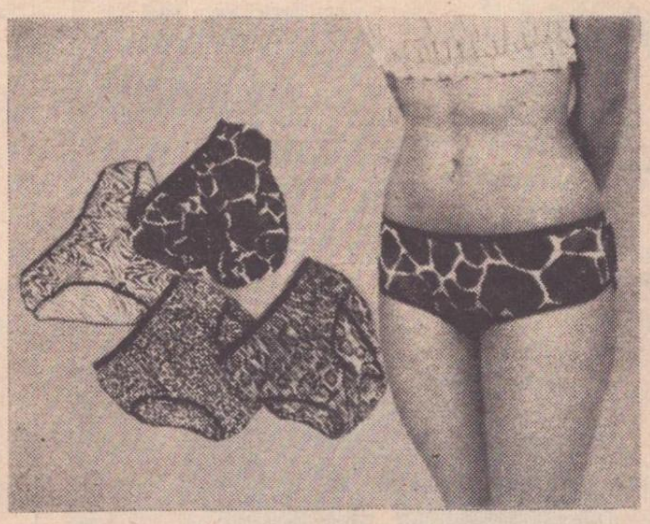

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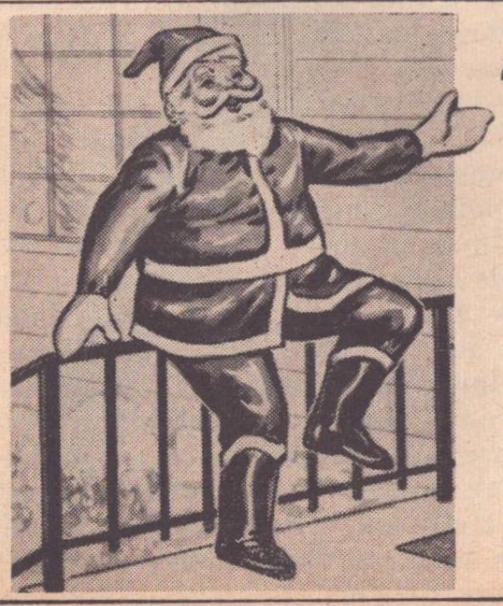

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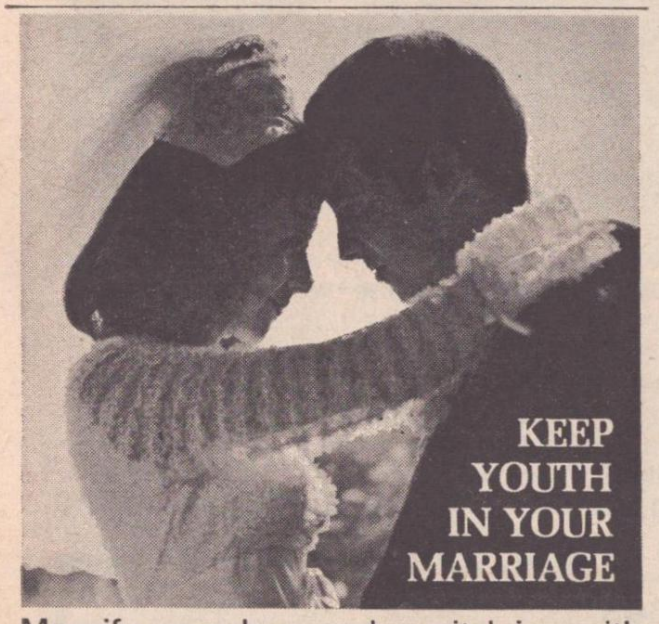

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trailer camp in the San Fernando Valley, after the death of wife Bertha Denham last year. They'd been married 29 years.

TERESA WRIGHT (*The Best Years Of Our Lives*) Not only was she nominated for an Oscar for her first movie, *The Little Foxes* ('41), she's also the only actress ever nominated for two Academy Awards in the same year! In '42, she was up for Best Actress in *Pride Of The Yankees* (she lost) and Best Supporting Actress in *Mrs. Miniver* (she won). Quitting Hollywood after *The Restless Years*, in '58, sweet-faced Teresa wed playwright Robert Anderson (*Tea And Sympathy*) the following year. They live in Bridgewater, Conn., and she starred two years ago in his play *I Never Sang For My Father*. She has two grown children, Mary Kelly and Niven, both married, by novelist Niven Busch. Teresa is now 51.

SUSAN HAYWARD (*I Want To Live*) Away from movies since *Valley Of The Dolls*, the spirited, redhaired Oscar-winner recently visited Hollywood (from her Florida home) to discuss a comeback in movies or TV. Wealthy and widowed (husband Eaton Chalkley died four years ago), the 52-year-old star is a grandmother now (via one of her 25-year-old twin sons by actor Jess Barker). The "idle rich" life apparently is not for this spunky Brooklyn girl: she recently went on safari in Africa—and developed pneumonia, fished for giant marlin in the Bahamas—and broke an arm reeling in a "big one," bought a new motorbike—and suffered a broken ankle when it fell on her. But she's recovered from all that and is ready to get back into acting again!

JEROME COURTLAND (*Together Again*) As a handsome, gangling teenager making his movie debut in this 1945 Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer film, Courtland became an instant juvenile star for Columbia. Today, still handsome at 43, he's back at the same studio—rather, its TV division, Screen Gems—as producer of the new series *Nancy*. In between, Courtland was in a number of war films (*Battleground*) and Westerns (*Cripple Creek*), was married to and divorced from Polly Bergen, was on Broadway in *Flahooley*, did many stints for Disney (*Saga Of Andy Burnett*, etc.), acted for six years in Europe in German and Italian films. Back in Hollywood, he was assoc. producer of movies (*The Gnomobile*) and TV series (*Here Come The Brides, Flying Nun*). Today, wed to a beauty named Janet, he has three sons and two daughters, and lives—prosperously!—in Thousand Oaks, Calif.

RUTH DONNELLY (*Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*) The droll comedienne in perhaps a hundred movies (mostly at Warners) is still active (and acting) at 74 though her last picture was 20th's *The Way To The Gold* ('57). She was widowed, after 26 years of marriage, the following year. Costarring with Dorothy Stickney in a Broadway comedy, *The Riot Act*, about five seasons ago, Ruth received rave reviews. New York had long been her home. Remember her (as the delightful nun) in *The Bells Of St. Mary's? A Slight Case Of Murder? Mr. Smith Goes To Washington?*

DIXIE DUNBAR The doll-faced ingenue from Dixie (in Fox's frothy comedies of the '30s) leads a highly social life in Manhattan as the wife—for many years—of a wealthy New York businessman.

LASH LARUE (*King Of The Bullwhip*) The Bogart look-alike starred in 36 B-type Westerns. (His screen trademark: whip tricks and his all-black garb.) When his cowboy-hero career ended in the '50s, Lash toured awhile with a circus, played a few character roles in movies, hosted a local TV show in L.A. featuring his old films. Then, with his wife, he went into the motel business in Las Vegas. When they divorced, the motel went to his wife. Now 49, and the dad of a teenage son, Lash has more recently been a salesman of water-conditioners in Los Angeles.

FLORENCE RICE (*Stand Up And Fight*) One of MGM's top leading ladies in the '30s (often opposite Robert Young, in *Miracles For Sale, Married Before Breakfast*, etc.), the blonde, blue-eyed daughter of famed sports columnist Grantland Rice quit movies in 1943. Now Mrs. Fred Butler, Florence, who is 59, leads a socialite life in Honolulu, her home for many years.

PEGGY RYAN (*The Merry Monahans*) Thanks to more than a dozen youth-slanted, B-musicals at Universal in the mid-40s, Peggy and Donald O'Connor were the ace teen dance team on the screen. Remember *Top Man, Patrick The Great, Chip Off The Old Block*? Her farewell movie was '53's *All Ashore*. Now 46, Peggy lives in Honolulu with third hubby (since 1958) Eddie Sherman, famed columnist on the Honolulu *Advertiser*. She has a grown son, James, by James Cross, and a daughter, Kerry, by dancer Ray McDonald (he committed suicide after his career, which began in Garland-Rooney musicals like *Babes In Arms*, fizzled). Besides teaching tap dancing at the University of Hawaii, Peggy has been playing Jack Lord's secretary in *Hawaii Five-O*.

NANCY GUILD (*The Brasher Doubloon*) Best recalled for the femme lead opposite the late John Hodiak in *Somewhere In The Night*, Nancy left the screen 15 years ago to wed millionaire-Broadway producer (*Guys And Dolls*) Ernest Martin and raise a family. A Manhattan town house is home. Still elegantly beautiful at 44, Nancy's planning to resume her screen career now that her hubby's in Hollywood to produce his latest musical, *Mame*, for Warners.

WINIFRED "WINI" SHAW (*Gold Diggers Of 1935*) The dark-haired singer, perhaps most famous for her big "Lullaby Of Broadway" number in this film, was spotlighted in more than a dozen WB musicals after '34, including her exit film, *Melody For Two*, with the late James Melton in '37. Widowed before she entered films, Wini reared her three children alone, now has 10 grandchildren. She's been married for 15 years to William O'Malley, asst. treasurer of Broadway's Mark Hellinger Theater. Occasionally, she, too, works in the box office of another New York theater; she's also on the exec-

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utive board of the Catholic Actors Guild. Retired from performing, Wini, now 60, lives in Sunnyside, Queens (New York City).

YESTERDAY'S JUVENILES: JAMES LYDON (*Henry Aldrich* movies) No longer the movies' cracked-voice juvenile, at 47, Lydon was recently assoc. producer of the film *The Learning Tree* . . . BILLY and BOBBY MAUCH (*The Prince And The Pauper*) Perhaps motion pictures' most famous juvenile twin act (in *Penrod* and *Penrod And Sam*, etc.) during the late '30s, they're both active behind the scenes in Hollywood now. Bobby (now Robert) is a makeup man; Billy (now William) recently won an award as one of the Sound Editors on the movie *The Wild Bunch*. They're 46 . . . GENE REYNOLDS (*They Shall Have Music*) Another top juvenile of the '30s and early '40s—always the "sensitive" type—Gene is today the Emmy-winning producer of the TV hit *Room 222*. . . . DARRYL HICKMAN (*The Grapes Of Wrath*) After a long career as one of the movies' top kid actors, Darryl turned to TV (series *The Blue And The Gold*; recent guesting on *Love—American Style*) and Broadway. He starred (after Robert Morse) in *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*. Recently, he headlined on tour in the title role in the musical *George M*. Presently he's writing a musical based on famous Sardi's restaurant. He's now 38, is married, lives in Manhattan, has two boys, Damion, 10, and Justin, 6.

—DAVID RAGAN

(Editor's Note: If you enjoyed this special round-up of screen favorites of yesterday, and would like us to publish another sometime in the future, please write us. Also, we would like for you to tell us which stars you want to see included.)

CHAD EVERETT

(*Continued from page* 52)

"Well. . ." Deeny fumbled for an explanation. "It means . . . well, it means. . ."

"Let's think together about what it means," the handsome boy said. "Now, for starters, 'Our Father.' You know Who that is, don't you?"

And thus Ray Cramton, known today as Chad Everett, star of TV's *Medical Center*, started to teach his sister the real meaning of prayer. It was one of the dozens of lessons he's taught her by example, admonition, explanation, and love.

"If you really want to know Ray," his mother says, "talk to Deeny about him. They have always been very close. She may know him better than any of us."

"She followed him everywhere that she could," Chad's father says of his daughter and son. "And he'd take her with him. He's always been good to her."

Today Deeny is a lovely, young woman —so lovely that, when she recently visited Chad on the West Coast she was offered a part in a television series. But her brother advised her not to take it.

"My sister isn't an actress. She's an artist," he told studio executives, and Deeny, knowing he was right, agreed. She has definite artistic talent, and no desire at all to perform.

Eight-and-a-half years younger than her brother, she's not quite sure whether her earliest impressions of him are actually remembered or the result of stories told and retold by parents and friends.

"I don't suppose I can remember this," Deeny says, "but when I was little, Ray pushed me in my buggy or stroller until other boys teased him about it. Two or three times a week he'd have to fight to convince them he wasn't a sissy."

The Cramtons lived in various Michigan neighborhoods with the all-American attributes memorialized by the Andy Hardy pictures. Maturing within a loving family circle and in neighborhoods such as these, Chad and Deeny experienced disappointments but no heartbreaks and fell into mischief but never into vice.

"While I was still just a little girl," Deeny laughs, "Ray taught me to fight. There was a big boy on the next block who picked on smaller children, including me. He said he was going to beat me up. So Ray got gloves and put them on me."

Chad, a natural-born athlete, has always worked hard to stay physically fit.

"Sometimes," his father says, "people compliment him by saying that he has a naturally fine body. That's true, so far as it goes, but he's taken care of his body, too. While he was growing up, he worked out regularly. He's never taken physical fitness for granted."

So, by the time Deeny was old enough to roughhouse in the backyard with neighborhood children, including the young bully down the street, Chad knew a thing or two about self defense.

"If you have to fight, Deeny," he advised his little sister, "you may as well do it right. Because, if you know how to take care of yourself, you won't have to fight so often. Nobody will pick on you, if he thinks you'll win."

Deeny, always agreeable to anything Chad suggested, stuck out her small hands and let him secure the boxing gloves. Chad also put on a pair. "Okay," he said. "Now when somebody comes at you, here's what you do."

"I got to be pretty good," Deeny recalls. "Ray—or Chad as you call him—taught me so many things. He was always teaching me something."

Whether her problems were scholastic, social or spiritual, Chad came through.

"Maybe he wouldn't want me to mention this," Deeny says, "but I never understood the prayer I said at bedtime until he explained it to me. I was very young. I prayed every night but I just said words, although I didn't realize that's all I was doing. I had no idea what some of the words even meant. Then he went over the prayer with me, word by word, until everything was clear. For the first time I thought, 'Hey, there's a meaning to the Lord's Prayer.' "

Though Deeny thought her brother was perfect, he wasn't, of course. And now, as she looks back over the years before he left home to become an actor, she sees a few of his human weaknesses.

"I only resented one thing about him," she says. "I was jealous, because he could stay up later than I could. When our parents went out and left us together,

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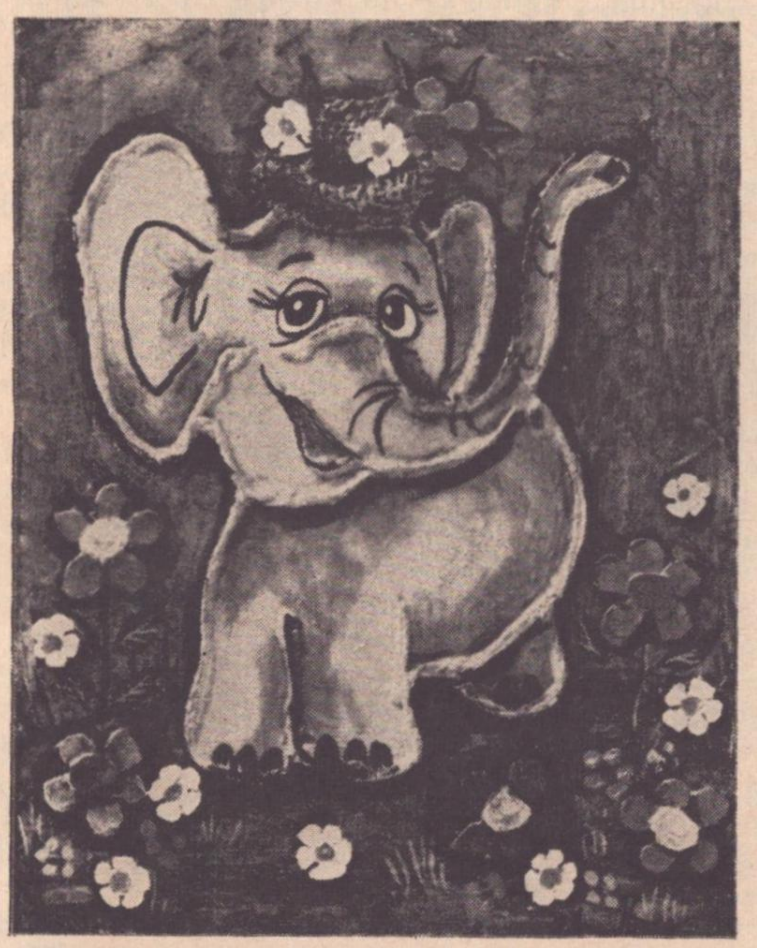

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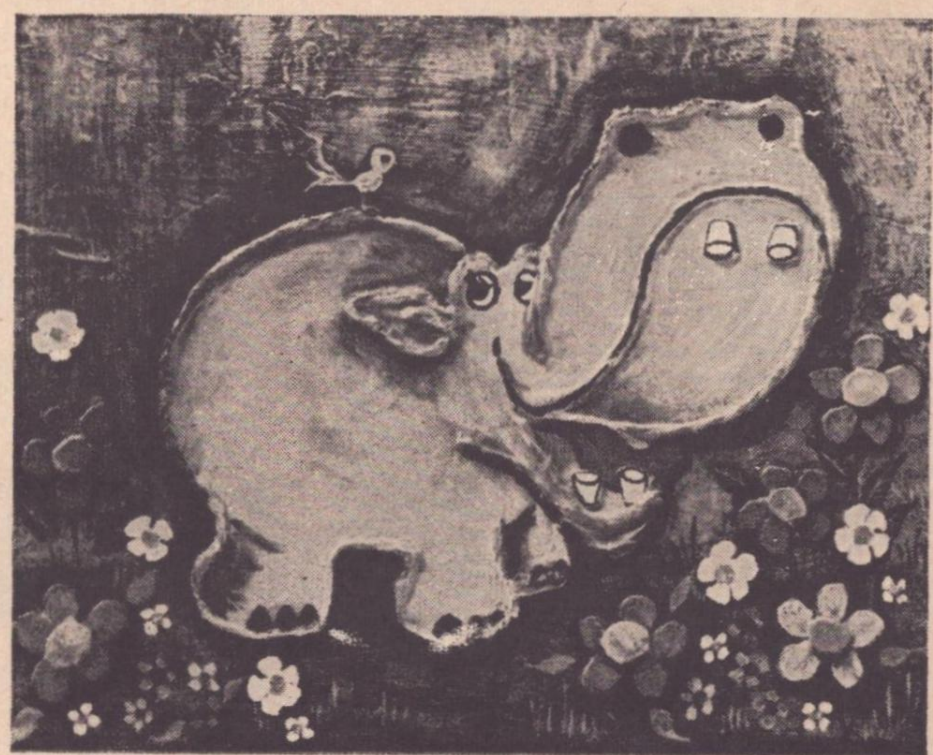

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they'd tell Ray I had to go to bed at a certain hour—nine o'clock for example—but, if we were alone, he'd let me stay up later. However, if some of his friends were over, they'd want to get rid of me earlier and would tell me it was later than it really was."

Showing uncommon tolerance, Chad often let his little sister go out with him in the family car.

"Our dad has always been interested in automobiles," Deeny relates, "so we had a souped-up car. Once when Ray and I were riding around in it, he got into a drag race, and the police chased us.

"He made me promise not to tell our parents what had happened, and I never did. . . . And I never did feel guilty about it either," she laughs.

Perhaps she didn't feel guilty because, subconsciously, she knew she wasn't hiding a thing. For today her father says he was pretty sure all the time that Chad had been racing, and that Deeny was an accessory before, during and after the fact.

Chad not only took Deeny drag racing, he sometimes took her to dinner, carefully opening doors for her and helping her with her coat, so that she'd learn what to expect and demand of the young men who would escort her later.

"He left home before I was old enough to date," she says, "and he's never told me what sort of fellows to go out with. However, he *did* teach me to question things before doing them, if you understand what I mean. I think he felt this was more important than telling me to date this person but not that one."

Naturally, in view of all the other things he'd taught her, Chad also taught Deeny to dance.

"I'm very proud of him," Chad's sister says of her brother. "I've always been proud of him, long before he was an actor.

"I didn't feel so bad when he left home for college, but I did when he left for New York, because then I knew he was going for good. But I knew that was what he had to do, so I accepted it."

Chad took his permanent leave from home after two temporary departures. First, he'd gone away to college, where he'd become seriously interested in drama. Next, he'd gone to India with a theater group sponsored by the State Department. His trip to India was an accident, because Chad had auditioned for what he believed to be a dramatic group scheduled to tour the United States.

"He surprised me when he got back from that trip," Deeny remembers. "I knew he was coming home that day, but I didn't know exactly when he'd get there. When I came home from school, he was hiding behind the door."

For a while, he stayed with his family, appearing in plays in the Detroit area. But he knew he had to move on to New York or Los Angeles eventually where greater acting opportunities lay.

He went to New York, and it was there that William Orr, then head of Warner Brothers television production, took an option on his talents. His career in California followed.

Although Chad's parents claim he's been in love almost all of his life with first one girl and then another, Deeny wasn't impressed by any of his romances before he met his wife, actress Shelby Grant.

"I don't think I paid much attention to the girls he dated while he was living at home," she says. "But when he told us about Shelby and said he was bringing her to visit us, we were all nervous. They were engaged at the time. It sounds funny to say this, since Ray was already an actor, but we were nervous about meeting Shelby, because *she* was an actress.

"I'd never met an actress before—not a real one—and I had stereotyped ideas about actresses. You know what you imagine. I thought they wore lots of chinchilla and mink and led French poodles.

"But the minute we saw Shelby walking toward us, we loved her," Deeny goes on. "She was one of us from the first. We weren't nervous anymore."

It would be ridiculous to call Shelby Grant Everett "as plain as an old shoe" or "just plain folk," because there's nothing plain about her. She's extraordinary in every respect.

However, she is a small-town girl from Wagoner, Oklahoma, and a former school teacher, who is both unaffected and level-headed. It was inevitable that she and the Cramtons would feel instant rapport and that Chad's sister would become her sister, too.

Though Deeny has grown up and is separated from Chad by approximately 2,000 miles, she continues to rely upon him for guidance.

Through wise comments and questions, Chad sometimes still clears her thinking just as he did when she was a child reciting the Lord's Prayer.

"I was engaged about two years ago," Deeny says, "and I wrote Ray about it. I thought I was ready to get married. But he wrote back two days later and said that, from my letter, he didn't think I was. He made some points, and after I considered them a while, I knew he was right. I wasn't ready to marry."

Chad has taught his sister to dance, to fight, to pray and to evaluate love. And, through his marriage to Shelby, he's also shown her what marriage *should* be.

—NANCY ANDERSON

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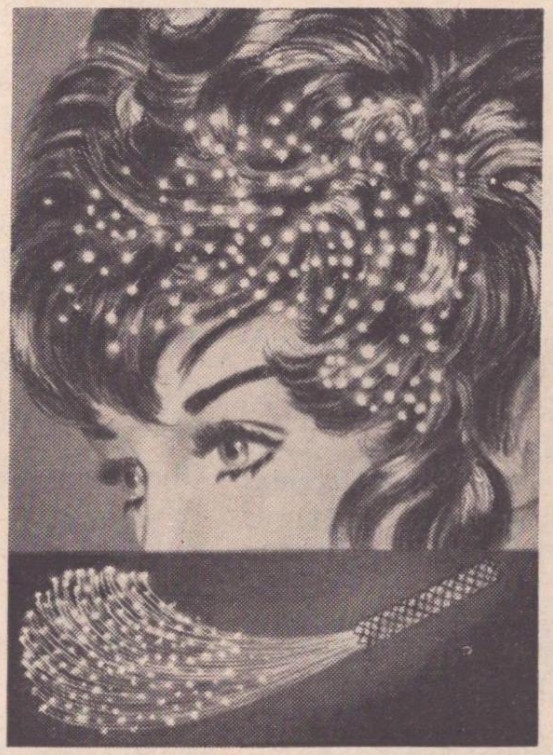

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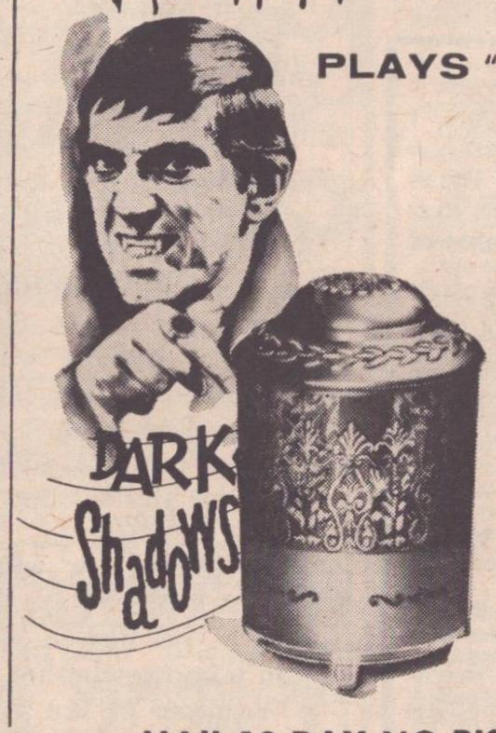

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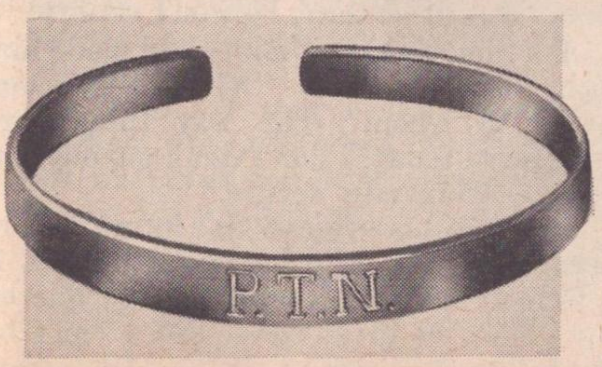

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MIKE CONNORS

(*Continued from page* 56)

the producer. Or to the postal authorities.

Carefully Mike smoothed the pages and, refolding them, slipped them into his pocket. He wondered whether he'd ever hear from the writer again.

Mike Connors is a conscientious man as well as a good actor, so he reads much of his fan mail himself.

"Most of the letters I see are quite intelligent and perceptive," Mike says. "I enjoy reading those. I don't get the other kind often."

The most disturbing letters Mike has ever received, though, were two which charged him with murder. The first of these disturbed him but didn't really alarm him. However, the *second* letter was another matter. This time the anonymous accuser sounded a clear warning. The writer knew Mike's "sordid history," the letter warned, and was coming to Los Angeles to shoot him!

Mike Connors is no coward. He served bravely in World War II. But he's no idiot, either, so, with a threat made against his life, he turned the matter over to the F.B.I.

"Although the letters weren't signed," Mike says, "the F.B.I. found the woman who had written them. She lived in the Middle West and was sure I'd killed some girls in her home town.

"No, she wasn't in an institution of any kind. So she could easily have come to Los Angeles after me."

Mike doesn't say where the woman is now, but, hopefully, she is receiving medical treatment to rid her of her dark and twisted fantasies.

Some letters which come to Connors are poignant rather than alarming. And these are more haunting than threats.

Recently a man wrote that his daughter had died after a long illness, leaving his wife distraught with grief. His daughter had been a *Mannix* fan, the father wrote, who had watched the series with pleasure during the weeks of her terminal illness.

Since *Mannix* was also the mother's favorite show, the father ventured a hope. Perhaps, he said, if his wife could appear on the show, playing a small part in one episode, the adventure might shake her out of her despair.

"I don't know whether we can do this or not," Mike says, "but we are looking into it. I'd like to help the family. I just don't know whether it will be possible."

Volumes of fan mail, including the unorthodox, is part of the largess *Mannix* has brought to Mike, who, prior to the series, hadn't been doing too well in Hollywood.

Mike starred in one previous series, *Tightrope*, but it had been cancelled after a single season, despite its considerable popularity. And, though he'd worked in several feature pictures, none of them had added much to his fame or future as an actor. In addition, a number of these took him on long locations away from his home and family.

In 1965, five years after the demise of *Tightrope* and a couple of seasons before *Mannix*, Mike admitted that for him, from a professional point of view, times were rather tough.

"On my first trip to Europe," he said, referring to a location trip, "my wife was with me seven weeks, but I was away from my kids three months. I missed them. On my second trip, my wife joined me toward the end of the picture for four or five weeks, but it was a little boring for her. We worked nights much of the time.

"Next time," Mike says enthusiastically, "I'm going to take my entire family and keep them with me. Are there temptations when a man is away from his family? Well, sure. But there are temptations everywhere, so. . ."

As an actor at the mercy of the overseas production craze, Mike grew weary of living out of a suitcase and constantly kissing his wife, Mary Lou, goodbye. Nevertheless, he preferred that to accepting some of the work available to him at home. Since he's a man of principle, there were compromises he couldn't make.

Mike as a 'sex maniac"?

"There are movies I refuse to make," he declared. "I was offered a TV show dealing with a sex maniac, a molester of children. I could have used the money, but I turned it down. There are *some* things a man can't do for money.

"A performer has to act. If he's in the profession, he has to be professional, but he also has to draw the line. Sometimes he's forced to compromise a little, because he has a family to support. It's easier to pick and choose when a man is financially independent, but every actor is forced at some time in his career to make a decision between moral and financial standards."

So Mike took his stand and hoped it wouldn't finish his career. In an era of pill-heads, swingers and hardcore pornography, Connors is refreshingly square. He can't imagine himself playing a nude love scene.

"Men are bigger prudes than women," Mike maintains. "I worked with a little actress whose husband came on the set, though he wasn't supposed to be there, and hid behind a flat. In our scenes, she'd be tense, nervous and apprehensive, because this guy was *very jealous*.

"Finally," Mike continues, "I explained the situation to the director, saying I didn't mind having the husband around, but that I thought we'd have less trouble if he'd leave. After he left, we shot the scene easily. I could understand how the guy felt, though, because I wouldn't like it if my wife were making love to another man in a film or for TV."

Because of Mike's principles which had kept him out of a television series about a child molester, he was available to take the title role in *Mannix*, a show which has won for him a Golden Globe Award and an Emmy nomination. Presumably, he should now feel quite secure, even in the unmercifully competitive world of Hollywood. But, if he does, he won't confirm it.

Ask him whether *Mannix* had made him rich, and he parries. "*Rich?* Rich compared to whom? The way things are structured today, I don't think anyone can ever be financially secure."

As far as his professional future is concerned, he says, "I'd like to think that, if I weren't making *Mannix*, I'd be offered my choice of great roles. But I can't be sure. When I think of some of the actors

who are out of work today, I can't be certain what would happen to me."

On the basis of the success of the series (now going into its fourth year), the Connorses have bought a larger house. But Mike explains, "We always knew we'd have to buy a bigger house one day."

The pure luxury in which they indulged was to buy a house with land, a whole acre of precious Southern California real estate. They also treated themselves to a 400-square-foot bath and dressing room.

"We don't have more rooms than we had before," Mike says. "They are just bigger."

Connors likes his home, and it's well that he does since he spends almost all of his non-working hours there. *Mannix* doesn't leave him time or energy to go anywhere else.

"While the show is in production," he says, "I go to work early and get home late. We can only go out one night of the week, and then I'm sleepy before 11."

A television series, like movies made on faraway locations, strains domestic relations, but it's Mike's good fortune to have a wife who adjusts.

"From a wife's standpoint," he has said, "I think a television series may be the greatest possible test of devotion. During *Tightrope*, I left the house at 6 A.M. before my wife or children were awake. I usually ate on location and didn't get home until 8 or 9 o'clock at night. Then I'd have to study my script for the next day. On Friday nights, I didn't want to go out, because I was so tired, and on Saturday nights I'd be half asleep by 11 o'clock if we did go out. Sunday I had to prepare for Monday's shooting, so it was another day of 'Don't bother me.'

"A wife naturally wants company and companionship. Pretty soon she begins to wonder, 'What is this? I'm just a slave around here.' And that's the way friction develops in marriage. She knows, of course, that a man is doing a job for the family, but sooner or later she begins to wonder if it's *worth* it."

Mike gave this dark assessment of the family life of a television series star after *Tightrope* and before *Mannix*, adding: "First of all, marriage starts with two human beings. As a human being, I have to be doing what I like to do. If I had to alter my way of life out of consideration for my marriage, I think I'd suffer from massive frustration. I'd be irritable and hard to live with."

Mary Lou, understanding this, made no objection when Mike went into *Mannix*. Even with the long hours of work that a series imposes, she'd at least have Mike in town—not away on some far-flung movie location. And he'd be doing what he liked best, portraying an interesting character in a well-written, well-produced drama.

The Connorses have a son, Matthew, who is 11, and a daughter, Dana, 10, neither of whom is particularly impressed by their father's success. They love him, but they aren't awed by his stardom. In fact, when Matthew heard that his father had been nominated for an Emmy, his reaction was a casual, "I hope you get the reward."

Mike, of course, has already gotten his reward—with or without an Emmy. But he doesn't feel he ever earned an accusation of *murder*! —NAN ANDERS

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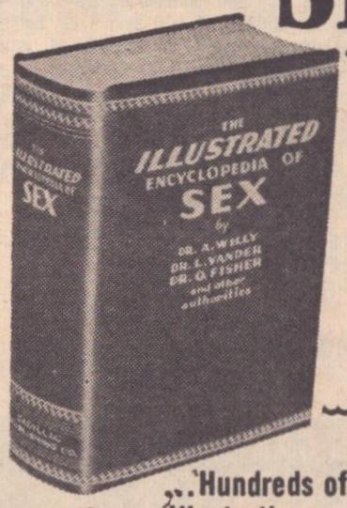

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LUCILLE BALL

(*Continued from page* 54)

in a picture with Esther Williams and Van: "You just gotta have holes in your head!"

At that moment, she sniffed the air, decided the spaghetti sauce needed stirring and dashed for the kitchen. Two minutes later, she screamed. You've never heard a scream like this! It split right into the music and through the storm. She screamed and screamed and never stopped. I was running and the boys were running, I remember thinking of that hot sauce and praying that she wasn't scalded!

When I got to the kitchen, she was still screaming. Desi had her by both shoulders. She wasn't scalded, wasn't hurt—but she was white as a ghost, shaking with fear, and she couldn't talk. I've never seen a human being so terrified! The great blue eyes wide with fright, her knees limp, she pointed toward the kitchen window.

Desi turned her over to me. I put both arms around her and tried to calm her while he grabbed his gun, realized it wasn't loaded—Lucy had banned real bullets in the house—and rushed to the den for his hunting knife. People seemed to be rushing all over the place, peering out windows, trying to locate the danger, scared to rush out in case the intruder was armed.

At this moment, one of the band boys jerked open the kitchen door and in fell the "intruder": a man in a big raincoat and rainhat—his face whiter than Lucy's. It was our friend Bob Parris, who'd dropped by, tried to ring the front door bell but couldn't make anyone hear him. Seeing Lucy head for the back of the house, he had gone around to the kitchen and tapped on the window. Lucy's frenzied screams had almost scared *him* to death.

"I saw two white clutching hands!" she explained, when she was able to stop sobbing. But there was more to her terror than that, I soon learned.

Lucy spent two days in bed, that time, recovering from shock. Her stomach muscles were so sore from screaming, she couldn't even eat. "Isn't it silly to be this way?" she said when I came by the second day to try to feed her a little broth. "I've terrorized myself so, I hope I've got it all out of me forever! But—you know—what happened the other night goes all the way back to my childhood. . . .

"When I was little, we had gypsies going through Jamestown in the summer and camping out near Lake Chautauqua. One caravan made a practice of 'stealing' children in the neighborhood—they'd keep a kid for like an hour and send another kid to get a dollar and pay them off.

"I heard all about it, of course," Lucy shuddered, " but when it happened to *me*, I went wild! I was so scared, I screamed so much, they let me go—would you believe? *without* the dollar."

I would believe. I've heard that scream. And can't you just see 6-year-old Lucy, all eyes and skinny legs, high-strung and emotional and in terror? She had moved with her mother to Jamestown, New York, just a year and a half before—when her dad, a mining engineer, had died in Montana.

Her mother had been pregnant at the time (with Lucy's brother) and they'd moved in with her mother's parents, Fred and Florabelle Hunt. Lucy was very fond of Grandpa and Grandma; as a matter of fact, when her mother remarried, she came back voluntarily to live with them in their little house on West Eighth Street.

"They were warm and human," she told me not long ago, "and even without a father, we had all the trimmings. And then there was my mother. My mother instilled in us a feeling of security I've always hoped to pass on to my own children. I can't remember how she did this—my dad died when I was 4 and mother was awaiting the birth of Freddie.

"After we moved to Jamestown and he was born, she went to work as a buyer in a department store—she had to travel a long way home by streetcar—and after Grandma died, she ran the house, too. She seemed to do it all so easily . . .and now I know it wasn't easy at all! But the security was always there for me and my brother and Cleo—my cousin, who was raised as my sister."

But even all their love couldn't save Lucy from those moments of terror she has always felt so keenly. "I remember I was 9," she recalls, "sitting in Grandpa's swivel chair, poring over a history lesson about an Indian massacre. All of a sudden, I glanced up and saw a stranger's face staring in through our window—and I screamed myself into a fit of fear.

"It happened again when I first came out to Hollywood and was living in that little flat on Formosa. It was a first-floor apartment and I was sitting on the floor picking out records to put on the player when I looked up—right through the window into the ugly face of a Peeping Tom! That time, I wasn't even able to *scream.* I tried . . . I crept out into the hall and tried to call for the manager . . . but I couldn't utter a sound."

That, of course, was the most frightening feeling of all! But interestingly enough—when she has had real cause for terror—my friend the redhead shows great spunk and courage. At 16, she was job-hunting on Broadway without a nickel in her pocket, eating when she could find a "one-doughnut man"—the kind who ordered *two* doughnuts but left one on his plate, which Lucy could then eat surreptitiously.

She stayed with friends of her mother's on that first trek to New York, went to drama school, and was homesick . . . "the kind of homesickness where you can't eat or sleep and you're violently ill. A horrendous experience. When things got too bad, I'd put a nickel in the phone slot, reverse the charges, and cry my eyes out.

"Then Mom would send me the $12 for train fare—or less for the bus, always depending on what she had—and I'd come home. I didn't know exactly what I missed . . . but it would hit me all of a sudden . . .

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and, God, it was *frightening*. Even when I came back to New York at 17"—she worked as a soda jerk, as a waitress, and flopped as a chorus girl—"when I started a modeling career, I must have gone home 82 times."

She was making $35 a week modeling for Hattie Carnegie . . . she was on her *way* . . . when she was in that auto accident in Central Park, emerging a paralytic unable to move from her hips down. She spent three years and eight months in bed, in a wheelchair and on crutches wondering whether she would ever really be able to walk again.

That was a time for terror, but Lucy did no screaming then. She worked hard at getting well. Her mother's faith helped her a lot. When Hattie Carnegie offered Lucy a job again, she practiced with a cane in each hand, but she made it—on her own two feet.

Not too long after, on a hot July day, she ran into a friend who told her they were looking for one more "Goldwyn girl" to round out the dozen they were sending to Hollywood for the Eddie Cantor musical *Roman Scandals*. Why shouldn't Lucy try for it?

"But I'm no showgirl," Lucy said very honestly. "Hollywood won't know the difference," her friend assured her.

It didn't. Lucy faced the cameras for the first time as a showgirl and Eddie gave her one bit in blackface to do in the picture. Then she worked in some two-reel comedies with The Three Stooges at Columbia and thought she was on her way . . . till Columbia had a slight case of housecleaning and she (along with Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond) got fired.

She was only out of work for four hours. There was a showgirl call at RKO and she rushed over and landed in *Roberta*. But those four hours were as frightening as any apparition at any window—for a very special reason.

She'd just sent for her family! "It was so lonely in Hollywood and I'm really a family person," she admits. "My mother had closed her business, my brother was in school in Washington, D.C., my sister Cleo was in Buffalo, Grandpa was in Jamestown. I *wanted* them, I wanted the responsibility. So I'd sent for them. . .

"The day I got fired was the day they started West. I wired them: *Get off the Chief and get on the bus!* I had to borrow money from friends. Ann Sothern had helped me furnish an apartment for the folks and I had to make good." It took her three years to catch up again financially.

At RKO, eighteen showgirls who'd

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Bobby Burgess color by Phil Roach of Photoreporters; Peggy Lipton color by Max B. Miller of Fotos International; Ethel Kennedy by UPI; Patricia Parker by Bob Michelson; Elvis Presley color by Frank Edwards of Vista; Jackie Onassis color by Ron Galella of F-Stop, Jackie b&w pix (pgs. 37-40) by UPI and Wide World; Pola Negri (bottom pg. 46) by John Mazzotta; Chad Everett color by Jay Thompson of Globe; Lucille Ball by Gene Daniels of Black Star; Mike Connors color by Gene Trindl of Globe.

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progressed to "stock" girls were advised to report to Lela Rogers (Ginger's mother), then head of the studio's dramatic school. Lucy knew that her voice was too high, she also knew that she had a sort of regional "twang." She went to work in earnest and Lela Rogers was impressed.

Under all the gaiety and the gags, she knew this girl was self-conscious, sensitive and determined. "Lucille," she said, "what would you give to be a star in two years?"

"I'd give half my life!"

"Why?"

"Well . . . because I want to be somebody . . . and because the bosses had enough faith in me to give me this chance and—well, I guess I want to make good for them."

Lela Rogers went to bat for her. When someone was needed for a small part in a scene for *Top Hat*, she sent Lucy. It was a scene with character actor Franklin Pangborn in a flower shop. On the day of shooting, there was a frantic call from director Mark Sandrich. "I've worked two hours to get this scene out of Lucille and I can't waste any more time!" he stormed.

And there stood Lucille, helpless and close to tears. Finally Sandrich relented and gave the lines to Pangborn . . . all Lucy had to do was listen. But she knew she'd failed and she wept bitter tears.

Shortly after, Lela Rogers cast her in a student play which would be seen by all the directors and producers on the lot. They rehearsed for six weeks and Lucy wore Lela and the cast to a nubbin, with the pace she set. She always wanted to run through "one more time." She gave up her friends, seldom saw her family.

The week the play was on, she was at the theatre every night at 6 and rehearsed herself until 8:30. As an actress accused of murdering her husband and acting as her own attorney, she had forty cues—all "I object."

"If you're in this acting business fifty years, Lucille, you'll never have a tougher part," Lela told her. That was winter 1935. In winter 1935, Lucy had her first good part on film in *Stage Door*, with Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. In spring '38, she was starred with Jack Oakie in her first "B" picture, *The Affairs Of Annabel.*

"I could have been very happy being an old-fashioned homemaker; the old-fashioned existence was better for women, for the family. I think we'd all be happier if women didn't have careers outside the home," she's always said. But the fact is, Lucy has fought her way to the top and stayed there in a savagely competitive field.

She's fiercely independent, but she's also very feminine. I've always felt that her inner terror had something to do with the fear of being torn from her family. I always thought that was why she fought so hard for her marriage to Desi, which was never a really easy "go."

They were very much in love, of course, and there was a great deal of chemistry going for them in the beginning, but there were also a great many problems. Desi's work required him to be everywhere but home; Lucy's work required her to be in Hollywood. Their marriage was saved for a while by Lucy's determination and the TV series which made them both such a fantastic success.

But neither *I Love Lucy* nor their two children, Lucie and Desi, could save anything forever. As one friend says, "It was an epic of monotonously repeated mistakes." The two behaved hilariously together on screen—and, as Lucy says, "it was a great *pretend.*"

Perhaps it was her terror of tearing the family apart that made Lucy hold it together as long as she did. She is a passionate, loving woman, she cares, and she was crazy in love with Desi. But in May, 1960, the twenty-year marriage came to an end.

She still can't—at least, she *doesn't*—talk much about it. "It was romance, out of step," she told me once. "You know it was emotional and sometimes it was fun. But our senses of values was so different." Lucy wanted their home to be a fortress, but Desi was always a restless man.

Now her home *is* a fortress and, in Gary Morton, she has a husband who really adores her and stands for what she stands for. His love has done wonderful things for Lucy. Unhappiness is beginning to fade out of her, and a very real contentment is showing.

But happy as she is—everything going right, as it is—there is something I know that haunts my redheaded friend. It's the sound of her own voice *screaming*. I've heard it, and I'll never forget it. Neither will she. She's the queen of television and may very well be the queen of comedy—who else is in her class? It's been a love affair between Lucy and the public since 1950!

But even a queen can know terror, and this one has. What terrifies her now is that it can happen again, almost any day . . . she can be looking out a window and she'll be alone, and there'll be some strange face or a pair of hands . . . and she'll hear it again—that bloodcurdling scream from her own throat.

Subconsciously, the fear is always there —the threat that might snatch away everything Lucille Ball holds dear. Lucy wants to be safe inside her family. That's what she's always wanted. But she's known from childhood that love can be ripped away . . . and the terror of it is something she can't forget.

—LAURA BASCOMBE

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INSIDE TV

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(*Continued from page* 30)

happened so quickly, one blow after another, leaving her no time to think, to realize what it meant. First the official notification, coming to her and to Eunice and Sargent Shriver as well, for their 16-year-old son Bobby had been caught, too—telling them that the boys were accused of having marijuana in their possession a month before, and would have to appear in juvenile court. The shock, the stunned disbelief and then the sight of her son's eyes, usually so direct, turning away from hers. . . .

Then, the next morning, the appalling discovery that although juvenile offenders were usually protected from publicity, this bit of news—too hot to keep secret—had been leaked out; the whole world knew, the press was clamoring for a statement. Sargent Shriver had been furious—revealing the boys' names was a violation of Massachusetts law, he said—but it couldn't be helped now, and with shaking fingers, Ethel wrote out a brief statement: "Naturally I was distressed to learn last night that my son has been charged with having been in possession of marijuana. . . . This is, of course, a matter for the authorities to decide. But Bobby is a fine boy. We have always been proud of him and I will stand by him. My concern is also for my nephew and the families of the other young people." Yes, and for her other children, who had to have some sort of explanation—and for Rose Kennedy, so terribly proud of her grandchildren—and for Ted Kennedy, hurrying to them from Washington, his face taut with this new pain. She had to be concerned for them all, and most of all for Bobby, silent subdued Bobby, who had retreated to his room as if he were one of his own caged animals, and scarcely emerged until it was time to go to court.

To court. That dreadful walk from the gas station where they parked the car to the rear door of the Barnstable District Courthouse, with television cameras grinding, reporters calling out questions, strangers staring and shoving. Bobby had been close to tears, Ted had stared straight ahead, and she herself had been in such a daze that she scarcely knew she had stopped once to pick up a piece of equipment dropped by a photographer; it was the kind of thing she had done automatically in the old days, the better days, when she and Bobby had been on campaign together. Finally the door of the courthouse shut behind them, the Shrivers caught up to them, and they went together, a tight little group, to face the judge.

Less than half an hour later, the hearing was over. Ethel left the courtroom telling herself she ought to be relieved, grateful. Her son had not been condemned, would not face a public trial or go to jail—he was going home with her, and if he didn't get into more trouble for a year, the charges would be dropped forever. This was standard treatment for young first-time offenders, and one had to thank God that the authorities had treated the boys like anyone else, had not thought of making an example of them by harsh

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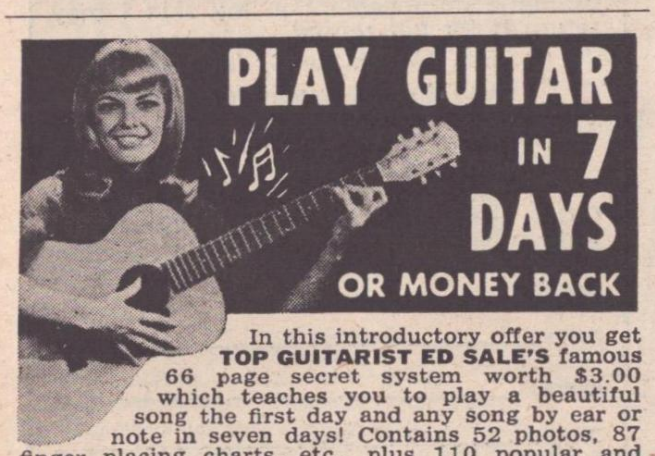

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punishment. And yet, Ethel could not rejoice, not even a little. Perhaps deep in her heart she had been hoping for a miracle, thinking, *The judge will tell us it was all a mistake, a dreadful mistake, the boys are innocent.*

But, of course, the judge had done no such thing. He had clearly believed the boys to be guilty, had lectured them, pointed out the dangers of experimenting with even non-addictive marijuana, reminded them of the respect they owed the law, told them how they were expected to behave during the next twelve months. And Ethel had sat there thinking that, only a few days ago, it would have been inconceivable that anyone, any stranger—even a judge—should have to talk this way to two Kennedy boys.

And later, when she was home again, alone for the first time in days, it was then that the full horror swept over her, and she asked herself, *Have I failed as a mother?*

It was a question she had never had to face before. Often, during the happy years when her husband was alive, she would wonder aloud, only half-joking, if a "dim-wit" like her was really a fit wife for a "big brain" like Bobby. And she had cheerfully accepted the fact that she was a dud as a housekeeper; without a cook in the kitchen, her family would have starved, and even with a host of servants she never succeeded in keeping Hickory Hill tidy—every time she visited Jackie's neat, elegant home, she came away a little depressed.

But she hadn't really minded and Bobby hadn't cared at all, because the one thing she did superlatively well was the big thing, the important thing: She *was* a good mother. Other women in her position—wealthy, popular, forced by their husbands' careers to travel a lot—virtually abandoned their children to nurses and servants, but Ethel had never done so. When she had to leave home, she usually took at least a couple of her little ones with her. Terrified of airplanes, she would still fly across the country to spend the night with a sick child at home, before returning to Bobby. And when she was home, she was *with* her children, presiding over three lunch-time sittings, feeding and bathing the newest baby, car-pooling the children to school in the morning, hearing their prayers at night, looking over their homework, shopping for them, swimming with them, laughing with them.

These last two years, with Bobby gone, she had tried even harder. Not to replace their father—that she could not do—but to be an even better mother, always available to listen, to talk, to share their lives. She had tried so hard to keep up the traditions Bobby had established, to make the children feel not only loved and protected but respected, to help them grow up strong, self-confident, courageous, conscious that they must be worthy of their privileges. She had thought she was succeeding.

And now this disaster. This public disgrace, this private failure. And happening to Bobby Jr., perhaps the least likely of all Ethel's children to get into trouble! He was not uncertain and troubled about what he wanted out of life like her oldest boy, Joe; he was not a harum-scarum imp like his younger brother David, who had once made headlines himself by tossing stones at passing cars (but David had been barely 13)—Bobby was a quiet boy who knew from early childhood that he wanted to work with animals, who had gladly taken on the responsibility of caring for a whole menagerie of pets, who had only this summer broken his arm in a desperate effort to recapture a pet bird that had escaped into danger—the cast was still on Bobby's arm when he stood before the judge. Why, Bobby was so mature for his years that twice Ethel had let him go off to Africa to study wildlife.

But it *had* happened to Bobby, and now Ethel had to ask herself, *Was it my fault? Did I do something wrong? Neglect him, spoil him, push him too fast or hold him back?* Sargent Shriver had castigated himself for what had happened; Sarg had blamed society and himself as a leader of this society for not working harder to change it. With so much hypocrisy, so much cruelty, so much needless suffering in the world, Sarg had said, it was no wonder that youngsters sought escape from reality, rebelled against accepted standards. And drugs, which offered the possibility of both escape and rebellion, were everywhere.

No "copping out"

Sarg had known that drugs were widely used in the Cape Cod area; he and Eunice had considered sending their son elsewhere for the summer for just that reason, but Eunice had said that it would be "copping out" to try to keep Bobby away from temptation. And Eunice had been right, nowhere was safe, the country was riddled with drugs from one end to the other. Protection had to come from within the boys themselves, they had to be strong enough to say "No." Ethel had believed they were. She had thought she had given her son the pride, the guts, the devotion to God and man that would keep him out of harm's way. How could she have been so wrong, misjudged so badly?

Or was she wrong? Had she misjudged? Thinking about Bobby as he was now, this very minute—wasn't he still the boy she'd been proud of a week ago? Ethel Kennedy straightened up, her eyes suddenly dry. What was it she had to face, really? Why, the fact that her son was not a 16-year-old saint. He was just a kid, and he had made a mistake. A bad one, but in these times a common one.

If Ethel had caught him smoking a forbidden cigarette or sneaking a can of beer, she would have been angry, but not horrified. She remembered suddenly how her late father-in-law, Joe Kennedy, had bribed all his sons to stay away from tobacco and liquor till they were 21—and while Bobby had stuck to the bargain, she doubted that the other brothers had all won the $1000 promised them. Kids were tempted by forbidden fruit, and even the best of them yielded sometimes. Today's children, unfortunately, were tempted not by nicotine and alcohol, but by pot and far worse drugs—drugs that could destroy their minds and bodies. Bobby Jr., thank God, had tried nothing worse than marijuana.

What was in his mind when he did it? Despair? Anger at his mother? Being as objective as she could be, Ethel could not

believe that, she knew her son too well. All Bobby had wanted was to prove to the other kids—or, more likely still, to himself—that being a Kennedy didn't make him different, that he wasn't set apart by his family's fame, that he was just another guy. Any psychologist could tell you that all kids felt that way, hated to be special, singled out, in their teens. A psychologist would tell you, too, that all youngsters needed to rebel from time to time, to tell their parents, "Your thing is ok for you—but I have to try something else, find my own thing. Maybe I'll come back to your ways in the end, but I have to be free to experiment—even if it gets me into trouble."

They didn't say it in so many words, of course, but that was what their actions meant—the crazy food jags they went on, the far-out clothes they wore, the hair they wouldn't cut, the slang they used, the music they made. And even the drugs they played with.

Of course, there was a difference between letting their hair grow, and popping pills. One was harmless, the other terribly dangerous. Even marijuana could become a habit and lead to far worse things. But Bobby, Ethel's Bobby, had no habit. He had tried it once, made his experiment, proven something to himself—and found that it wasn't worth it. He had learned something. And hadn't his father always said that you had to take chances to learn, to grow? He hadn't been thinking of marijuana, of course, but the rule still applied. A child who never took a chance would not be Bobby Kennedy's child. The tragedy—and it *was* tragic—was that in these days, in this drug-ridden society, the risks, the chances that were virtually forced upon youngsters in the process of testing themselves, were so appalling. But that was not Bobby Jr.'s fault. Nor was it hers.

A mother's task—today

Very well, then. Something wrong, something illegal and shaming had been done, and because Bobby was a Kennedy, the world would not easily forget. But it was not the end of the world. It did not mean that Bobby was bad or sick, or that she, as Bobby's mother, was a failure. If, after this terrible experience, Bobby went on with pot, then certainly, he would have a problem, and she would have to ask herself where and how she had failed him. But not now. Not today. Today her task was to make sure that she did not fail him now, when he needed not tears but strength from her, not self-pity or self-deprecation but confidence in him and his future. He needed to know that his mother's love and faith were undiminished, that she trusted him still, that she knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would not fall into the same trap again.

Could she do it? Could she take her son, so bitterly ashamed, so bowed down by this public humiliation he had suffered, and make him believe in himself again as she believed in him still?

"Dear God," murmured Ethel Kennedy, "help me to help my child." And all over the nation, all over the troubled world, countless mothers caught in the same web of fear and hope, echoed her prayer.

—ANNA AMES

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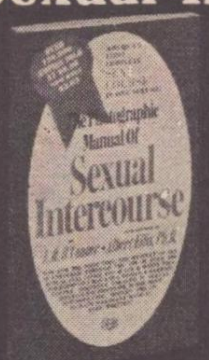

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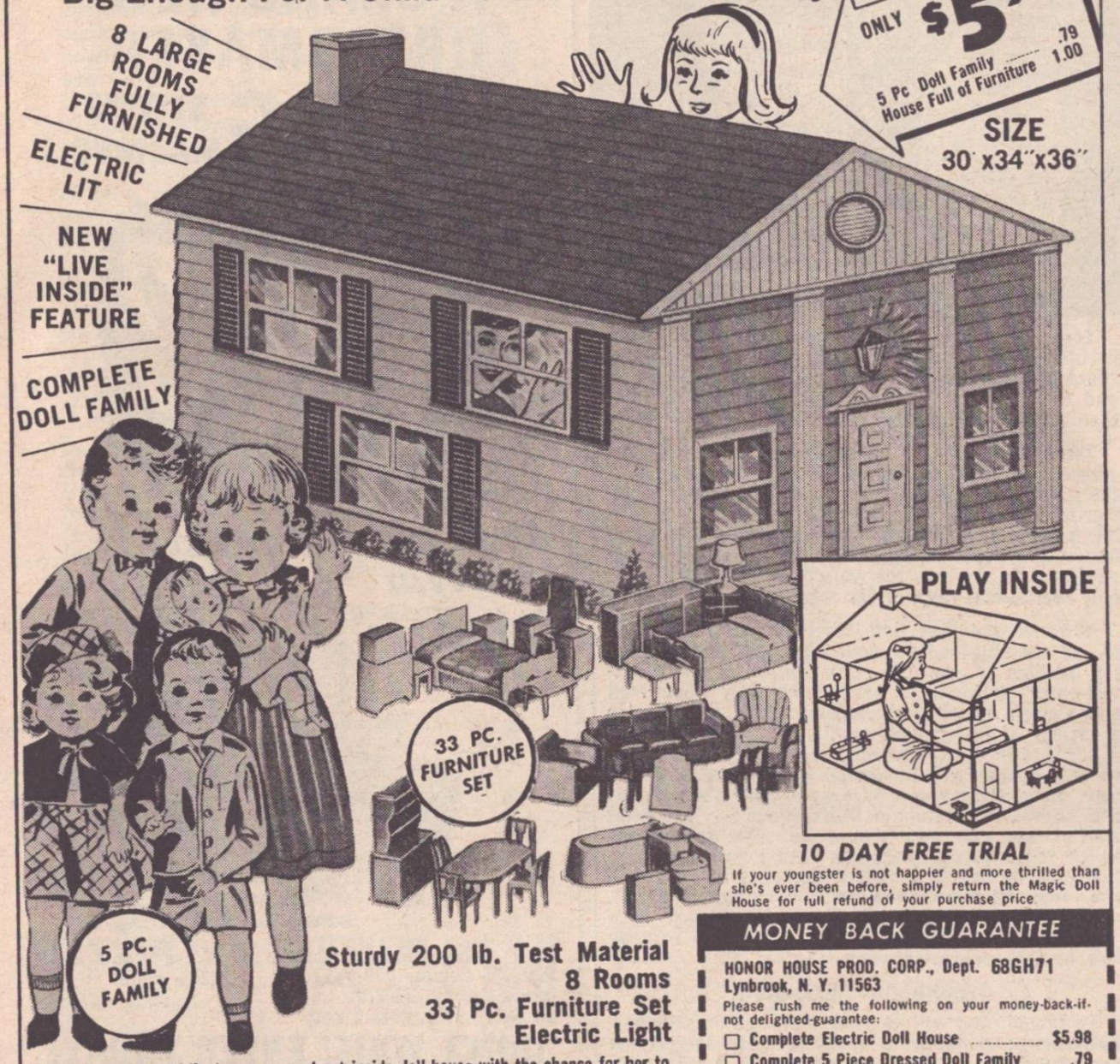

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ROBERT YOUNG

(*Continued from page* 59)

beginning of the series. We were all fighting—we were all sparring for our place. Then pretty soon we found out that certain things played off other things when we were acting, and now we've found ourselves. No matter how you look at it, when you're an actress and you work with two men, you can't be the top banana.

"Yet I feel that in her own way Consuelo pretty well runs things. I mean, Bob does the talking in his role as Welby and I do the complaining. But I really know where things are. I know the bills, I know the people and I know how to schedule the doctors. In my own way, I mother them. Even though I take orders and am subservient—because Consuelo is rather submissive in areas—still my character is rather strong in the show. That's what I feel. And her strength comes from her humor."

That's where Consuelo's strength comes from—and it's where Elena's strength comes from, too. "I feel that Consuelo has it over Brolin's character," Elena observes, "because he's so young, while she's been around. And while she subjects herself to Welby, he couldn't do without her."

Nor, quite possibly, could the show do without Consuelo—or Elena. For she provides the leavening touch of humor that makes the assorted diseases and deaths on the program bearable and keeps everything from getting *too* heavy. Just as she tells Robert Young off when he's playing Marcus Welby, she sometimes tells him off in real life, Elena admits.

"Of course, he's a few years my senior, and he does want to treat me as one of his daughters from time to time," she laughs. "Then I'll say, 'Robert—I choose not to believe you!' He tries to give me advice, and even when I don't take it, I adore it.

"He's wonderful with young people like Jim Brolin," Elena notes admiringly. "He says, 'Jim, why don't you pick up the phone with the other hand in this scene? By the time you make your turn, you won't take up that much space, and your back won't be to the camera.' He gives him little tricks to do with props. Jim is very inexperienced, but learning so fast it's wonderful to watch.

"The three of us aren't very close, however," Elena admits. "We see each other socially only at things like studio parties, and then it's kind of a strained conversation. Look—they're married, and I'm not. I've been divorced for years, though I have a 21-year-old son who's studying theatre in San Francisco. I've been doing this single thing long before it was fashionable, because I just couldn't see marriage. It was very difficult for me.

"However, I have dated two doctors, and I use them to form my attitudes toward the doctors on this show. But I don't think you could take a real doctor and make a series around him, because in my opinion most doctors are pretty spooked out . . . they're kind of nuts! You can always tell a medical building, because doctors are the ones with the sports cars. And they ski and they've got boats. They live in their own world, and I find them fascinating—I think they're great.

But they are also *very* temperamental!

"And nurses are really funny people. I used to watch the nurses at this one diet office I used to go to. One of them stuck her tongue out at the doctor. Or the doctors snap their fingers and the girls jump, but the minute the doctors are out of sight the nurses make faces at them. I pick up the little hostilities and the byplay that happens between doctors and nurses and I use them on the show." Not completely, one would hope!

Elena doesn't try to steal scenes from her co-stars. "You rise to their level—or you bring them up to yours! Because they get scared of me. They say, 'Wow!' We all work hard—so hard that we perspire and they have to mop our faces off."

But when they're working hardest and things seem about to get tense, Elena may break the tension by jokingly putting one of the others in his place. "Bob will say, 'Don't do this,' and I'll say, 'Why shouldn't I? Oh—I've got another director! Okay, would anybody else like to direct me now?' But I admit I have to be careful, because I *am* a little flip. And I see Bob smile—kind of grin to himself—when I come up with those flippy remarks. He also knows I'm the mother of a 21-year-old boy and I'm not just a little actress. But it's a fun experience."

When you ask Elena if Jim Brolin reminds her of her son Richard, Elena retorts, "My son's ahead of him! Richard has more guts, because he's younger and he's short—he's five feet seven—and from being around me. He sees my tricks! Jim's not from a professional family, while Richie's been involved with show business all his life. One day I'll see him directing." She smiles proudly at the thought. "I know we'll be passing each other on the lot someday. He's already directing a play up in the Bay area."

Since she's always kidding the other people on the set, Elena expects to get it in return. And she happily admits, "I'm the one that they kid the minute I walk on. They don't do it too much with Robert!

"But Robert, you know, has a fantastic mind. He'll take two pages of dialogue in one speech, and they say, 'You want the Teleprompter on?' And he'll say, 'Take that thing away!' The man has a mind that you can't believe. I get lazy. One day I'll have speeches galore and I'll just knock them off, and I'll see him beaming. The next day I'll have a little cockamamie scene and I'll say, 'I can't do it right.' He'll say, 'What is it with you?' and I'll just say, 'I don't feel like it today!'" She laughed at the thought of frustrating her hard-working co-star.

Young's dedication to the series was evident when it was announced that *Marcus Welby, M.D.* had become number one in the Nielsen TV ratings. "When the news came out that we were number one," Elena recalls, "we were all standing behind the door waiting to make our entrance in a scene. And I could sense that Bob was just waiting for us to start sloughing off and thinking to ourselves, 'Well, we've made it!' He was just waiting for his chance to catch us at it, but nobody would give him his chance. We all worked very hard to get in there and pitch harder."

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"Bob feels that the director is captain of the ship," Elena notes. "We all do. You can't carry that load by yourself. You have to trust other people, or else it's too nerve-wracking. We can't all be Lucille Ball, who knows *everything* that's going on. We had a 23-year-old director, Steven Spielberg, on the show and I called him 'Sir.' He was thrilled, because when he was a little kid he used to watch me in *Millie*!"

With all her years of experience, does Elena ever give Jim Brolin acting tips? She smiled at the question. "I really let him have it if he steps on a laugh line where I think there's going to be one. I say, 'Come on—wait here!'

"I did a funny thing with him. In one shot he was supposed to have fallen off his motorcycle. When he came in, I blew the line, but I just couldn't help myself. I said, 'What did we do, baby? Fall off our bicycle?' But he went along with it. He laughed, and they kept it in." Then she added, "You know, Jim didn't even come over and say hello to me last Friday night when we attended a party Lou Wasserman gave. I thought about it later, and I'm really going to let him have it. How could he miss me? I was all in white! I'll just have to bawl him out." And once again she laughed at the thought of the discomfort she intended to cause her young co-star. It was obvious that she never lets either Young or Brolin get away with *anything*.

But the three are happy together—and Elena is happy with her part. "I'm really beginning to like it," she says. "For a while I was just opening and closing doors, and finding my characterization. It's fun when you're creating a role yourself, because you can't really be replaced by anyone else then. The role is *you*."

Why didn't she like the part at first? "Oh, I hated my looks!" she exclaims. "I really resented that after all these years my name, being Latin, would get me a role. It really bugs me, because if there's one thing I really consider myself, it's an actress. You know, I hate this ethnic jazz that's going on now, anyway.

"But I said, 'Okay. You want me to play a Mexican? I'll play a Mexican.' And they said, 'We'll darken your hair.' I didn't want to, so they made a wig for me. The wig was heavy and hot. So I said, 'All right, you can dye my hair.' After 18 years, nobody knew me when they saw me with dark hair—I wasn't recognizable. And it's very hard to do comedy with dark hair."

Although Elena resented being chosen, as she felt, for her Latin name, it's a proud name in California history—and she is proud of it. At one time her ancestors owned the land on which Universal now stands, as part of a huge Spanish land grant awarded to the family. There are many place names and streets named Verdugo in the San Fernando Valley, which once could have been named Verdugo Valley. In fact, one columnist noted that the sun doesn't hit the San Fernando Valley in the morning until it comes up over the Verdugo Mountains.

Today Elena enjoys the fact that she is honorary mayor of North Hollywood, where she lives—and which her family also owned back in the dear, dim past before taxes gobbled up their holdings.

"Sometimes I work only two days out of a week's show, and then I go out and live my other life," she says with a smile. "As mayor of North Hollywood, I am involved in many official breakfasts, lunches and, at night, Chamber of Commerce events.

"And I'm busy with my friends. I've always got something going on! I look at the calendar and it's always busy. I miss my son, but when I go up to San Francisco to see him, I get in his way! What do I do when I visit him? Go schlepping over to the library . . . and that's a long walk. My feet hurt! But I do miss him."

Yet she loves her work on *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, even though it's a long way from those old days at Universal when she was the young ingenue in such long-ago features as *House Of Frankenstein* and Abbott and Costello's *Little Giant*. Another happy memory is *The Moon And Sixpence*, in which, at the age of 16, she played Ata, the native wife of painter Paul Gauguin, who was played by George Sanders.

"Now" is the time!

She also remembers that when she was starring in *Meet Millie*, "I opened CBS Television City and did my show there. It was live. If it had been on film, I'd be a lot richer today! And Bob was doing his show there—*Father Knows Best*. Yet we never met before *this* show."

But she doesn't dwell on the past. She's having too much fun in the present. "I'm glad the show is in for a long run. I'm going to play this whole thing to the hilt and enjoy it. I just found a nice new apartment around the corner from the studio, and I feel like a bachelorette! It's a nice cycle I'm in right now, and I'm really going to take advantage of it."

Her lighthearted attitude toward her co-stars on *Marcus Welby, M.D.* has a lot to do with Elena's enjoyment of her present *cycle*. "I terrorize the set when I come on!" she laughs. "Bob has gotten used to me. I *can't* walk in and just get lost, because the fellows won't let me."

No, neither Bob Young nor Jim Brolin could stand to let Elena "get lost." She adds too much to the show, and to their enjoyment of it—even though she sometimes terrorizes the good doctors!

Of course, they have a subduing effect on her, too, sometimes. "It's the only show I've worked on where nobody uses profanity on the set," she notes with a smile. "I do it from time to time in the corners—but Robert doesn't. When you've done comedy like I have, you find that comics and writers are the filthiest-mouthed people in the world. But this is a very straight show—very straight. . . ." And you wonder, as the old joke goes, if she's bragging or complaining.

Then her thoughts turn to the future, and the next season on *Marcus Welby, M.D.* "I'm dying to see what kind of a boy friend they're going to give me next season. I hope they don't give me some old man. . . ."

Her eyes brighten. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Consuelo had a young lover? A 26-year-old, blond, good-looking fellow?" For once the flip, fast-talking Elena is silent, as she savors that delicious possibility! —JAMES GREGORY

(*Continued from page* 35)

requested only that the order be for "a reasonable amount each month."

However, in a petition for a temporary allowance, $1,000 a month was sought, in addition to "reasonable" sums for medical, prenatal and hospital care. The plaintiff said she did not have money to pay for these items or for her attorney, famed filmland lawyer Paul Caruso, whereas the defendant (Presley) did.

She therefore asked that he be ordered to pay. Pat (as she is called by her friends) charged that Elvis had "failed and refused" to provide for the expenses, despite the fact that he is capable of so doing. (Nothing was said about his wealth or his status in the entertainment world.)

Immediately upon the filing of the suit, a temporary restraining order was obtained from Superior Court Judge Lester E. Olson in Los Angeles against Elvis. The declaration (affidavit) on which the order was based stated:

"Defendant should be restrained from harassing and annoying plaintiff, either in person or through any agent or employee. Defendant has on numerous occasions annoyed and harassed plaintiff and plaintiff feels that unless defendant is restrained from doing so he will continue to harass plaintiff."

The order itself contained some curious language. It directed Elvis to show cause why—in its own words—"pending the trial of this action you should not be, and pending the hearing on this order you are, enjoined and restrained from annoying or harassing, interfering with, embarrassing, hindering, beating, striking, injuring, molesting or harming plaintiff in any manner whatsoever, whether same be directly or indirectly, either in person or through any agent or employee or any other means whatsoever. Defendant is restrained from living at plaintiff's residence."

The meaning behind the words

Those phrases . . . "pending the trial of this action you should not be, and pending the hearing on this order you are . . ." put the temporary injunction into effect even before any court appearance.

Of course, it had to be served personally on Elvis, and it was reported that process servers promptly flew to Las Vegas to do just that, since Elvis was back at the International Hotel for a new series of appearances. (Whether the paper-servers got their man was not immediately ascertainable.)

Meanwhile, many jumped to the erroneous conclusion that Pat Parker was charging the great Presley with striking and beating her and trying to live in the place where she was staying!

Definitely not. Nothing could be further from the truth, according to Pat's own attorney. Mr. Caruso explained that it is not possible under the law to obtain an injunction against persons who are not parties to the suit. Therefore, the restrainer had to name the defendant himself in order to reach his employees and representatives.

The lawyer claimed that Pat had been

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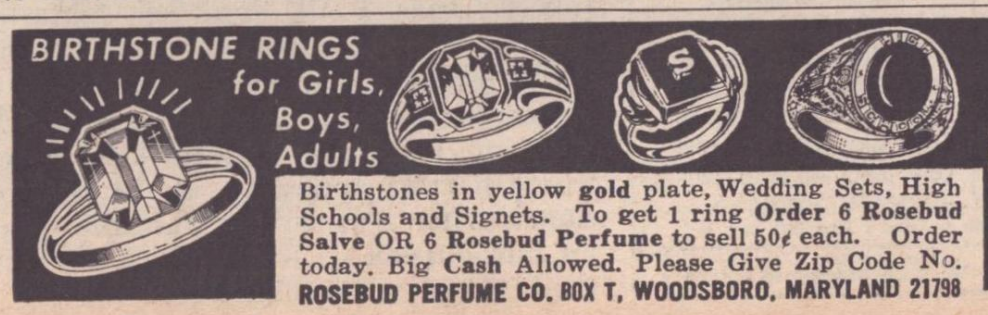

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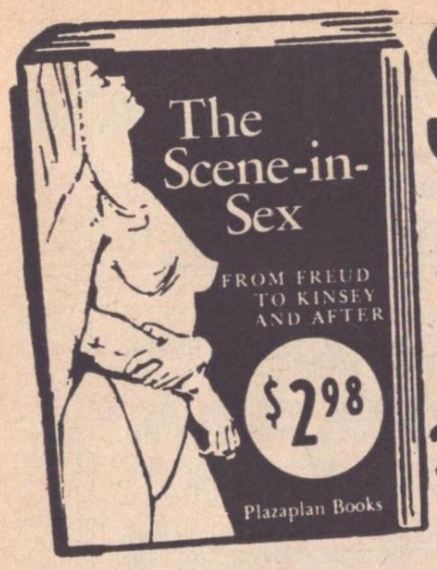

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bothered by a number of people—presumably detectives seeking information—ever since it became known that she would charge Elvis was the father of her expected child. In drawing such orders, attorneys customarily attempt to cover "every possible contingency," Caruso said.

There was no thought of Elvis himself ever trying to "live" in Pat's place of residence, according to the attorney, but he said that on one occasion a woman feigning illness asked to be admitted "for a glass of water." If she were really working for the Presley organization, such a person would thus be subject to the court order and would be stopped from using some ruse to gain entrance to the house (or, in other words, to "live" in it).

The story behind the suit

Actually, Caruso did not expect the suit to be filed on the day it was. He said he was out of town on a short vacation when, through a misunderstanding, the filing was put through by members of his staff. He reported he had been in communication with Presley attorneys, and while there was no hint of any possibility of a settlement, the inference was that the filing of the papers in the Los Angeles Superior Court just at that time was "premature."

Pat's application for temporary support listed a frugal schedule of monthly expenses: $82.50 for rent, $35 for food, $35 for clothing, $70 for transportation, $20 for doctor, $43 for dentistry, $10 for laundry, $10 for utilities, and $20 for incidentals.

She said she had been working as a waitress in the Los Angles area to support herself. However, she was currently unemployed because of her condition.

At first sight, Patricia—who says Elvis made love to her on one occasion only—appeared to be a nervous, reticent little blonde. She said she had no money, not being able to work. She indicated she was being helped by friends. (She confirmed, incidentally, that she was not related to Col. Tom Parker but said she was greatly impressed with the way he managed Elvis and those associated with him.)

She was wearing pale beige slacks and a baby-blue smock trimmed with narrow white lace and flowered embroidery that gave her a very childlike appearance. She had no ring on her left hand but wore a costume ring on the right. She said she had never been married or experienced a great love, other than perhaps a high school crush or something of that kind.

"She's a very sensitive girl, not hardened in any way." This was her attorney's appraisal. "She has a naive quality about her," he added.

Although Pat is by no means a spectacular beauty, her face lighted up every time she mentioned Elvis Presley. "He is fantastic," she would sigh. "He's gorgeous, just gorgeous. I still think he's fantastic. I have just always been attracted to him."

She revealed that she had been a fan of his ever since she was six years old. In January, 1970, she went to Las Vegas, where he was appearing at the International. After a show, she was able to get an introduction to Elvis, which she said thrilled and overwhelmed her.

It was then that Pat had her picture taken with Elvis outside his dressing room. She handed someone her camera—someone she didn't know—and the picture was snapped. In the photo (see page 33) they are shown close together, his head slightly above hers. One arm was around her shoulder, and her head was nestled against his right shoulder.

What, if any, value the picture would have as evidence was a matter for debate. Elvis long has allowed himself to be photographed with his ecstatic fans, rather than giving them autographs. Consequently, hundreds of them used to have cameras waiting at the ready—waiting hopefully for a chance to be photographed with their hero. Needless to say, the practice has now been stopped.

Elvis has always been surrounded by bodyguards and retainers who seek to protect him from any untoward expressions of enthusiasm that might get out of hand.

"He is never alone," one Presley associate commented.

During the January run in Las Vegas, Presley's wife Priscilla was on hand for the opening, as usual, and sat with his father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Presley. Although there have often been rumors that the popular singing actor's marriage was not going too well, no confirmation of any kind had been released.

As every Presley fan knows, Elvis and Priscilla were married in Las Vegas on May 1, 1967, after a long courtship. She wore a 21-carat diamond ring at the wedding breakfast, which was said to have cost $10,000. She was 21 at the time and he, 31.

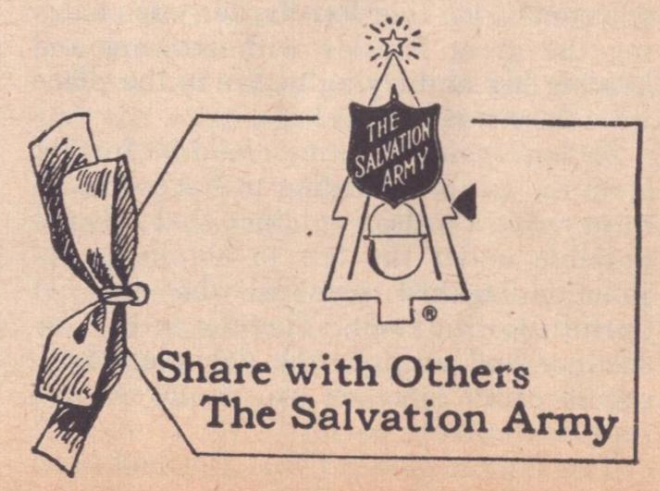
The two had met in Germany, where Priscilla, then 15, was going to high school. Elvis was in the Army and was stationed there, as was Priscilla's father, Lieut. Col. Joseph Beaulieu. Elvis waited nearly six years to marry the dark-haired beauty, who finished her high-school studies in Memphis, Tennessee, where she and Elvis have a home.

Their daughter, Lisa Marie, was born on February 2, 1968.

Those close to Presley not only reported that Priscilla was standing by him in the face of the Los Angeles accusation, but that she considered it not worth her personal concern. They also predicted that the case would never go to trial and that there might be a surprising conclusion, not unfavorable to Elvis.

In the meantime, thousands of feminine fans continued to scream their ecstatic approval of his performances.

—JAMES CRENSHAW



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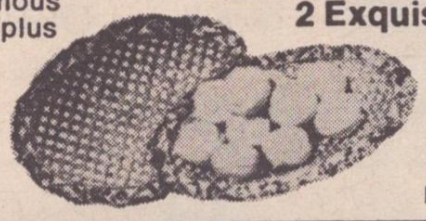

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